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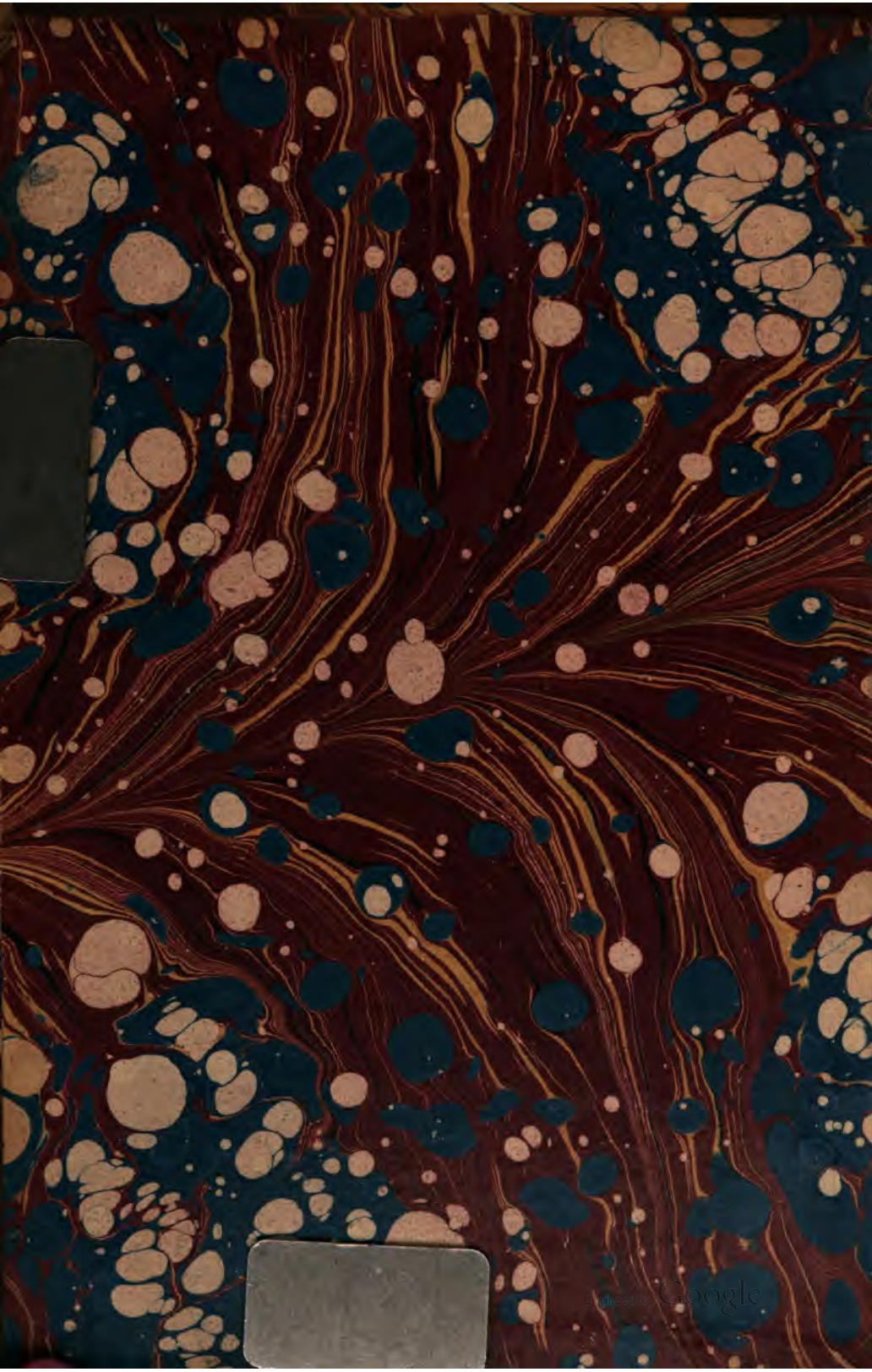
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THE

LIFE

OF

SIR DAVID WILKIE.

VOL. III.

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LONDON :
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THE

LIFE

OF

SIR DAVID WILKIE;

WITH

HIS JOURNALS, TOURS, AND CRITICAL REMARKS

ON

WORKS OF ART;

AND

A SELECTION FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

BY

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1843.

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LIFE

OF

SIR DAVID WILKIE.

CHAPTER I.

LETTERS TO ANDREW WILSON, SIR ROBERT PEEL, AND SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON. — ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF 1829. — THE KING PURCHASES WILKIE'S FOUR SPANISH PICTURES. — LETTERS FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT. — WILKIE IN SCOTLAND.

Long ere Wilkie arrived once more among us, we had heard that health, with a slow and reluctant step, had begun to return to him, and that he had delineated with a true though hesitating hand some of the domestic and devotional scenes of Rome; but fear mingled with our wonder, when we were told that he had suddenly quitted Italy, traversed Spain, and was working such miracles of art in Madrid as had not been seen there since the days of Murillo and Velasquez. Nor did rumour neglect to add, that he had stepped out of the style with which he had acquired his fame, and formed or invented one which required fewer figures, less detail, but which accomplished more, with less outlay of labour, than his earlier compositions. Letters from

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Lord Mahon and Washington Irving intimated this, and that Wilkie was astonishing the court of Spain with visions of historic glory acquired in her fight for independence. When with these pictures, and this increase of honour, won on a new field, the painter arrived in England, the King, to whom he submitted them, was so struck with their beauty, that they were marked at once for the royal collection. Some indeed, who desired to become buyers, regretted this; others, who regarded the fame of the artist as a national matter, rejoiced in the taste of the King; while all longed to look on the first fruits of the great painter's returning health, and see how he had succeeded in the historic style in which he had dipped his brush. The day was distant, however, when these pictures could be publicly seen: time was required to consider and reconsider, touch and retouch them; and to accomplish this he had to revive his studies at Kensington. We shall now resume his history in his correspondence.

TO ANDREW WILSON, ESQ.

Dear Wilson, Kensington, 30th June, 1828.

I have already been a week in London, but have nothing to tell you. Seguier told me the other day that he had got *two pictures*, bought by Mr. Peel by *my express command*, but I did not choose to ask Mr. S. what he thought of them. My own Vandyke looks extremely well. I have it here with the Correggio, which I have examined with great interest. The naked child, with the female heads, are delicious,

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and in a perfect state. I have seen the small Holy Family from Spain in the National Gallery; of course a true, but by no means a virgin, picture. It has the granular effect of rubbing all over.

1st July.

To-day I saw Lord Londonderry's two Correggios. These are extensive specimens, but not virgin; indeed, I should like to know how much has been done to them. Correggio doubtless glazed and painted, and painted and glazed, in a complicated manner. Still there are things in them this will not account for.

Seguier since my arrival has done me personally a real service. He brought me a message from the King, requiring to see me and my Italian studies; and the result is, that his Majesty has bought the one of The Pifferari and The Princess washing the Female Pilgrims' Feet, which I made at Geneva.

I have ordered a mahogany case for the Correggio, and mean to regild the frame: as yet not a soul has seen it. Query, Is not the yellow sleeve and petticoat (a sort of crome yellow) of the brown woman, seated with the child, somewhat like a repaint? Did you look at this? The Doria one has the same kind of yellow.

Your two letters about the Vandykes I have just again read. You have anticipated every thing that has occurred. At the same time, if the pictures are put properly in order, which Seguier seems to be doing, I doubt not they will make a fair impression. If The Senator is a failure, then I have no faith in any of the untouched pictures of Italy or Spain.

D. W.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT PEEL.

My dear Sir, Kensington, 15th July, 1828.

I have not seen the two half-lengths, in armour, which Mr. Wilson describes, but from his estimate of them, compared with the many Vandykes he has found at Genoa—he calls *one* of them "of the highest order," I think that one or both might be desirable acquisitions to your Gallery.

I wrote to Mr. Wilson a few days ago, as you desired, to authorise him to secure the Bishop in the Carega, by such an advance as his judgment might direct.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Dear Sir, Kensington, 30th Aug. 1828.

Permit me to inform you that the two pictures of Roman Pilgrims, which the King has done me the honour to purchase from me, are now *framed*, and ready to be delivered whenever his Majesty may be pleased to command.

The picture which I painted at Madrid, and which his Majesty was graciously pleased to express a wish to see upon their arrival, I am also ready to submit to his Majesty's inspection whenever I shall be honoured by the royal commands to that effect.

D. W.

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TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

My dear Sir, Woburn Abbey, 11th Sept. 1828.

I have just had the honour to receive your letter of the 10th, and the royal command you therein convey to me, intimating that it is his Majesty's pleasure I should complete, for his Majesty's collection, the series of Spanish subjects "containing the three pictures I showed to you, and the fourth, which I propose to paint," has given me the most unfeigned pleasure.

This undertaking, by which I feel so highly honoured, I hope to get accomplished by next Spring Exhibition.

D. W.

TO ANDREW WILSON, ESQ.

September, 1828.

I have already sold my four Italian subjects; and the four Spanish pictures, a *series* of illustrations of the late war, now in progress, are bespoke. I have also just finished a full-length portrait, size of life, of Lord Kellie, for the county of Fife. Still, with all this, I work slowly, and with much pain and fatigue.

Callcott has written to complete the purchase of Wallis's Vandyke at the price stated. I find Vandykes here a good article: still I doubt if much business can be done, and to speculate will not do. Of the Duchess of Orleans I saw at Madrid, I find

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a duplicate at Woburn—it is from the Orleans collection—and a finer picture. Woodburn admired very much my Cardinal by Vandyke, but Seguier not much. Doctors cannot agree.

I hope to hear of your own labours. Fear not oil nor glazing. What I see around me here is dryness, littleness of objects, and multitudes of detail—the white and the flat light, the poor and the laboured shadow. I hope when Turner gets to Rome he will for once try to leave the haze and the fog of London behind him.

D. W.

Littleness of object—multitudes of detail—the white and the flat light—the poor and the laboured shadow—observed by Wilkie, haunted them like evil spirits, and still haunt the English school: he did much to lay them or drive them away. "All your painters," said a distinguished foreigner, "seem standing still, save Wilkie!"

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Dear Sir William, Kensington, 10th Oct. 1828.

In regard to the dedication to the engraving of The Chelsea Pensioners, permit me to observe that, as I owe my whole interest in it to the Duke of Wellington, and must hope for great indulgence from him before it can be completed, the dedication to his Grace is all I have to offer him as an acknowledgment for so important an obligation, and the only way in which his name can appear upon the plate.

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The list of subscribers, on the other hand, is an affair not of mine, but of Messrs. Moon and Co., the print-sellers, who, wishing to make it as much as possible a national work, and to interest as much as possible the public in its favour, humbly and respectfully desire that the name of our great and distinguished sovereign should be placed in their book, and, if possible, by autograph, as patron to their arduous undertaking.

D. W.

TO LADY BEAUMONT.

Dear Lady Beaumont, Kensington, 12th Nov. 1828.

For the last two months I have been at the sea-side, and part of the time with Sir Willoughby and Lady Gordon in the Isle of Wight, who were both of them speaking of your Ladyship and of the late Sir George in terms of great affection. I have also been to Dover, near to which I called upon Mrs. Siddons, whom I found visiting Lady Byron. She naturally mentioned the circumstances of her last visit to you, and had much to say expressive of her esteem and regard for the late Sir George Beaumont. Indeed I am frequently reminded of him. I have just been to the National Gallery, where I was much attracted by those works he used so justly to admire. In conversation with my brother artists, particularly with Collins, our discussions upon matters of art bring us constantly to refer to the opinions and principles of Sir George Beaumont as a landmark, showing us in

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what way new and original ideas should be regulated, by bending to those rules which have been sanctioned by the approval of ages.

For myself, I feel somewhat better now than on my arrival from the Continent, and I am again trying to work. The fatigue of writing, however, is such, that you must excuse this not being written in my own hand, &c.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Dear Sir William, Kensington, 23d Dec. 1828.

Mr. Ackermann has made me a proposal for permission to engrave The Spanish Girl for his annual publication " The Forget-me-not." Presuming upon the kind consent you have given me, I have answered him in the affirmative. Your *silence* I shall consider as a confirmation of this arrangement.

The picture in question I completed three days ago, but the arrangement will, of course, delay its being sent home to you for some time.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Dear Sir William, Kensington, Dec. 1828.

His Majesty's most gracious bounty in allowing me the loan of the picture of The Scotch Wedding to engrave from, I feel most humbly grateful for. Thus readily granted, it is an additional proof

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of his generous wish, so handsomely evinced to me on my first landing, to restore me to *better times.*

The small sketch of my picture at Munich (The Will) I would let go, with frame, at 35 guineas.

The head of Walter Scott I am proceeding with. It comes better than I expected. I have ordered a frame, and hope to have it nearly done by the time you see it.

Indeed, upon the subject of working, you have in your kindness given me great encouragement. You have cheered me extremely, in assuring me that I work as much as is necessary. My best thanks for your kind wishes, and most friendly encouragement and good offices, of all which I feel deeply sensible.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Kensington, 29th Dec. 1828.

Nothing can exceed the gratification your letter of the 26th has given me, by your assurance of the kind manner in which you have thought of me. I could make a good deal of the public, if I could feel somewhat more independent of the public.

My three Spanish subjects will be completed about the end of January, and, if agreeable, will then be ready to be submitted to his Majesty's inspection. I shall then be free to recommence The Entry to Holyrood House. I think I am able for this, as it is far on towards completion. Might this be shown also, to have his Majesty's pleasure expressed about it?

D. W.

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Save the time spent in a short excursion to the Isle of Wight, where he visited his steadfast friend, Sir Willoughby Gordon, in his romantic residence at Undercliff, Wilkie laid out all his leisure in perfecting his Spanish pictures, which he desired to exhibit; and as he knew that he must stand or fall in the new style which he had adopted, he submitted them to the remarks of all whose opinion he either feared or loved. Some, and amongst them was the King, observed, in his new style, a little of Rembrandt and Velasquez, with which the artist was much pleased.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Dear Sir William, Windsor, 12th Feb. 1829.

My Spanish pictures have just been submitted, and the approval has been to my satisfaction. The Posada is preferred, as best of all, and the fourth picture commanded to be gone on with.

Some directions were given me about the chief figure in the Holyrood House, when all at once I was asked what I was doing about the large one in the Highland dress. I said I was ready to begin it whenever commanded: the reply was, "whenever you please."

Now the sketch I showed you in the Highland dress I did not bring, but have proposed sending it to Sir Frederick Watson, to be shown, and if it comes near the mark, which I have a strong idea it will, shall lay every thing aside for so important an object.

The interview was flattering to me in the highest degree. The pictures were looked at twice over, and

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I was pleased by the resemblance remarked to Rembrandt, to Murillo, and Velasquez. Nothing seemed to escape.

I feel it my duty to inform you of the above, and shall be glad to have your advice whether the sketch should not be submitted.

D. W.

His Majesty liked The Posada best; but his subjects preferred The Maid of Saragossa, not so much from a love of the romantic, as for the graceful way in which her heroic story was told, and the splendour of the colouring. All its qualities, save the variety of hues, were afterwards transferred to copper by the graver of Samuel Cousins; inimitable for the beauty of his mezzotinto.

TO ANDREW WILSON, ESQ.

Dear Wilson, Kensington, 16th March, 1829.

Your letter interested me greatly. I have no other means of knowing what is doing in Rome, and to have such as you to write to one is indeed a treat. The reception of Turner's works is extraordinary, but, I contend, is precisely in accordance, if not with the British artist, at least with the British public. Such, however, is the violence and intolerance of Turner's friends, that I dare not even acknowledge myself to be in possession of the information which your letter conveys to me. The applause of the exquisite few is better than that of the ignorant many, but I like to reverse received maxims; give me the many who

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have admired in different ages Raphael and Claude, and I will give up the exquisite few who can admit of no deterioration of a system that has not yet the trial of time to recommend it: take simplicity from art, and away goes all its influence.

The two Vandykes at Mr. Peel's appear to have given great satisfaction. I have told you that Seguier thinks them a great bargain. Emmerson went so far as to say to me, that he thought them worth nearly 1000 guineas a piece. Perhaps you should not give up your visits to Genoa; to get the Carega Bishop would be an object. I think Mr. Peel will send his two pictures to the Institution: this might dispose people to inquire about others, and if you are disposed to speculate on your own account for a fair profit, there can be no picture so safe here as a good Vandyke; meantime, however, I shall make inquiries to get you commissions.

The Correggio I keep snug, locked up. No other person has seen it, but I examine it often myself, still acting upon that system upon which it is painted, viz. painting up at once, a custom quite disused in modern art. The fatness of the light, and the softness of the outline, also disused, are here finely exemplified. It appears to me to be painted with a great deal of wax, a vehicle that contributes much to both these qualities.

Of art I cannot tell you much more than what is passing in my own painting room. I can labour but little, but that little with so much decision that much work appears to be got through. I expect to have my full number of *eight* in the exhibition of this year.

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Of these, four are Italian subjects, one large whole length portrait of the Earl of Kellie, and two, if not three, of my Spanish subjects.

My three Spanish pictures finished I had the honour of showing to the King some time ago:—they are A Council of War, A Guerilla's Departure, and The Defence of Saragossa. I was much satisfied with the impression they appeared to make upon his Majesty, who commanded me to proceed with the *fourth*—A Guerilla's Return, to complete the series of four. The Guerilla's Council, at which priests are assisting, appears to be the most popular; but painters appear to like most The Maid of Saragossa, which consists of the heroine with priests and labourers working a gun. But what adds much interest is a likeness of Palafox, for which he sat to me at Madrid, dressed as a volunteer, and putting his shoulder to the wheel. All appear to remark a change, and they say for the better, in the colouring and larger style of execution. I wish to prove that I have not seen Italy and Spain for nothing; and it now only remains to prove whether this improvement will be acknowledged in a place where the public eye has been tampered with like our Exhibition.

Turner has told me of the copy Geddes has made of the Paul Veronese, which he spoke of with praise. Turner is painting, I believe, for the Exhibition, being uncertain of the arrival of his three Roman pictures in time. The Scotch Academy has bought Etty's large picture of Judith and Holofernes for 500 guineas. This is liberal, but is it prudent? I suspect our Transfiguration has been the cause of this.

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Woodburn has started for Madrid. Irving I hear of from Seville.

D. W.

In May, when the Academy Exhibition was opened, there appeared eight pictures from the hand of Wilkie, the full number which a member is allowed to exhibit at once. Of these, three were Spanish subjects, four Italian, and one the Portrait of a Scottish nobleman, the Earl of Kellie. The Spanish were all of an historic stamp, and related to wars of which the memory was still fresh, and the wounds of which had scarcely done bleeding. The Maid of Saragossa is alike the theme of the poet's song and of the historian's admiration. "The heroine Augustina," thus the artist describes the picture, "is represented on the battery in front of the convent of Santa Engratia, where, her lover being slain, she stept over his body, took his place at the gun, and declared she would avenge his death. The principal person engaged in placing the gun is Don Joseph Palafox, who commanded the garrison during this memorable siege; in front of him is Father Consolaçion, an Augustine friar, who served, with great ability, as an engineer, and who, with a crucifix in his hand, is directing at what object it should be pointed. Nigh him is seen Boggiero, a priest, famed for his heroic defence, and for his cruel fate when he fell into the hands of the enemy. He is writing a dispatch to be sent off by a carrier pigeon, announcing the awakening resistance of the place under a Spanish Joan of Arc."

The Spanish Posada represents a Guerilla council

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of war, in which a Dominican, a monk of the Escurial, and a Jesuit, are deliberating on a scheme of national defence with a patriot in the costume of Valencia. Behind them is the Posadora, or landlady, serving her guests with chocolate, while a mendicant student of Salamanca, with his lexicon and cigar, is saying something soft in her ear. On the right a Bilboa contrabandist enters sitting on his mule, and in front stands a warring Castilian armed to the teeth, and a dwarf minstrel with a Spanish guitar: on the floor are seated a goat-herd and his sister, with the muzzled house-dog and pet-lamb of the family, while in the back ground is a distant view of the Guadarama mountains.

The Guerilla's Departure exhibits a youthful warrior taking leave of his Carmelite confessor, to join his confederates in the war. He is, with all the cool gravity of a Spaniard, lighting his cigar at that of the priest, to intimate, perhaps, that the strife caught the impulse of independence from the church. These three pictures, said the artist in the Academy Catalogue, are part of a series of subjects intended to represent the class of patriots in Spain which the great War of Independence called into action.

These pictures were rewarded with the applause of the public, who admired The Maid of Saragossa, a poetic subject, conceived poetically, and hastened to the Exhibition in crowds to see it. The four pictures, the produce of his study in Rome, had also their admirers: the patience and humility with which cardinals and priests and people of high degree performed the ceremony of washing the pilgrims' feet

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during the holy week; the meekness with which a Roman princess with her attendants performed the same service at the same season to the female pilgrims, were not more interesting or more beautiful than The Pilgrims in the Confessional and The Calabrian Shepherds hymning the Virgin on their Arrival at Rome. The portrait of the Earl of Kellie was painted for the county hall of the artist's native place; and it may be questioned whether his joy of heart, when he placed The Maid of Saragossa in the royal palace at St. James's, equalled the great pleasure with which he hung the picture of a Fife earl in the county hall at Cupar.

Though a whole storm of criticism was poured upon his new pictures and his change of style, Wilkie endured it all with astonishing composure: he had made up his mind in the matter; he felt that if he continued to work in his usual laborious style of detail and finish, he would never achieve independence, nor add another sprig of laurel to his wreath; so he resolved on fresh fields and pastures new, in spite of the warnings of friends and the admonitions of critics.

Of the friends of Wilkie who hailed his returning health and the fresh employment of his pencil, Sir Walter Scott was amongst the first and foremost. In the following congratulatory letter, Sir Walter requests his friend Wilkie to exercise his pencil in illustrating the new edition of the Waverley Novels; a request, coming from the quarter it did, that Wilkie felt peculiar pleasure in at once acceding to. The inimitable little sketch of Young Peveril in The

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Tower was one of the fruits of Wilkie's pencil in aid of Scott's republication.

TO DAVID WILKIE, ESQ.

My dear Wilkie,

I have long thought of writing to you, not merely to congratulate you on your return to England with new honours and amended health, in which all lovers of art and its productions are sincerely bound to rejoice, but to thank you for your kind expressions to Cadell, intimating that you will, if possible, contribute a sketch or two from your inimitable pencil, to ornament an edition of the Waverley novels which I am publishing, with illustrations of every kind, and in the success of which I have a deep personal interest. You, who are beset by the sin of modesty, will be least of all men aware what a tower of strength your name must be in a work of this nature, which, if successful, will go a great way to counterbalance some very severe losses which I sustained, two or three years since, by the failure of Constable's house, and Hurst and Robinson's, in London. But while I state this to you, because I know your kindness will give it more weight than I am sure it deserves, I entreat I may not be considered as pushing or pressing you to do any thing inconsistent with your valuable health. What you can do, and when you can do it, must remain with yourself; and whether you should ever be able to accomplish your kind purpose or not, I will remain equally your debtor for the kindness which led you to entertain it.

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Our last meeting was a melancholy one. Let us hope for a pleasanter this next summer. If you try what the air of your own caller breezes can do to brace your constitution, after having seen warmer climates, you will find Conundrum Castle standing where it did, all the Fergusons in force and vigour, though the Knight Keeper limps a little, from the effects of his campaigns, or to keep his brother in chivalry in countenance. You will find the beef and kail as plenty as ever, and *my* landscapes of future woodland becoming daily more obvious to the actual sight.

I observe, with pleasure, that his Majesty has been taking your advice and Chantrey's (the best possible) on his Windsor arrangements, which form a great national object. I am inscribing this edition of Waverley, and its numerous plans, to his Majesty, on the principle in which Sancho sent acorns to the Duchess, because I have no other way of acknowledging many favours, I may say much kindness. Adieu, my dear Wilkie; God bless you with complete health, and may you long be an honour to your country, and add to its fame and your own.

Cadell proposes to be in London, and may perhaps deliver this; but, above all, do not let him worry you into taking up a brush a moment sooner than you feel you can do it happily and easily. Assure yourself that, if I should lose your assistance, my chief regret would be the state of your own health; and if I could think it was like to be in the least degree affected by it, I would not desire to purchase a selfish advantage at a price so dear.

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But, as slight sketches will altogether serve our turn, perhaps taking a *step*, or a *hop*, may encourage you to a long *leap* on some more important occasion. In which hope I rest, dear Wilkie,

Faithfully and truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, Melrose, 21st Dec.

All the compliments and kind wishes of the season attend you.

From the following letter it would appear that Wilkie had written of his illness at some length to his great and good friend Sir Walter Scott, not so much I suppose to excite the sympathy of Scott, as to apologise for not entering more laboriously into the task than he did of illustrating the re-issue of the Waverley Novels. Of Wilkie's willingness to aid him Scott was as fully sensible as he was of Wilkie's genius.

TO DAVID WILKIE, ESQ.

My dear Sir, Edinburgh, 23d Jan. 1829.

Nothing could be more kind and gratifying than your obliging letter, which approving as I most highly did of the subject which you have made choice of, I showed in great triumph to Mr. Cadell, my publisher, who wrote me the enclosed answer respecting his hopes and wishes. His answer puts me in mind of that of the sailor, who, on being asked by a friend whether he chose to be treated to a draught

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of porter or a can of grog, replied very considerately he would drink the porter while the punch was making.

I do sometimes feel the sinking of the heart or failure of the hand to which you allude. It is I believe the penance annexed to the cultivation of those arts which depend on imagination, and which make both painter and poet pay for their ecstatic visions by the sad reality of a disordered pulse and stricken nerves. Sometimes this fiend, if resisted, will fly from you, at others it is best to avoid the struggle, and resort to exercise and light reading. In general I contrive to get rid of it, though the fits must be longer, and the gloom deeper, as life loses its sources of enjoyment, and age claws us in his clutch. So, according to our old wives' proverb, "we must just e'en do as we dow."

I sincerely trust that, having tried with success the more genial airs of Italy and Spain, you will take a bracer this summer in your own climate, and will not forget to make me as long a visit as you possibly can.

I am glad you are pleased with the tribute offered to you in The Antiquary, though it is a little selfish on my part; for, after all, how could I better convey an idea of any particular scene, as by requesting my reader to suppose that you had painted it.*

I am, my dear Wilkie,

With much regard, &c.

WALTER SCOTT.

* What Scott and Wilkie refer to is the description of Muckle-backit's Cottage on the day of his son's funeral: —

"In the inside of the cottage was a scene which our Wilkie alone could

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Poor Allan is suffering much from his eyes, and Williams* is dangerously ill — both men of merit and genius as well as of excellent conduct and manners.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART.

My dear Sir, Foulden, near Berwick-upon-Tweed, 12th Sept. 1829.

I feel much gratified by your thinking of me. What you are pleased to request respecting Mr. Wilson shall be attended to on my return to London, from whence I have come to recover from the fatigues of study.

Here there are no pictures, but nature is in great beauty, and in a high state of cultivation. Wishing you health and every happiness, &c.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Dear Sir William, Windsor, 21st April, 1829.

We have proceeded but slowly, yet the portrait is advanced. I have been honoured by his Majesty with *three* sittings, which, weak as I am, I have made the most of, and have got the head completed. I must try the hands, which if they can be made like, I shall be satisfied, and proceed with the rest at home.

have painted, with that exquisite feeling of nature that characterises his enchanting productions."

Scott referred to Wilkie in the way that Fielding and Smollett appealed to Hogarth.

* *Greek* Williams.

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24th. Have had another sitting, which has helped me greatly. Seguier being present during the sitting, recommended two more sittings to be allowed me, to serve solely for the head. This has served as a stimulus, and detains me here still—a week beyond the time we thought of.

Your kind friends here have treated me most handsomely, though I have been ashamed of intruding upon them for so long. The ten days have advanced the picture considerably.

25th. Yesterday and to-day have had two more sittings, in all six, with the promise of a concluding one to-morrow. His Majesty appears to take a good deal of interest about the picture.

D. W.

TO ANDREW WILSON, ESQ.

Milburn Tower, near Edinburgh, 27th Sept. 1829.

Your letter was forwarded to me here, and I begin to answer it, having fresh in my mind the impression made by a visit to Hopetoun House, which Sir Robert Liston has enabled me to make, now that I am with him in its neighbourhood.

The structure is superb, and perhaps leads one to expect the vestibule or hall to be larger than it is. The Man in Armour, placed over the chimney-piece, in the first room, is a low-toned, deep, and rich picture, the head being the chief and only light, and had that imposing effect, that it looked a dozen times better than when I first saw it at Tagliafico's. This, I find,

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has been much admired, and I only wonder that I thought so little of it. It is now a most striking and imposing picture.

The Rubens next drew my attention, on the side of the room next the door, perhaps rather large for the room, and for its situation, but of a most commanding tone and appearance. The Virgin's head, with the St. Joseph, and the heads near the Virgin, are very fine—a perfect school for effect and colour. I do not know if this be a popular work—perhaps not; but it is the chief work of art in the house, and gives a character to the collection.

The Ecce Homo of Vandyke I also liked. This I must have seen before. Of the others, the Cuyp, with the men and horses, I was greatly pleased with. One remark I could not help making on looking over these pictures was, the attractive effect produced by tone and transparency. This strikes me the more, that I have been for some time away from seeing pictures.

You mention again the Lomalini picture, and that the large family picture might be considered proper to recommend to Mr. Peel. As I am at a distance, I cannot ascertain his pleasure upon this, but think we must be guided by the following plan. The purchase of the Carega Bishop has been repeatedly proposed, and he has repeatedly given his order for the purchase of it, upon what you think reasonable terms. Let this, therefore, be alone thought of: take no steps, make no other offer, and only act if an advance is made to you, and if you think it necessary to prevent it falling into other hands. Do not let me ask for

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new instructions. I feel quite assured The Bishop will justify the price; and after it has been preferred, let there be no change: an unpleasant effect would be produced were it to fall into other hands.

The Lomalini picture might possibly turn out better than it looks, as The Man in Armour has done. Callcott thought of it for Lord Caledon. I think that it, or the half-length of the lady, would be capital pictures for any gentleman to import for his own house; but I suppose the terms for the large one would be high.

The most striking picture I have seen in Edinburgh is Mr. Gordon's Velasquez. The head and hands of this are very fine, more complete and having more tone than the same picture in the Doria.

The copy of The Transfiguration looks uncommonly well. It is on the staircase of the Institution. Nothing can look more like the picture. The purchasers seem pleased with it, but I doubt if it is likely to lead to any thing like imitation. I see none of the aspirants directing their attention that way. None of the painters have ever adverted to it to me.

The differences between the Institution and the Scotch Academy have reached their maximum. The Institution has one principle of durability—wealth. The Academy, to make up for this, have had recourse to speculation—they have become at once what we in London have never ventured upon, *The Patrons of Art*, not only buying Etty's large picture, but giving some new commissions. This, even if successful, must come to a close. If an Exhibition can pay for the

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works of art that support it, and keep together an Academy at the same time, it will be something new. Still, unless the painters do as Raeburn did—exhibit at their own houses (which we often wish we could do in London), the exhibition of the Institution, independent of them as it is, will not answer their purpose. It is said the law officers think the terms of the Institution Charter capable of accommodating all parties; but it is evident that some time must elapse before the members of the Scotch Academy can be brought to this opinion.

I heard lately, with regret, of the death of Hugh Irvine, at Aberdeen, and had to regret the loss of Williams in my late visit. I hope to hear a good account of Allan in the climate of Italy.

D. W.

In this visit to the North, Wilkie passed some time at Foulden in Berwickshire, the residence of a family of his own name and lineage, for whom he ever retained a strong regard: he made a few excursions along the border; but his chief and ruling object was to confirm his own notions in his picture of the King's visit to Holyrood, for which he had, as has been related, made several studies. In the accuracy of this picture, both in scene and portrait, he was more than usually anxious.

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TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Dear Sir William, Kensington, 31st Oct. 1829.

Excuse me informing you that I am to-day arrived from Scotland, Abbotsford being the last place from which I started, where I left Sir Walter in good heart, being, as he says, "still keeping to the hill side." Should you be in town, it would gratify me extremely could I have the honour of seeing you.

D. W.

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CHAPTER II.

LETTERS TO ANDREW GEDDES AND SIR ROBERT PEEL. — DEATH OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE. — LETTER FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT. — ELECTION OF PRESIDENT. — WILKIE A CANDIDATE. — LETTERS TO ANDREW WILSON. — WILKIE PAINTS AND EXHIBITS GEORGE IV. IN THE HIGHLAND DRESS, AND THE KING'S ENTRY TO HOLYROOD. — LETTERS TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON. — DEATH OF GEORGE IV. — ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF 1831. — WILKIE AT BRIGHTON.

To his friend Andrew Geddes, then in Rome, Wilkie writes a long letter of news, in which he does justice alike to the works of amateur and artist — Thomson of Duddingstone and Sir Thomas Lawrence.

TO ANDREW GEDDES, ESQ.

Dear Geddes, London, 8th Dec. 1829.

Your letters from Rome reached me when in Edinburgh. You seem, upon the whole, disappointed by your first winter's residence in Italy, but I venture to predict, both for yourself and your good lady, that your second winter will be more comfortable. I found my second so much more agreeable than the first, that I would not venture a third for fear of destroying the illusion.

Thomson of Duddingstone I saw frequently: he has an original and vigorous way of treating what he

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paints. He seems to be employed a good deal; but less for what he is original in than in what is more like other people. He has tried some things with extreme transparency, that to the eye of a painter are pleasing, but, from the want of detail and imitation, not likely to catch the common observer. He has a fine enthusiasm about him, which every one must like.

Lawrence has lately painted the young Queen of Portugal, but it is only a likeness: I expected it to be like one of the Infantas of Velasquez; but you know Lawrence is always greatest where no one can approach him—that is, in female beauty. His portrait of the Duchess of Richmond was beautiful. He has also had a portrait of Mr. Soane, and is now doing one of Wyatville in his happiest manner.

With respect to my own occupations generally, the only labours we know much of, I may state what is now going forward. The King's Entry to Holyrood, so long interrupted, is now drawing to a close. It is all painted in, and waits only for the toning. A whole-length portrait of the King is also in progress, in the Highland dress. I purpose shortly, too, taking up another Spanish subject.

Dec. 12th. Two nights ago Sir Thomas Lawrence delivered the medals to the students in the Royal Academy. In his address he stated, that as Shakspeare was now admired even in France and Germany, so was English art by the same courtesy appreciated, and even its principles imitated by foreign professors. He wished, likewise, that the English students would allow the same homage to what was excellent in the schools of other countries, by devoting themselves

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more to the study of drawing. He here presented to the attention of the Academy a *cartoon* in chalk by the German Overbeck, now in Rome; which he recommended to them as a lesson of that extreme fidelity and simplicity, in the details of the human figure, which in earlier times had been the forerunner of the highest excellence.

—— has been this last summer to Boulogne, to make studies of the French coast, and has brought back new material for a time: a change of material, and even a change of style, is necessary to stimulate the painter as well as the public; discrimination still is wanted to fix the kind and extent of change that will be permitted.

In the theatres, Terry, your friend, is gone; the other stagers go on as before, with the exception of Fanny Kemble, who has produced that impression that the fortunes both of Covent Garden and of the Kemble family seem retrieved by it.

D. W.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART.

Kensington, 28th Dec. 1829.

It will give me great pleasure to have the honour of waiting upon you at dinner on Saturday next, agreeable to your obliging invitation.

I had to-day a letter from Mr. Wilson at Genoa, in answer to one from me intimating your determination respecting his services, and he requests me to express to you his *most grateful thanks for the handsome present* you have made him, for which he

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was about to draw upon your bankers. He says "he never thought he had a right to look for more than his per-centage, but is most satisfied with your goodness and consideration for him." His dealings being confined to works of a certain excellence, have been for that reason so few, that a per-centage upon the whole was not considerable; and he says that "but for your generosity he must have been a loser by his exertions." He repeats his request to me to thank you for your goodness.

D. W.

The health of Wilkie improved by his residence in Italy and Spain, and, confirmed by the success of his experiments in painting as well as on public taste, kept him in good working trim, and enabled him to proceed with the difficult picture of his Majesty's entry into Holyrood, and to bring near to completion a national picture on which he had long set his heart—Knox Preaching the Reformation—into which he had infused, in a happy spirit, almost all the excellence of his new style, and the taste and propriety he had acquired in contemplating the masterly pictures of Italy.

On the 7th of January 1830 art lost one of its most graceful ornaments, and Wilkie one of his firmest friends, by the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence. This distinguished person had been long in a declining way; but neither friend nor physician imagined death so near, and he enjoyed company till within a few hours of his last moments, and may almost be said to have held the pencil till his race of existence was

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run. No one felt more deeply than Wilkie the loss which art had sustained, nor could estimate more truly the value of the President's courteous manners, or the charm which had departed from the Academy in the loss of his counsels and compositions. In the following letter, though the pen was held by Thomas Wilkie, we have the sentiments of David:—

TO ANDREW WILSON, ESQ.

Kensington, 7th Feb. 1830.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Previous to the 1st January, no person of Sir Thomas's acquaintance entertained any suspicion that he was unwell, or subject to any latent disease. He presided at the annual dinner of the Royal Academy on that day, and my brother again met him at a private party, on the 2d January, when he did not remark any perceptible change in his appearance or usual state of spirits. As that was the last occasion on which they met, my brother reflects, with much interest, on the conversation they had together shortly before parting for the night, which was on the comparative merits of Sir Joshua, Vandyke, and other old masters. Of Sir Joshua, Sir Thomas spoke in terms of the highest admiration, and my brother has since remarked the circumstance as singular, that he of whom Sir Thomas spoke so highly is the only master with whose works his own will henceforth be brought into comparison.

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On his return home that night, it appears that Sir Thomas had felt himself uneasy, and called in his doctor, who, by bleeding, produced immediate relief, so much so, that, on the Monday and Tuesday, Sir Thomas employed himself in painting, and even went about town as usual. On the Wednesday morning he also made some calls, but towards the afternoon, it seems, he became suddenly worse, and was confined to his room. The apparent symptoms of his complaint, however, excited so little alarm, that he had one or two private friends with him that evening. They had, for amusement, been reading to him, and had retired to an adjoining apartment to take tea, during which they were suddenly roused by violent calls for assistance from the servant who remained in Sir Thomas's room. Medical aid was immediately called in, but without avail, Sir Thomas having breathed his last, apparently from the effects of exhaustion. A post-mortem examination of the body took place, when it appeared that ossification of the heart had taken place, or was forming to some extent, to which therefore his sudden death may be attributed. You will, no doubt, have seen an account of the last honours the Academy had the means of paying to their distinguished President in a public funeral to St. Paul's, in the labours of which, by being Chairman of the Council, my brother took an active part. The whole passed over with that propriety and decorum becoming the solemnity of the occasion, and from the concourse of spectators of all ranks that were drawn together to witness the ceremony. It was evident the public interest was much excited

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by all the circumstances and feelings with which it was connected.

When all this was terminated, great anxiety was felt within and without the walls of the Academy relating to the person or persons likely to be preferred to the high offices held by Sir Thomas, viz. President of the Royal Academy, and Painter in Ordinary to his Majesty, which were united in his person. The election of President was appointed to take place on the 25th ult., four days after the funeral, and various persons were spoken of as likely to be advanced to the chair. When the period arrived, there was a pretty full attendance of members (I believe 30), whose suffrages gave a large majority in favour of Mr. Shee, who was present and accepted the office, and delivered a very affecting address to his brethren who had placed him in this conspicuous and arduous situation. My brother was not present, being confined at home by a cold he caught while attending the funeral; and the severity of the weather since has been such that he has scarcely ventured out of doors. On the morning of the 25th it was announced that his Majesty had been pleased to select my brother to fill the vacant office of Principal Painter in Ordinary to the King, an appointment peculiarly gratifying to him, and to which it is probable the circumstance of his possessing the office of Limner to the King for Scotland may have led. It is a remarkable occurrence to find the two offices united in one person; more so, perhaps, than the observation made that Scotland and Ireland now divide between them the highest honours in art, previously centred in the person of Sir Thomas Lawrence. The office

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of Principal Painter in Ordinary to the King, was in former times, from the business it produced officially a source of considerable emolument to the possessor; but this, under the present system of economy in all public departments, has also been curtailed in its advantages.

Such are the important events that have lately taken place here; what their influence upon the encouragement of the arts in this country may be, it is impossible yet to estimate; but it is to be hoped that, as the patronage of portrait-painting will be more diffused the professors of that branch of art will not lack the talent to support it at the high elevation to which it attained in the works of the late distinguished President.

TO DAVID WILKIE, ESQ.

My dear Sir, Abbotsford, 1st Feb. 1830.

I was deeply affected with your letter, which gave me the first sure information of the death of our excellent and talented friend, Sir Thomas. His style of talents, his habits and manners, were those of his native country, and England must always regret him as one of those to whom she could point as peculiarly her own, and claim the merit of the great talents which he essayed. I used to think it a great pity that he never painted historical subjects; but then, like Sir Joshua, he often approached those confines where portrait painting and historical composition meet, and contrived to throw into the actual countenances of living historical characters such expression

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of their actual qualities as made us at once unite the whole history of the man with his resemblance. The picture of the Duke upon the field of Waterloo, with his watch in one hand, and his spy-glass in the other, was an example of what I mean; and I cannot believe that Vandyke or any one else ever painted a picture of more expression; at least I never saw such anxiety, joined with the most steady resolution; such consciousness that judgment and science had done all they could, and that the crisis must terminate favourably, with such a natural feeling that the fate of the world was in the balance; and that the struggle, though a brief, must be a dreadful one.

There was a picture of the Pope, too, which struck me very much. I fancied if I had seen only the hand, I could have guessed it not only to be the hand of a gentleman and person of high rank, but of a man who had never been employed in war, or in the sports by which the better classes generally harden and roughen their hands in youth. It was and could be only the hand of an old priest, which had no ruder employment than bestowing benedictions.

I had promised, at Mr. Peel's request, to commit myself once more to our president's important pencil; but death hath come between me and that chance for personal distinction.

The loss to the Academy is no doubt very great: a star has fallen—a great artist is no more. I cannot but think the loss will be filled up, however, so far as the presidency is concerned, by adding it to the designation on this letter. All who have heard you speak in high terms of your powers of eloquence; and

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of your talents as an artist there can be but one sentiment. I heartily wish, for the honour of the Academy and the electors, that they may be of my mind, and I am sure that their judgment will be approved by all Europe.

I spoke with a young friend lately, who gratified me by telling me how high The Reading of the Will was estimated in Germany, and ranked even above the best masters of their own school. I am extremely gratified by the sketch you did of my unworthy person, and still more for the Banquet at Milnwood interrupted by Bothwell, and also for the sketch of Old Mortality.

My best wishes attend Miss Wilkie, in which Anne begs to join. I hope you see Sophia sometimes, and the ladies indulge in a ballad together, being, as Virgil has it,—

Et cantare pares et respondere parati.

I sometimes think of being in London in spring. I should wish to see what you are doing with the Spanish sketches,—

Of which all Europe rings from side to side.

Adieu, my dear Wilkie.

Believe me yours truly,

WALTER SCOTT.

To this I add with reluctance, that, though the king, the patron of the Academy, named Wilkie his painter in ordinary—a polite way of intimating a wish that his brethren should elect him president,—there

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was but one solitary vote (that of Collins's) recorded in favour of one who, as far as fame, and genius, and honesty go in the estimate of merit, stood second to none in the ranks of British art. For this I have heard it urged, that the president's chair is by use and wont the right of a portrait painter, and properly so, since the nature of his labours brings him much into the company of the titled and the far-descended, in whose hands the patronage of painting lies, and thus promotes art. Others, with more plausibility, argued that the situation of president resembles that of speaker in the House of Commons, who is chosen less for his eloquence than his knowledge of the etiquette necessary to be observed among those who are now and then inclined to forget that they are gentlemen at least by act of parliament. But the public at large comprehended none of these subtleties, and marvelled that the highest station was not awarded to the finest genius rather than to the readiest speaker; while others of the portrait brethren, whose sense of their own merit happened not to be small, scarcely concealed their disappointment at the tide of favour having flowed past them.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Dear Sir William, Kensington, 11th Feb. 1830.

The King's Entry to Holyrood, and The Guerilla's Return, are, I think, ready to be submitted for his Majesty's inspection, whenever I shall have the high honour to be commanded to do so.

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I am now working upon the whole-length, for which I have a fine-looking Highlander for a model.

Mr. Seguier has favoured me by looking at the whole, and encourages me in the whole-length.

Mr. Dobree writes me word that he has at present no inclination to part with the picture of The Letter of Introduction.

D. W.

TO ANDREW WILSON, ESQ.

Kensington, 18th Feb. 1830.

Extract of a Letter from Sir Robert Peel.

"I believe you have not seen the pictures, or I would be governed by your judgment. I should wish to have the full length (The Lady and Page), and am not anxious about the smaller pictures, what most people would perhaps prefer.

"Would it be possible for you to ask Mr. Callcott's opinion of the large picture; and if he has a high opinion of it, will you be good enough to write accordingly to Mr. Wilson?"

Upon this I waited on Callcott, and his observation was, that as he had seen the pictures in question in so hurried a manner, and without any view to their sale, he could not now take upon him to give an opinion either of their merits or value. This I wrote to Mr. Peel, and have been favoured with his reply, which I give you at full length:—

"If Mr. Wilson thinks The Lady and Page a first-

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rate picture by Vandyke, I shall be glad that he bought it on my account, on his principles of valuation suggested in his letter to you. I am content to abide by his judgment. I prefer it to the others on account of its size."

The question of a first-rate picture by Vandyke you are perhaps more competent to judge of than any person I know. I, therefore, who cannot guide you, abstain from all remark.

D. W.

TO ANDREW GEDDES, ESQ.

Dear Sir, Kensington, 22d Feb. 1830.

I do not wonder at the impression made among you in Rome by the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence; here, it engrossed for a time every other pursuit. One of the last remarks he made to me, indicated his extreme admiration of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who he thought had, with Rembrandt, carried the imitation of nature, in regard to colours, further than any of the old masters; at the same time he admitted Reynolds could not be felt or admired by foreigners. When you, on your return to England, first see again the works of Reynolds, pray take notice of the impression they make upon you.

D. W.

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TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Dear Sir William, Kensington, 7th April, 1830.

The three pictures went yesterday to Somerset House. They have been seen by many neighbours, among whom were several of very high rank. In general, the large portrait is the favourite and striking picture. I find it would lead me at once to full practice in portrait-painting; but my answer to enquiries is, that I mean to confine myself in these to what is required by the office I have the honour to hold from his Majesty.

The pictures have next to go through the ordeal of the profession and the public.

Five drawings, by Rembrandt, were brought me to look at yesterday, by a friend from Rome, who brought them for Lawrence. One, the Last Supper, is fine, and highly finished: a landscape, also fine.

D. W.

TO ANDREW WILSON, ESQ.

Kensington, 19th April, 1830.

I had lately a rummage over Windsor Castle with Seguier, and the Vandykes there reminded me much of what I saw at Genoa, but with more detail, less breadth and less depth of colour, than those of Italy. The children of Charles, with the great Dog, and the Charles on Horseback, are amongst the finest of his works; still they are silvery, and approach the want of richness of his latter pictures. Seguier thinks

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the Gevartius by Rubens, one of the finest pictures given to him in the Louvre, has the same doubt thrown upon it.

In our rounds we stumbled upon two pictures high up, which Seguier said had once been true Correggios, but long since rubbed out and lost. They belonged to Charles I. I have not yet shown our Correggio to any new person, but I look at it day after day, and think it must be above common, to bear the scrutiny even of my eye, who look at pictures as much to learn from as to judge of them. It is my school, and I study it as a guide in my own manner of painting. In this pursuit some new discovery is always arising. You remember a globe that the woman and child are leaning upon: it appears simply blotted in, but much in the style of Correggio. Vitali mentions this globe, and calls it *un globo terrestro*. This is remarkable. A few days ago I discovered what he has not observed, and which you may also have probably overlooked; it is a *celestial globe*, upon which the signs of the zodiac and the constellations are most delicately yet distinctly marked out, yet not obtrusive, as they are done with a master's hand. I can show distinctly a bear, a crab, what appears a serpent, a dog, a fish, a bird, and other shapes, with indications of stars, which are less distinctly seen; but, observe this, the claws of the crab, and various of the shapes, are made by incisions of the pencil-stick through to the ground, and all of them so drawn upon the globe, fore-shortened and otherwise, as to express its rotundity: these indicate the master's hand at work. Now could you ascertain, from any friend at Rome, whether any

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similar shapes to these are to be found upon the globe in the Doria picture: if they are wanting in that, and if they are wanting in the finished Cartoon at Paris, then it would establish for the oil-picture a new claim to superiority.

This Spring I have made another venture at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy,—three pictures; one The King's Entrance to Holyrood: in this, there are some female heads, painted on the principle of Correggio, and have been much liked; the next is The King, a whole-length, in a Highland dress, size of life; and, having tried it in The Lord Kellie, of last year, I have made this the most glazed, and deepest-toned picture I have ever tried, or seen tried, in these times. It is at once a trial of Rembrandt all over,—the dresses, the accoutrements, and throne gold, a dark back-ground,—no white except on the hose and the flesh,—telling as principal lights. The half-length Sebastian del Piombo at Genoa, gave me a hint for the style and air of the figure. The colour and effect, when in my room, was satisfactory; and I hope it will keep its ground in Somerset House. The third picture is the Guerilla's Return to his Family on his jaded Mule. This, in the Spanish style, as last year.

Your picture of the Ripetta I saw at Hopetoun House: it looked extremely well, and had the advantage of one that was arranged with it. I think of your earlier works, and that part of it that looked the best was that the most glazed—the water. Rely upon it the richness of a picture is the quality that does the most for it in after-times.

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The landscape-painters here, who are coming forward, paint in a fatter style than formerly: still the transparency that glazing would give remains to be added.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Dear Sir William, Kensington, 2d May, 1830.

From Lady Lyndhurst I have had four sittings. She takes much interest herself about it, and says, that in doing so, she thinks she will get into your good graces. The Lord Chancellor, as well as her Ladyship, like the plan of the picture, and so far as it goes it promises well, and if I can get the expression it will please as a picture.

Lord Melville has sat twice. He has a fine head, and powerful expression of eye. The dress he has brought with him is also finely adapted for a picture.

The large Portrait of the King and The Entry to Holyrood, have got the two prime places in the Exhibition. The former is said, by friends, to look strong and rich. The low perspective is thought new and successful; and I am encouraged by those about me, by my own feeling, to adhere to that style of colouring.

Yesterday, at the Royal Academy Dinner, the public solicitude about his Majesty's health seemed to give my humble endeavours a more than ordinary interest.

D. W.

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The study and the labour which the full-length Portrait of the King in the Highland dress took, together with the care and patience with which Wilkie wrought in the multitude of portraits in the King's Entrance into Holyrood, consumed much of his time: but when the Exhibition opened the approbation bestowed on them was, in the estimation of the artist, more than a compensation. The likeness had more manliness than the famous portrait of Lawrence; and the royal tartan amid its checquered beauty had a harmony of light and shade, of which it was scarcely, till then, thought capable. It is true that, in a picture embracing a scene so various and vast as the King's entrance into Holyrood, parts disappointed expectation, or failed to fulfil that picture which fancy forms beforehand, from a popular subject. It has been elsewhere hinted, that his Majesty preferred that overdone dignity which intercepts the simplicity of the composition, and is the chief blemish of the picture. "In the principal station," says the artist, "is represented the King, accompanied by a Page, and the Exon of the Yeoman of the Guard, with horsemen behind, announcing by sound of trumpet, the arrival of the royal visitor at the Palace of his ancestors. In the front of the King is the Duke of Hamilton, presenting the keys of the palace, of which he is hereditary Keeper. On the right is the Duke of Montrose, indicating the entrance of the palace,—long unused by kings; where stands the Duke of Argyll, in his family tartan, as Keeper of the Household. Behind him is the Crown of Robert Bruce, borne by Sir Alexander Keith, hereditary

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Knight Marshal, attended by his esquires, with the Sceptre and Sword of State. On the left of the picture, in the dress of the Royal Archers, who served as the King's Body Guard, is the Earl of Hopetoun; and close to him, in the character of historian, or bard, is Sir Walter Scott, accompanied by an eager crowd, anxious to gaze on their sovereign, about to enter the palace of his royal race."

Of the two other pictures—for there were four exhibited, The Guerilla's Return, and a Spanish Senoritta walking with her Nurse on the Prado of Madrid, the opinions were various, but favourable. The Guerilla, returned a victor though sore wounded, and with a brow in which pride strove with pain, approached his native place. The Senoritta is one of those happy things of which an artist thinks too slightly to trust for reputation, but which extends it as surely as more ambitious compositions.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Dear Sir William, Kensington, 23d May, 1830.

The old pictures of Sir Thomas Lawrence have been *sold*. The Rembrandt (Bathsheba) sold for 150 guineas; but I find it is bought by Smith, the dealer, in Bond Street, who tells me he has offered it for 200 guineas to a friend, who had not closed with him, but is subject to his acceptance at that price.

Lady Lyndhurst's portrait is all painted in, and has just been seen by herself and the Chancellor, who, with others that have seen it, approve of it, both as a

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likeness and a picture. I like it myself, and am to get more sittings from her ladyship to complete it.

Lord Melville's portrait is also in progress, the head nearly done, and I think like him.

The collection of portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, at the British Gallery, I have just seen. The high rank of the parties represented, of whom six at least are sovereigns, gives great splendour to these works; and the talent of a great master of his art is strongly evinced in all of them. Compared with the like exhibitions of Sir Joshua, the same variety of subject, or fancy in the treatment of them, is not perceived; yet the interest of these is of a sort that addresses itself yet more to the world, and it will doubtless be a most attractive exhibition. A head of Mr. Hart Davis is thought the finest work there.

D. W.

During this season Wilkie lost his royal patron, George the Fourth; but William the Fourth, with his throne, inherited the sentiments of his royal brother towards the artist, and continued him as his painter in ordinary; a dignity of which the painter had a high idea.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Dear Sir William, Kensington, 5th Jan. 1831.

The Duke of Buccleuch has written me a few days ago, to request that the portrait of his late Majesty may be sent to him at Dalkeith Palace. I

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am therefore going all over it, to put it in prime condition, for hanging in the situation his Grace has fixed on for it.

I proceed also with Knox. The canopy of the pulpit has taken me several days, but it amuses one. I am studding it all round with carvings, in low and high relief of saints, apostles, and martyrs, with cherubims and seraphims supporting crowns over their heads. Perhaps some other specimens of this sort in the picture may be no bad indication of some of the labour which his preaching destroyed.

The publishers of Sir Walter Scott have again applied to me for a sketch from "Peveril of the Peak." Young Peveril, with the dwarf, Sir Jeffery Hudson, is what I have thought of.

I have just heard from Woodburn, at St. Petersburgh, where he has seen in the Hermitage the Rembrandts, forty in number, many in his happiest time; in fine condition, and worthy alone of the journey.

I hope Mr. Knighton goes on with his pursuits in drawing. Rembrandt is his bias. Perhaps a habit of copying drawings, prints, or pictures would be an improving practice to learn imitation of objects.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Horndean, 25th August, 1831.

Sir William and the ladies are frequently regretting your departure. The time passes here very pleasantly. We have been all to-day at Portsmouth, where Sir Michael Seymour showed us the dockyard,

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the block and baking machinery, with the Victory man-of-war, with the spot on which Nelson fell, and the small cabin in the cockpit where he died. Sir Michael has a family of handsome daughters, who added much to the cheerfulness of our party.

We have dined at Mr. Rundell's, and at Captain Seymour's, and also at a magnificent place of a Mr. Dickson's, where we saw much costly grandeur. Indeed, Sir William seems to have gone from home more than usual since our being with him.

I hope you find Brighton agreeable, and that Sir Peter and Lady Laurie will have the benefit of all the relaxation possible before the duties of their high station commence.

D. W.

In the May Exhibition of the Royal Academy in this year, Wilkie had two portraits, a head of Lady Lyndhurst, and a full length of Lord Melville. He had resumed his labours on the John Knox with a new kind of impulse, anxious to exhibit practically to the world the advantages he had derived from his intercourse with art abroad, and to paint a picture as perfect as it was in his power, to fit it the more for the gallery of his distinguished friend and patron, Sir Robert Peel; every thing was set aside for this one object, and his correspondence even ceases for a time. The Lady Lyndhurst found many admirers, and in the Duke of Wellington a purchaser. It is a noble piece of colour, like Rembrandt all over, and has but one defect—the eyes are two small. Lord Melville's portrait was painted for the University of St. An-

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drew's, a commission acquired through the fame which the full-length of Lord Kellie achieved for Wilkie.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Kensington, 20th Oct. 1831.

The picture of The Scottish Wedding, which belonged to our most esteemed Sovereign and Master the late King, has just been returned to me, upon the completion of the engraving; and as it was at your most kind request that I obtained leave to engrave it, and as it would have been through you I should have chosen to repeat my acknowledgments to that Sovereign (had it pleased God that his Majesty had survived the completion of the work), I feel myself called upon to express to you again how much I feel obliged by this additional instance of his late Majesty's generosity and condescension. This I feel the more called upon to do, since it has become my duty to deliver into your hands, as one of the executors of his late Majesty, the picture from which, in the space of two years and a half, the engraving has been begun and completed.

May I request of you to favour me with an authority to return the picture, and to say to whom it should be delivered? I have a proof before letters nearly ready to send you.

The proprietors and publishers are now considering about the dedication of the plate: I presume the compliment (if it is a compliment) must be paid to his present Majesty. Perhaps you could point out in what way this may be gone about.

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You will be pleased to hear that the King has sent for me to arrange about the sittings for his portrait for the Scottish Hospital. The reception was full of good humour, and has been very consolatory to me. This, as you know, was a matter of some anxiety.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

York Hotel, Brighton, 8th Nov. 1831.

His Majesty has honoured me with two sittings, and every thing goes on well. I proceeded yesterday morning to the Pavilion, found the materials arrived, and was told that the King expected me; and before we could get the colours prepared, had a message to say his Majesty was ready to see me. He proposed at once to sit. I have had a second sitting. The King is full of condescension and good humour —all that see the picture seem to think it most promising.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

York Hotel, Brighton, 28th Nov. 1831.

It appears to me that every thing has gone on favourably here, every assistance has been given me, the sittings, both in number and duration, have been exactly what I wished; and the portrait, if I can judge at all, appears to be satisfactory as to likeness, although adapted to the air of a state picture. Still, as you well know, it is the impression that it makes

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upon the public that must determine the success of such a work.

One of the first questions asked me here was what had become of the late King's portrait? This was followed by a gracious command that I would write to Lord Melville to request arrangements to be made for its reception in Holyrood House. Upon hearing since from Lord Melville that his Lordship has settled this with the proper authorities, I have been again commanded by his Majesty to send off the picture as soon as I get to town to see it packed. This I have great pleasure in informing you of, as executor to his late Majesty.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Dear Sir William, Kensington, 20th Dec. 1831.

The portrait of his late Majesty was packed and sent off by sea on Tuesday last, and is probably now in Edinburgh.

I have had, since I saw you, a letter from Lord Melville, stating that as the King of France's residence in the state apartments of Holyrood House would prevent the picture being seen by the public, if placed there in its intended situation, his Lordship proposed that it should first be exhibited at the Royal Institution of Edinburgh, which he was pleased to say would be a gratification to the public. I have written to Sir Herbert Taylor upon the subject, and

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his Majesty, I have been informed in reply, entirely approves of the suggestion.

You are so obliging as to remind me of the proposal you made me, that I should visit you this Christmas at Blendworth; but you have well considered the pressure of work to be got through before the Exhibition. This is such, that it requires I should entreat Lady Knighton and yourself to excuse me at this time; the more so as you have given me the hope of seeing you soon, with Mr. Knighton, in town.

In the event of this, I trust to seeing you repeatedly, when you can honour me with a visit, and also that I shall have the pleasure of watching Mr. Knighton in his renewed pursuits, which, like the law or any other study, should be persisted in with all the discipline of a profession. A language is to be acquired which the discourse and practice of others is necessary both to acquire and to use; at the same time he is one of those who will not be satisfied with the language alone, unless combined with the learning and the power it unfolds to the active mind. Will you please to state to him that six of the medals given by the President a week ago at the Royal Academy were given to Mr. Sass's pupils.

D. W.

For some time Wilkie had superintended the progress which Mr. Knighton, the son of Sir William, made in drawing, a tasteful study to which he was much attached, and in which the great artist directed him with the hope that he would do honour to his instructer by the elegance of his productions.

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The hope of Wilkie young Knighton was not permitted to prove. The death of his father opened other prospects, and when he became a baronet he ceased to be a painter; but his esteem for his preceptor was in nowise lessened. He continued to interest himself in his fame and fortunes; and, like all the other friendships which Wilkie's genius and worth inspired, his survives — and threatens not to die.

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CHAPTER III.

WILKIE COMPLETES HIS PICTURE OF "JOHN KNOX PREACHING."—ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF 1832.—LETTERS TO ANDREW WILSON, MISS WILKIE, AND SIR WILLIAM ALLAN.—DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—WILKIE AT STRATHFIELDSAYE AND BRIGHTON.—LETTER TO JAMES HALL.—LETTERS TO SIR ROBERT PEEL AND SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON.—ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF 1834.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Kensington, 28th Feb. 1832.

In regard to my own doings here, about which the kind interest you take never fails to assist me, the portrait of the King is all painted in. Seguier did not propose any alteration, but wishes me with glazings to work it up to as much force in colour as possible. The Knox I expect to have in a frame in a few days. I have commenced glazing upon it, and have still six weeks to work up both pictures in.

D. W.

To the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1832, Wilkie sent a full length portrait of William IV., and one of the noblest pictures of the British school—John Knox preaching the Reformation in St. Andrew's. He was stimulated to exert his genius on the great work of Knox, first, because the scene of the picture was laid near his birth-place; secondly, because George

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the Fourth disliked Knox and his work, both of which Wilkie loved, and thought the subject a good one; and, thirdly, because Sir Robert Peel had put his confidence in the painter's taste, and commissioned a picture which he had set his heart upon painting. The Knox gives a vivid image of the stormy times which ushered in the Reformation: the old and the staid adhered to the faith of their fathers, the young and the stirring sided with those who desired change, and the great argument of salvation seemed about to be settled by the sword, when John Knox unexpectedly precipitated himself upon the scene, and established the Reformation by his vehement eloquence, with some violence indeed, but little blood. The genius of Wilkie has taken up the story of the Reformation at this point of time, and made a picture which forms a chapter of true history. He has delineated the interior of the Cathedral: the long aisles, the dim recesses, the symbols, and the images, are traced with equal effect and accuracy. Nor has he neglected to intimate that the ancient faith, though tottering, is not yet fallen. A crucifix, said to have been of great sanctity, is seen far in the distance, with devotees approaching it: angels and cherubs are wrought into the foliage of the pulpit canopy, while over all is seen the escutcheon of Beatoun, whose tragic death was accepted by many as a sign of the great changes which followed. In the Cathedral, a multitude of people are assembled — some to oppose, and some to support the new doctrine; while Knox thunders forth one of those terrible sermons, which struck the church of Rome to its very root.

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In what may be called the fore-ground of the picture, are several groups of the chief men of Scotland; and though differing in character, and opposite of purpose, the eloquence of the Preacher has charmed them into composure, much in contrast with his own vehemence. Close to the pulpit are some of Knox's chosen friends: Bellenden his amanuensis, Goodman his colleague, together with the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, Sir James Sandilands, in whose house at Calder the first Protestant sacrament was administered. An eminent St. Andrew's student, the Admirable Crichton, stands nigh, in his cap and gown: while immediately below the Preacher is Wood, the Precentor, with his hour-glass, to intimate the march of time, and the duration of the sermon. Lord Napier of Merchiston too is there, the future inventor of the Logarithms: nor should a young mother, who is desirous of having the babe in her bosom baptized, be overlooked; in this way the artist intimates the fact, that the Reformers loved to christen children on momentous occasions, and also the confidence which Knox inspired.

Immediately before the pulpit is a group of four; namely, the Lord James Stuart, afterwards Earl of Murray, and a chief leader of the Congregation; the Earl of Morton, the last of the old heroic race of the Douglas; the Earl of Argyll, a young but an earnest Reformer; and Cunningham, Earl of Glencairn, a poet, a warrior, and a fanatic. Morton leans on his sword, probably that which belonged to the great Earl of Angus; Murray is in deep meditation, and Glencairn seems kindled up with the enthusiasm which dictated

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his address to "Our Lady of Loretto." A group of a different character appears in a side chapel, close to the reforming Lords. It is composed of three of the Romish hierarchy, viz. Bishop Beatoun of Glasgow, the eloquent Hamilton the Archbishop, and Kennedy Abbot of Crossraguel, who maintained in other days the cause of his church against Knox in public disputation. They seem deeply touched with the invective of the reformer. Kennedy is whispering to Hamilton, while a Jackman, a retainer of the cathedral, stands ready with his harquebuss, waiting the signal of the Archbishop to fire upon the Preacher. This, as may be imagined, would have been no safe exploit: besides other means and appliances—the Admirable Crichton has his eye upon the Jackman, and his hand on his sword, though his mind seems with Knox. The artist has softened a little the sternness of the scene by placing the lovely and accomplished Countess of Argyll, natural sister to Queen Mary, between the fierce groups: she favoured the Reformation, yet afterwards sympathized so much with her unhappy sister, as to be present at the baptism of Prince James, for which she had actually to endure a public rebuke!

These are the fore-ground groups. In the gallery of the church, some anxious auditors are collected: the chief of these are Sir Patrick Learmouth of Darsie, provost of the place; Andrew Melville, well known in church history; and George Buchanan, the most accomplished scholar of the age. With these are mingled the professors of the University of St. Andrew's, citizens, and scholars; together with peasants,

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monks, and soldiers. It is a moment of intense anxiety: the sunshine, which finds its way through the deep and sculptured windows of the Cathedral, shows the calm but anxious countenances of the opposing parties, and the spectator feels that they are waiting but for the conclusion of the harangue to burst into action. The deep lucid colouring, energy of character, beauty of grouping, harmony of light and shade, and the kept-down passions visible in the looks of all, are in the artist's happiest manner.

The result of Knox's stern sermon may be related in a few words: the churches were ordered to be stript of all their images and pictures; the monasteries were thrown down, and the reformed worship was established by what was termed "a harmonious call."

The other picture of this year's Exhibition, a Portrait of William the Fourth, was the first fruit of Wilkie's appointment to the office of Painter in ordinary to the new King, and was praised for its vigour of colour, and fine light and shade; but The Knox extinguished every other light, and was regarded as the triumph of the new style over both cavil and competition. Sir Robert Peel rejoiced equally in the success of his friend, and in the possession of this magnificent picture.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART., M.P.

Dear Sir Robert, Kensington, 27th July, 1832.

I have just had the honour to receive your very obliging letter, and will have the picture of John

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Knox delivered at your house to-morrow morning, before twelve o'clock. I shall attend to see it safe in a possession by which I feel it so much honoured.

My pictures came to me yesterday from the Royal Academy. The frames always require to be looked at before they can be sent home.

I am, &c.,

D. W.

In September and October he shared in the elegant hospitalities of Drayton Manor; and, as he loved to date letters from remarkable places, the two which follow in succession are from Sir Robert's residence, now celebrated by the painter's art and the poet's song.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Drayton Manor (no month), 1832.

We reached the mansion of Sir Robert last night, about nine o'clock, by moon-light; finding, without difficulty, a chaise at Stonebridge, to bring us the twelve miles after the coach set us down. We found all well, both the Baronet and his Lady, with a young family of most handsome children growing up. The only other visiters are Mr. and Mrs. Chantrey, on their return from a rambling visit to the north.

To-day we have been shown the splendid new house, to replace that of the old manor; and Sir Robert accompanied Collins and myself to

"Tamworth town and hall,"

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where we were extremely interested by the apartments and furniture of the old castle, once the possession of Lord Marmion.

The Chantreys leave to-morrow. In our return, we mean to stop at Blenheim and Oxford.

D. W.

TO WILLIAM ALLAN, ESQ.

Dear Allan, Drayton Manor, 13th Oct. 1832.

Your letter has interested me and various others greatly. All that relates to our great countryman departed claims from us not merely sympathy and regret, but suggests to us this idea, that no such opportunity of paying honour to genius can ever occur again. I find various friends of Sir Walter desirous to mark their sense of his worth and greatness, not in the usual way of monuments, but in an endeavour to realise what was of all things the nearest to his heart—his wish of securing Abbotsford to his family. Before leaving town, I heard something of the kind was in progress. Both theatres have advertised an apotheosis to his memory.

I am here with Collins, who sends his best regards to you. We went two days ago to see

"Tamworth tower and town,"

which pleased me much, probably from its ancient connexion with the Lord Marmion.

The Phillipses speak most favourably of your drawings made at Abbotsford, and also of your picture in

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progress of Rizzio; of which last they give us high expectations.

D. W.

It is almost needless to say that this letter alludes to the death of Sir Walter Scott, a man whose fine genius was perhaps the least of his merits; who delighted the world from pole to pole by the inimitable force and variety of his talents, and charmed souls insensible to tale or song by the courtesies of his conversation and his genuine warmth of heart.

TO ANDREW WILSON, ESQ.

Kensington, 25th Oct. 1832.

Lord Pembroke has not called either upon me or upon Eastlake; but this is not the time for people of his condition to be fixed in town.

I have made several journeys this autumn, and went a week with Collins to visit Sir Robert Peel at Drayton Manor. He is building an entirely new and splendid house, which, for a time, must divert his attention from the arts. In this new mansion there is to be a gallery for the portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence. He has lately bought a Head of Dr. Johnson, by Sir Joshua, and a Bust of Pope, by Roubiliac, both at Watson Taylor's sale.

The death of Sir Walter Scott has made a great sensation. To some it has suggested ideas of erecting monuments to his memory in architecture and sculpture; to others, that of assisting in redeeming and settling Abbotsford upon his family, as the most

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appropriate monoment. Allan has written me a long account of his funeral at Dryburgh Abbey, at which he was present. How his affairs may turn out is still a matter of doubt; prosperous they cannot be, and public feeling may cool before their actual state or their remedy can be determined: otherwise, why might not Abbotsford be made the Blenheim of literature? No such claim upon a nation's gratitude can ever occur again.

Allan is painting The Death of Rizzio, which is well spoken of. Macdonald, the sculptor, has left Edinburgh for Rome, with some handsome commissions to execute.

D. W.

About this time I attended a meeting in London, in the Thatched House Tavern, respecting a monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott: Wilkie was there, and was much affected. Nine years afterwards I was present at a meeting in the same place to vote a statue to Wilkie himself. Some of the most distinguished men of the nation attended both, and were alike touched with the greatness of their loss.

Wilkie never laboured willingly, or with his whole heart, in portraiture; yet portraits flowed in upon him, such as he considered a duty to paint: one of these, The Duke of Wellington, and the Charger on which he rode at Waterloo, was commissioned for the Merchant Taylors' Hall, by Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter, and executed by the artist at Strathfieldsaye, with a success which gratified both his Grace and that opulent Company.

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TO MISS WILKIE.

Strathfieldsaye, 2d Nov. 1832.

I have gone on regularly at the rate of two sittings a day, and think I have succeeded with the likeness, on which I mean to devote all the sittings his Grace may be pleased to give me.

The Duke returns to town on Monday, but is to give me a sitting on Monday morning; still I am not quite sure whether I return on the same day or not. The election at the Academy is an object.

Here there is only the Duke and Lord Charles, his youngest son. The only strangers that have seen the picture, are Sir Claudius Hunter and Mr. Briskall, the clergyman, who called to-day; both seem highly satisfied with it.

The whole of this is to me a most interesting visit, and most interesting labours.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Strathfieldsaye, Sunday, 4th Nov. 1832.

I have had now about nine sittings, and to-morrow get one very early, which I expect will complete the head. His Grace leaves for town to-morrow. Finding that it would be convenient for me to paint in the horse here, he has requested me to remain in the house to proceed with it. This, I think, will take me till Wednesday.

I think the Duke likes the head, and seems to wish me to get the picture done without delay. The horse

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being at hand can be painted easily, and at all hours, which could not be the case even were he brought to town.

Give my best regards to Mr. Knighton. I hope he can go on with what he is doing, or with the copy of the Doge.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Kensington, 12th Nov. 1832.

Mr. Knighton goes on most assiduously, drawing morning and evening with Mr. Sass, and proceeding in his usual studies with me.

I returned a few days ago from Strathfieldsaye. In four days the Duke gave me eight sittings, by which I have painted in the head, and remained two days after the Duke left, to paint in the horse. His Grace appeared to like the head, as did also some neighbours, but I have no idea how it will be liked here compared with what I have done before. The Duke was very gracious, and did every thing to assist me. There was only himself and Lord Charles, but the solitude was more exciting and more interesting than any society that could be imagined.

A meeting of the friends of the late Sir Walter Scott took place on Friday at Bridgewater House, when the scheme of securing Abbotsford for ever was, I understand, set a-going with great enthusiasm, Lord Mahon in the chair, and about fifty most influential people present.

D. W.

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From the seat of the hero, the artist went to the residence of the prince; portraiture was the object of both visits.

TO MISS WILKIE.

13. German Place, Brighton, 20th Dec. 1832.

I have taken a nice lodging near the Marine Parade, in which I find we are much quieter than in the Hotel.

His Majesty has been very gracious, but as yet has only given me two short sittings yesterday, and one long one to day. I think I go on well, but have not made much progress.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Brighton, 3d Jan. 1833.

Her Majesty has been most gracious in giving me seven sittings, of which one was in the costume of the coronation; I have, therefore, got the head much advanced, and the figure sketched in, but for these three days have been interrupted by a severe bilious attack (quite unusual to me), which came on on Tuesday, and in the middle of the night was so alarming, that we sent again for the doctor, who thought it necessary to bleed me to prevent inflammation; this had a salutary effect, and, though it has weakened me much, the attack has subsided, and the doctor (Mr. Roberts) has put me upon recruiting diet,

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and says that in a day or two I may be able to get out again.

This has of course delayed my labours, and my visit here. You will, perhaps, think of coming, but, as matters appear, I do not see the necessity. To-day I am again in the sitting room.

The King invited me to the grand evening party last Friday; but this private.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Brighton, 6th Jan. 1833.

I think it would be as well that you should come here for a day or two. I am greatly better, and mean to recommence to-morrow, but, avoiding company as I do, the evenings get dull, having no one to read to me, or even to assist me in writing a note. Without hurrying, therefore, you might get an inside place on Tuesday, and, if we know of it, Benjamin could meet you, and we shall find some place up stairs or next door for you.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Brighton, 9th Jan. 1833.

Last week, after being honoured with seven sittings, (one was in the *entire costume*,) I was taken ill with a bilious attack, which required the doctor to be sent for in the middle of the night. There was every appearance of fever about me, and I was bled.

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This laid me up five days, but on Monday last I was again at the palace to resume my work.

Seeing the picture with a fresh eye, and properly hard and dry, I have brought it up a great way these two days, and having a sitting to-day of an hour and a half, I have advanced the head, both in likeness and effect, to a point which I think makes the picture secure. The dress too in material of colour is very favourable, and gives me the hope that the picture will have an elegant and imposing effect; still I depend upon the impression it makes, when seen by friends and foes in London, but this I find, I cannot hurry, being desirous to take all the assistance I can get here, before I leave this place.

I am at present in a difficulty in which I must seek your advice. The Duke of Wellington about six weeks ago requested me to assist at the *tableaux* proposed by the Marchioness of Salisbury, to be made in the ensuing week at Hatfield, since which I have been in communication with her Ladyship, and have been making drawings (all from Sir Walter Scott's novels) of the arrangement of the figures, expecting that my labours here would be over in time. Now, as this is not the case, and I am expected as an *assistant* at Hatfield, and have been consulted here by several ladies who are to appear in the tableaux, do you think I might ask for leave of absence from Her Majesty, and for leave to resume my work here afterwards? I shall perhaps also ask Sir Herbert Taylor for his advice.

I think this an occasion for such a step, having been asked by the Duke, and knowing that it is too

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late for the Marchioness to get any one to assist in my place.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

York Hotel, Brighton, 13th Feb. 1833.

I have not yet taken leave, and may still have a sitting to-morrow, but have ordered the van down ready for departure. The great people have been very gracious, and I have got through a great deal of work. I have also been among some of the gaieties in the society of Brighton.

D. W.

TO WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ. R. A.

Dear Collins, Brighton, 14th Feb. 1833.

I fancy how little I am doing, and what a deal you have done since I saw you. For this year you will be strong, while my year's labour is divided out into so many beginnings, that I shall be hurried now, to get one finished. I was gratified to hear a very favourable account of the appearance, and impression made by your Skittle Players in the Gallery. May not this lead to something? When little *bits* are in such request, have standard works no chance?

Here there is nothing connected with art, and few to talk to, particularly for one whose occupations do not admit of mixing with society. I saw a brother of Sir Robert Peel's a few days ago, who was at Drayton before we came, and regretted he could not stay till our arrival.

D. W.

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Wilkie, as we have seen, was taken ill during his professional visit to Brighton, from which his sister's tenderness, and the physician's skill, recovered him: a fit of despondency, occasioned by feeling how little he had done, and how much he had tried, next seized him, which departed after he had unburthened his heart to his friend Collins: while, with the success which attended him in the sittings for the king's portrait, his health and his equanimity of temper returned, and he mingled amongst the gaieties of Brighton, and returned to Kensington with something of regret.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART., M.P.

Dear Sir Robert, Kensington, 3d March, 1833.

The enclosed letter from Mr. Gibson, the distinguished sculptor in Rome, has been handed to me by my friend Mr. Geddes, A.R.A., with the view that I might explain to you, in case the request made by Mr. Gibson for a drawing from a picture in your possession is such as it may be your pleasure to comply with, that Mr. Geddes has agreed to make the drawing for Mr. Gibson, which he thinks he could complete in one morning, and seems most desirous of doing so at the time and in the way that would be the least inconvenient to yourself or family.

D. W.

During the season in which Wilkie charged his pencil with idleness he had, besides The Duke of Wellington with his Charger, and King William in the

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Dress of the Grenadier Guards on his easel, painted The Spanish Monks in the Capuchin Convent at Toledo, and that first of all modern portraits, for truth of character and harmonious brightness of colour, the Duke of Sussex, as Earl of Inverness, in the costume of a Highland Chief. Against the latter no picture in the Exhibition of 1833 could stand: it seemed to lighten all around.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Kensington, 18th July, 1833.

I fear I must now give up the hope of waiting upon you at Blendworth upon this occasion. This week I have been detained till to-day, to accompany the Lord Mayor on the water excursion to Twickenham; and I learn that there is a chance the King may visit the Exhibition on Monday, which would require that I should attend, as I have done on former visits. Having in this way no interval long enough to come to you, I must entreat of you, and of the ladies, and of Mr. Knighton, to hold me excused for this time, particularly as every hour has been occupied here in pressing forward the works so necessary to be brought to a close.

On your return to town on the 26th, the Queen's picture will be ready to submit to her Majesty; and the two copies of the King's portrait in a state near completion. I have also got the little picture from "The Gentle Shepherd" in a state of great forwardness.

D. W.

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TO WILLIAM KNIGHTON, ESQ.

My dear Mr. Knighton, Strathfieldsaye, 6th Sept. 1833.

For the last week this stately mansion and domain has presented to me every thing that is beautiful and interesting; still, the relaxation a visit to the country is expected to give has not met me here: on the contrary, day after day has succeeded, with the same hard working, as if time were pressing unceremoniously at home.

May I hope that you are making a more reasonable use of the occasion for field-sport this fine season seems to offer. Pray let me hear from you.

Kensington, 9th September.

I left Strathfieldsaye on Saturday, and expect my two pictures to follow me to-morrow. They are considerably advanced; but till I see them here, and judge of them through the eyes of other people, as well as by my own, I cannot tell what they are like. The Duke gave me sittings for head, hands, dress, and accoutrements; which I felt as important assistance, at the same time that I felt it as a claim for a degree of excellence the picture I fear cannot realise.

In coming home, I stopped two days near Strathfieldsaye with a friend, Mr. Anderson, who has a most interesting collection of Italian and Dutch pictures. I am now pushing on the copy of the Queen, which advances apace.

D. W.

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TO MISS WILKIE.

The Orchard, Niton, Isle of Wight, 27th Sept. 1833.

Here again in this little paradise, where all around is kindness. I left Blendworth on Saturday, from whence Mr. Knighton accompanied me to Portsmouth and Ryde, and met Mr. Utterson, with whom we stopped till Monday morning. At Ryde, whom should we meet with but Lady Macdonald and Miss Henrietta. They had received an invitation to Niton, because I was to be there; but this they have delayed, and in place thereof have pressed me to visit them on my return.

I have met with a most kind reception here from Sir Willoughby and Lady Gordon and family. Miss Gordon is greatly better, and looking extremely well, and of course most interesting. In this beautiful place, and with such friends, I have not determined yet upon my return. I thought of Saturday, but will most likely stay over the Sunday. At Ryde I shall stop a day at least; indeed, but for the copy of the Queen's portrait, I should try to be away much longer.

D. W.

I hope Sir Peter and Lady Laurie are perfectly well. I never enjoyed two journeys more than those to Eastbourne and Walford.

There were attractions after his own heart for Wilkie in the Isle of Wight. At Appledurcomb he

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found some works of his favourite Velasquez; and in the portfolios of Mrs. Arnold and Miss Gordon he found drawings of the best masters of Italy, and sketches and etchings, done by a gentle hand, and with a skill beyond common. The young gentleman to whom the succeeding letter is addressed is one of the sons of Sir James Hall of Dunglass, a lover and a follower of art as well as literature.

TO JAMES HALL, ESQ., ROME.

My dear Sir, Kensington, London, 27th Jan. 1834.

It is gratifying to me to find myself remembered by you and by Captain Basil Hall, and the family around you, amidst the attractions of the eternal city; quite sure as I am that every thought and reflection on what you have seen there, and on the journey, would be to me and my household (who are much pleased by your notice of them) subject of interest and information.

Of your route the only part I have not seen is that from Turin to Nice, and from Nice to Genoa; but in proceeding from thence hope you did not miss Lucca, where is the famous Fra Bartolomeo's—The Assumption of the Virgin; a work produced before the maturity of Raphael and Michael Angelo, but, in colour and effect, anticipating all the improvements that aftertimes have in these qualities accomplished.

Indeed, in your visit to Italy you will be frequently struck, as you will be in every quarter reminded of it, by the works of the period of the early growth of the art. These, with the greatness afterwards attained,

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have somewhat the connection of cause and effect. The German students, with the labours of one of whom you have interested me, have founded their process of study upon this,—that by the study of the same materials with Raphael, they might arrive at the same excellence. This, though in their hands carried to excess, with a kind of heraldic minuteness and detail, bordering too much upon Albert Durer, is yet a more reasonable system than that of Mengs and David, who, with an aim the converse of Bernini in reducing marble to the picturesque, have imposed upon painting the feeling and restraints of ancient sculpture. Still, in the works of these Germans, which I admired extremely, there is too much left out and dispensed with, for qualities long left behind in the march of invention. The world that has once seen the grandeur of Michael Angelo and the breadth of Rembrandt is incapable of being excited by early simplicity: it is only as a part of a study, and not as a whole, it is valuable; and could their system serve us, which I think it may, as the Border Minstrelsy did Sir Walter Scott, it would be to any student a most admirable groundwork for a new style of art.

The account you give me of Overbeck's subject as a companion to the School of Athens, an Assemblage of the Painters not living, for Frankfort, I was gratified with. It is a bold idea, which all must wish successful; but is not the subject a little too *professional* for a great work,—too much of the shop, and not enough of the business of life, for the apprehensions of people at large?

It gives me pleasure to learn, from yourself as well

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as from the obliging note of Captain Hall, that you seize the occasion to cull the essences of the great masters for a future day. Of the sketches you are making (if I may venture to predict) those from the Stanzas and the Sistine Chapel you will prize the most, when you return to us here; but whatever you do should be in colours: these, in the two great masters, though subservient to a higher object, are often most skilfully arranged.

You gratify me by the account you give of our friends in Rome, and most glad I am to hear of the successful picture by Mr. Wilson of Valambrosa. Here there are two pictures of his going to the Gallery, Pall Mall, which Mr. William Russell requested me to look at: one, a shipping scene near Genoa, is very beautiful, but I fear too small for an exhibition. Pray remember me to him.

Complaints of apathy and dullness still pervade our atmosphere of art. There is little stirring, and nothing on a large scale, if I except a picture Jones is painting eight feet wide, I believe referring to Cardinal Weld. Eastlake is painting a picture of a subject at Padua, of which they speak favourably. Roberts has returned from Spain, with a picture he has painted very beautifully of the interior of the cathedral of Seville; and the new Academy is now having its foundation cleared, in order to commence building.

All this is cheering; but I regret to add, that Mr. Callcott, our neighbour, continues much in the same declining state; and that the distinguished artist, Newton, has been some weeks seized with mental derangement, now confined in a madhouse in the

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Regent's Park, separated from his young wife, whose case, having left all her relations in America to settle with him here, is pitied by every body.

Pray give my very kind regards to Captain and Mrs. Hall,

And believe me most faithfully and truly yours,

D. W.

TO WILLIAM SEGUIER, ESQ.

My dear Sir, 7. Terrace, Kensington, 1st March, 1834.

After reviewing with much attention the two pictures by Correggio, The Ecce Homo and The Mercury teaching Cupid to read, belonging to the Marquess of Londonderry, I have great pleasure in expressing to you my hope that they may become the property of the nation.

They are undoubtedly originals of the great Italian painter, possessing, with the fascinations of light, shadow, and surface, so peculiar to him, that richness of colour and intensity of expression which give to his works so much of their value and their influence; and whether to interest the public in the higher purposes of art, or to guide the taste of the student, would, to the gallery now forming, be a most desirable acquisition.

Of the justness of the sum for which they are offered, 12,000*l.*, I cannot, from my experience in such transactions, be a judge; it is certainly a large sum for two pictures; but giving this difficulty its due weight, I would decidedly concur in giving this sum, rather than let them go out of the country, con-

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sidering the rarity of such specimens even in foreign countries, and the excellence as examples of the high school to which they belong, to which it must be the aim of every other school to approximate.

I have, &c.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Kensington, 21st March, 1834.

I have only to repeat my obligations for the opportunity you have given me of painting a subject the size of life, and for your kindness in allowing me the payment for it in so handsome a way before the delivery of the picture.

The picture of The Spanish Lady and Child has done me one service, which you were probably in hopes it would do—it has obtained for me the privilege of painting a subject the size of life. Mr. Marshall, of Upper Grosvenor Street, has, on seeing it, written to me to know if I would paint the Pope and Napoleon for him, and of such a size as I might think advantageous for the expression of the picture—that is, near the size of life.

In answer I have stated that Mr. Holford, of the Isle of Wight, asked me last autumn to paint the Columbus for him; and on answering that I was not at liberty to engage for this subject (you, sir, having spoken to me about painting this the size I wished), he then asked me if I would paint the Pope and Napoleon for him, that I might paint either the size of life, but that whichever I painted must, on account

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of his advanced period of life, be begun immediately, and he would pay me the half price before I began. I told him my engagements, if wanted immediately, would not permit; and so the matter dropped.

Now, dear sir, as you did me the great favour some time back to speak of the Columbus as one you might employ me upon — the size of life — this matter must entirely rest with you; at the same time, as I am all ready, panel and every thing, to begin the Napoleon on St. Bernard for you at your command, and as you, subsequently to speaking about the Columbus, gave me the very handsome order for The Mother and Child, already done, and may perhaps, in that, have answered the purpose you intended by the Columbus, I make bold to ascertain your pleasure upon the subject; and in case you should not particularly want the Columbus, I might offer it to Mr. Holford, and leave the Pope and Napoleon open for Mr. Marshall. Pray be so kind as to judge according to your own wishes in this.

Mr. Knighton leaves his study here considerably advanced, and in every way successful. He made drawings of the little boy's head and hands. These took him about a week; and he has now begun to paint in the head, in the true style of Murillo. In this way every new picture he proceeds in is a step nearer to his own original invention, and an advance in the power, not only of doing what he sees before him, but what he imagines. With the study of the antique and the old masters, and this kind of procedure, he may, and will, with his steadiness of perseverance, do any thing he pleases.

D. W.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART. M.P.

Dear Sir Robert, Kensington, 26th April, 1834.

I have just been making arrangements for the engraving, with your obliging permission, of the picture of the Preaching of Knox, in the line manner, and I hope in the best style that can be done in the present time, and with the positive engagement that the picture shall be returned to you in three years.

May I, therefore, beg to know if you approve of this, if I could have the picture to my house, that it may be put in hand without delay, intending to have it insured from fire from the moment of receiving it, and to take every precaution for its safety in other respects also while in the hands of the engraver.

D. W.

To the Exhibition of 1834 Wilkie sent six pictures, viz., 1. The Portrait of the Duke of Wellington, as Constable of the Tower, with his Charger; 2. Not at Home; 3. Portrait of the Queen, in the Dress worn at the Coronation; 4. Spanish Mother and Child; 5. Portrait of Sir John Leslie, Professor of Natural Philosophy; 6. Portrait of a Lady. Of these the Spanish Mother was a conception of great beauty; and the Not at Home a sally of impudent humour — familiar to London, when a wit of the town finds it more convenient to insult a creditor than to pay him. The portrait of Queen Adelaide possesses an air of gentleness and courtesy, inherited rather than put on; and the colouring had the same quiet grace.

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To his friend Sir William Knighton, then at Blendworth, Wilkie wrote the following letter about this year's Exhibition. The Spanish Mother and Child was painted for Sir William Knighton; but the circumstance, as will be seen, was kept a secret.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Kensington, 2d May, 1834.

We were let in last Monday, but I have waited till the day of the private view, to inform you of the position of my pictures. The Queen is in the centre, over the fire-place; the Not at Home underneath, and next the centre picture and the Spanish Mother, making the half centre, between that and the bottom of the room, directly opposite a distinguished and distinguishing place. The Spanish Mother appeared to be thought by all to look so well that not a touch was proposed, and not a touch either of oil or varnish was put upon it, a wash of cold water being found all that was wanted to make it bear out with the pictures round it. The Duke of Wellington is at the head of the room, Sir Martin's King being in the centre: it is on the right of the King, with a picture between, and, though a distinguished place, rather too near the corner. The Duke is to dine at the Academy to-day; he may think it a little too much toward the side; but I am more than satisfied, as I have *four* pictures in the great room, and *three* in prime places.

The King and Queen came yesterday. The Queen appeared kind, thought the Duke extremely like,

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talked of her own picture, which I find rather a favourite, and spoke with much satisfaction of the Spanish Lady. The King called me to him when he came before it, and spoke quite loud out as approving of the expression of the child. When the company came afterwards, I found all, particularly ladies, approving of this picture; and a nobleman of high rank sent to know if it was bespoke; to which I answered, that a kind friend to whom it belonged had, I might venture to say, that attachment to it which arises from its being a subject of his own choice before it was painted.

At a council held about a week ago, Mr. Knighton was regularly admitted as a student of the Royal Academy; a step gained that many of my friends would be glad they had gained in any stage of their progress. He is now with me, making drawings to paint from, and, although interrupted by the varnishing days, goes on unremittingly.

The newly-acquired Rembrandt he has brought out here to be by him; and I must say my first favourable impression is fully confirmed by a review of it. This would be a picture of consequence in any gallery—a beautiful and unexceptionable specimen—and as a model to form a style most instructive and satisfactory.

My sister was asked at all hands yesterday, at the private view, who the Spanish Lady belonged to; and her ingenuity was put to the test in every way, to parry off the question.

D. W.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART., M.P.

Dear Sir, Kensington, 28th May, 1834.

I now take the liberty to inform you that I have this day signed an agreement with Mr. Moon, Publisher, Threadneedle Street, that the plate of The Preaching of Knox shall be engraved by Mr. Doo, into whose possession, at No. 10. Adam's Terrace, Camden Town, I am for this purpose to deliver the picture to-morrow, and who has become bound to let me have it, that it may be returned to you, at the end of three years, from the 1st of June just ensuing.

In the arrangements made, every consideration has been given to the care and security of the picture, and a consideration being made to me expressly by Mr. Moon, the work will be proceeded in through all its stages under my superintendence.

The parties engaged seem highly satisfied in commencing the undertaking. The plate is to be of a large size, 28 by 22 inches, and in the best line manner, and will, I trust, when produced, be found a worthy object of the approval of your known taste and judgment.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

My dear Sister, Oxford, 10th June, 1834.

On reaching Oxford I was agreeably surprised to find Mr. Knighton waiting for the coach. He has

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succeeded in getting an excellent lodging from a friend, obliged to be absent; where we are both most agreeable stowed. On Sunday we dined in Christ Church College Hall. Yesterday we hired a gig, and drove to Woodstock and Blenheim, and to-day we were all ready early to get in to see the Duke take his seat in the theatre. We heard him read his Latin speech. He acquitted himself remarkably well, and was received in a most enthusiastic manner. In the afternoon we had a grand concert, where we attended for a short time. The music was an oratorio, by Dr. Crotch, at which Braham, Phillips, and others assisted.

The ladies of rank and fashion here are very numerous, and the dresses very elegant. The Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Salisbury, Lady Cowley, Lady Stanhope, and Lady Lincoln, were among the number, I saw.

I am now thinking of returning; but the chief difficulty is the getting a place in the coaches, which makes the day of return uncertain.

D. W.

At Blenheim, after having gazed as if he could have gazed his soul away at the magnificent pictures of Rubens, the finest reckoned in the island, Wilkie visited the Titians, which, on account of the freedom with which they represent the intercourse of the Gods, are kept private. Though he disliked all indelicacy of sentiment, he could not but admire

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the exquisite richness of colouring in some of those compositions. The succeeding letter is addressed to his sister at Frankfort, who was then travelling with Sir Peter and Lady Laurie,—the kind and unchanging friends of Helen as well as Dâvid.

TO MISS WILKIE.

My dear Sister, Kensington, 2d August, 1835.

Visiting is almost given up; parties are over; and the town is thinning fast. Ten days ago I was present at a very grand party. Lady Holland sent a note to me to come and drink tea about 10 o'clock. I accordingly went, sure to meet some great people. The party was very great indeed, and were then joining us from the dinner-table in the library. So high, indeed, was the party, that I will not say that it was not even graced by Majesty! As it was, I felt myself a very inconsiderable person. Her ladyship, however, contrived in the kindest manner to get me spoken to by the great star; and the others, who were scarcely less than ministers of state, were very obliging and civil. They consisted of Earl Grey, Lords Brougham, Melbourne, Carlisle, Duncannon, and Mulgrave, with the Duchess of Bedford, Lady Cowper, &c.

Earl Grey, though robbed of that imposing aspect which the possession of power gives, accosted me with much kindness, and received with much complacency the compliments I paid him upon what he had been

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doing for the arts during his administration: the building of the new Academy, and the purchase of the Correggios for the National Gallery; which I said we gave his lordship the chief credit for. The party went off extremely well, and at 11 o'clock broke up,—the illustrious visitor taking leave to start for Windsor Castle.

D. W.

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CHAPTER IV.

WILKIE IN SCOTLAND. — LETTERS TO GEORGE JONES, R. A., LADY BAIRD, AND SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON. — "COLUMBUS" PAINTED. — ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF 1835. — WILKIE IN IRELAND. — PAINTS "THE PEEP O' DAY BOY" FOR MR. VERNON. — LETTERS TO W. COLLINS, R. A., AND ABRAHAM RAIMBACH. — MR. O'CONNELL'S PORTRAIT. — WILKIE KNIGHTED. — DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON.

In the autumn of this year Wilkie visited Scotland, of which he gives an account to his sister: it was one for health and friendship rather than for study. The account of his interview with his accomplished friend and relative, now sinking towards the grave, is as interesting as it is touching. Wilkie writes from Fern Tower, the noble mansion of his friend, Lady Baird.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Fern Tower, Perthshire,
29th Aug. 1834.

My dear Sister,

On the 21st, I left London alone, and was four days in reaching Edinburgh. At York, Mr. Etty detained me a day, and did the honours of his native city with great kindness. At Newcastle I also stopped, and found out a Dr. Alexander, I had known at Genoa. From Edinburgh, where I had a letter from Lady Baird, I went with John Lister to see

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Bell's Frescoes at Muirhouse Granton, which really pleased me greatly; and from thence round Corstorphine Hill, to make a call upon the venerated Sir Robert Liston.

He was out an airing at Liston Shiells; but pressing to see Mrs. Ramage, she gave a distressing account: "that I should not know a word he said; that it was truly melancholy to see his noble mind so changed; that she scarcely wished him to be seen, and was always distressed when he went to pay visits in Edinburgh; but what had given her, she said, the greatest uneasiness was his leaving home at one time for one entire fortnight, wandering, as she supposed, about the inns in the country, accompanied by his carriage and two servants."

When Sir Robert returned I was at the door, and could see at once how his eye brightened when he saw me. Nothing could be more hearty than his reception, though with his usual finished manner. He led me into the drawing-room, speaking all the while in reply to what I was saying to him. The beginning of his sentences were distinct enough; still, as he advanced, the articulation got confused; his words having then the sound of Latin terminations, giving people the mistaken idea that he was speaking in some foreign language. I observed on one occasion, when he tried to ask a question and failed, he tried the question in French, though still with difficulty. I tried to encourage him by replying in the same language. To all I said he showed the most acute intelligence: where I had come from, where I was staying, where I was going, and when I was to

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be back, trying repeatedly to ask me whether I could not remain with him as I had done before; made the more affecting by his saying, "I am a poor—not able—but I am better—and would be glad to see you." I left him with assurances, that the moment I returned from Perthshire, I would see him again; and was gratified by a visit that really seemed to give him pleasure.

I started the next morning by coach to Perth, and in passing the Lomonds could see a prospective view of the hills on the south and north side of the Valley of Eden, taking in distinctly the Mount, Wemyss Hall, and the Walton Hills. From Perth I started in a chaise, and about 5 o'clock reached Fern Tower, where I was received with extreme kindness by Lady Baird and her sister. The mansion is extremely good; and the neighbourhood, comprehending Crieff, Strath Earn, the Ochills, and the Grampians, reminded me at every turn of Italy.

The day before I started I dined with Mr. Stirling, at Knightsbridge, to meet Lord Gosford, Mr. Barnes, Mr. Young (Lord Melbourne's secretary), and some military contributors to The Times. Mr. Barnes recognised me as an old acquaintance, and was very civil. So far as I could gather, they thought the throwing out of the Irish Tithe Bill would produce Rebellion, but that Mr. O'Connell had undertaken to keep Ireland quiet.

I am sorry that Sir Peter has been induced to give up the Italian part of your journey. However, we shall all be glad to see the whole party on your return.

D. W.

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TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Edinburgh, 11th Sept. 1834.

While at Lady Baird's I went for two days as far as Taymouth, where I had the honour of visiting the Marchioness of Breadalbane. The Marquis was out at the hunting. I was much pleased with seeing that portion of the Highlands.

From Fern Tower I came back on Monday last to Edinburgh, where the learned and the cognoscenti of the neighbouring nations were assembling for the Scientific Meeting. On becoming a member of the association, I was at once admitted to all its privileges. The most fashionable science is that of geology; and Dr. Buckland the most striking lecturer. His recent discoveries in geology have made a great impression. His manner of speaking most favourable for a numerous audience, with his power of description and illustration, and his vein of wit and good humour he filled up an hour and a half in the most interesting way.

D. W.

The picture to which the following letters refer was first commissioned by my friend Mr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh; a gentleman of taste both in art and literature. On a visit to the painter soon after his return from Spain, when he was speaking of his journey and showing us his sketches, I was struck with the historic truth and character of this composition, and advised Wilkie to expand the subject to

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the size of life: Ritchie took the artist aside and whispered, "Do what Allan says; name your price, and I will buy the picture." My friend did not live, alas! to see his commission complete.

TO GEORGE JONES, ESQ., R.A.

Dear Jones, Kensington, 17th Nov. 1834.

Your most kind and considerate letter received this morning gratifies me extremely. The Columbus, so much honoured by the inquiries you have made about it, I am painting upon order for a gentleman who took a fancy to the subject, and who made it a condition that it should be painted without delay on account of his *advance in years*, otherwise it would have given me the greatest pleasure to have seen it in the possession of Mr. Vernon, side by side with works of our fellow-countrymen, which his taste and his public spirit have in so exemplary a manner collected together.

This, however, being not now possible, I have only to request that you will assure Mr. Vernon with my regret, that I feel my performance much complimented and enhanced in estimation by the desire he has expressed; and that I feel, had it been disengaged, that there is no friend whose mediation in arranging such an affair could be more congenial to me, from the fine spirit in which it has been proposed, than your own.

With high esteem, &c.

D. W.

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TO GEORGE JONES, ESQ., R.A.

Dear Jones, Kensington, 19th Nov. 1834.

The proposition you are pleased to make in consequence of the Columbus being engaged, that I might paint another subject for Mr. Vernon, I shall be happy to give attention to; and as you inform me that the gentleman our esteemed friend Turner alluded to, when he spoke to me some time ago, was Mr. Vernon, this simplifies the matter a good deal. I have been thinking of some subjects in reference to this, and in the course of the winter hope to be able to submit one that may be rendered agreeable to Mr. Vernon's wishes, which, if I should succeed in, will be a matter of great satisfaction to me. Leaving the matter, therefore, in this state to a future, though not to a very distant occasion, I have only to thank you for the very friendly interest you have been pleased to take in this.

I remain, &c.

D. W.

The following letter, the first of a series addressed to the widow of Sir David Baird, throws some light on Wilkie's visit to Fern Tower, and the picture of Sir David Baird discovering the body of Tippoo Saib, — a noble commission, of which Wilkie was justly proud: —

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TO LADY BAIRD.

Dear Madam, Kensington, 29th Dec. 1834.

I write more to assure you how much I think of the proposed picture than with any view of indicating much advance in the work.

The drawings I am proceeding with, trying changes and re-arrangements in the details of the groups, or, what is more the case, trying to give form and shape to what in the first sketch was vague and confused. Of the figure of Sir David Baird I have also been making a separate sketch, chiefly from the drawing made in Dublin, which your Ladyship recommended. This I may adhere to with advantage, giving, as it does, the idea of a noble figure.

In all I proceed in the more I am satisfied with the subject — a subject furnishing every thing required for a work of art. I have been promised free access to the armoury of the late King, formerly at Carlton House, containing a superb collection of the arms and accoutrements of Tippoo Saib.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Dear Sir William, Kensington, 1st Jan. 1835.

Your anticipations from my letter to the Duke of Buccleuch have been fully verified. Lord Montagu has written to me to propose that I should come to Ditton Park, to begin the picture, on the 13th instant.

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Mr. Holford I wrote to a second time; this has brought him to town, and he has seen and approves, in the most satisfactory way, of the picture, and leaves me to order such a frame as I think best suited to it. Mr. Vernon I have also seen. He regrets that he did not give me an order for the Columbus; but is willing to order a picture of that size and character, and would prefer a female to be in it. Whether the Mary Stuart would do is a question, — still it is new, and I am keeping it in mind.

Mr. Niewunhuys called some days ago, to give me a book he has just written and published in English, A Character of the different Masters in Art, and is remarkable for a document he has copied from the Administration Office of Insolvent Debtors at Amsterdam, anno 1556, containing an Inventory of the Paintings and Household Furniture of Rembrandt Van Rhyn, sold by order of the Commissioners to satisfy a claim for 4180 guilders advanced by Burgomaster Cornelius Witsen, on a mortgage on his property. The particulars of this affair would interest Mr. Knighton and yourself extremely, as a melancholy comment upon cotemporary rewards, reminding one of the fate of Scott, and of what Lawrence barely escaped from. Among the items of the inventory are a number of books, filled with drawings by Rembrandt.

D. W.

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TO MISS WILKIE.

Ditton Park, 15th Jan. 1835.

The chaise brought us here before 11 o'clock, when the van was at the door, and all here were ready to receive me. The first thing was the choice of a room; a high light, and a tolerable size, were indispensable. I fixed on one that had not been thought of, which we found perfectly adapted; began the picture; had two sittings yesterday, and three to-day, and in the opinion of the family successful.

If Mr. Holford has not written, you will please send the enclosed by post to him. In the cleaning of the room do take care the pictures receive no hurt by resting against one another.

D. W.

Jan. 16th.

Have had two more sittings: the head all painted in; a good-looking head, and thought like.

During the latter part of last year and the commencement of this, Wilkie had dropped or declined almost all correspondence with the pen, and applied himself most sedulously to his pencil. He executed two whole-lengths of King William and Queen Adelaide for the embassy at Paris, on which he was much embarrassed by the interposition of officials, who, it appears, were doubly dilatory in all matters of art. On the Columbus he directed all his strength;

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he studied the composition with great care, wrought the whole into a clear consistent story, and, adding five other pictures to it, sent the whole six to the Exhibition. They were exhibited in the following order:—1. Christopher Columbus submitting the Chart of his Voyage for the Discovery of the New World to the Spanish Authorities: 2. The First Ear-ring: 3. Portrait of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington in the dress he wore on active service: 4. Sancho Panza in the days of his youth: 5. Portrait of Sir James M'Grigor, Bart., Director-General of the Army Medical Department: 6. Portrait of the late Rev. Edward Irving. Of these the Columbus, the First Ear-ring, and the Sir James M'Grigor, were the best; indeed, the artist never excelled them in truth and originality, either in character or colour. The idea of the Columbus was found in the Life of that calmest and ablest of all discoverers, by Washington Irving. "A stranger travelling on foot," says the accomplished biographer, "accompanied by a boy, stopped one day at the gate of a convent of Franciscan friars, and asked for bread and water to his child. Friar Juan Perez de Marchena, happening to pass, was struck with the appearance of the stranger, and observing, from his air and accent, that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him:—that stranger was Columbus." The conference which followed, remarkable for opening a brighter prospect in the fortunes of Columbus, forms the subject of the picture; he is represented seated at the convent table, with the Prior on his right, to whom he is submitting a chart of his contemplated voyage.

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Beside him is his son Diego, with a small Italian greyhound, while on the other side of the table is the physician, Garcia Fernandez, who, from scientific knowledge, approved of the enterprise; behind him is Martin Alonzo Pinzon, one of the most intelligent sea-captains of his time, and who accompanied Columbus in his voyage. This picture was regarded as a dramatic composition of the historic order; while The First Ear-ring belonged to the domestic drama: the calm and persuasive eye of the mother: the look, hovering between vanity and fear, of the little girl, when the private operator approaches to fix—but not without pain—the sparkling appendages to her ears, together with the rich and natural colouring, cannot be soon forgotten by any spectator; while the vigorous drawing, the contemplative look, and brilliant colouring of the likeness of Sir James M'Grigor, place it in the front rank of British portraits.

He is still intent on Lady Baird's important commission:—

TO LADY BAIRD.

Kensington, 14th April, 1835.

I have lately painted in the large picture of Napoleon and the Pope, and have had the occasional advice and review of friends who knew them. The likenesses are, I am assured, successful. In this way I could draw in the figure of Sir David Baird upon the canvas, and with your Ladyship's eye to direct me, I think a near approach may be made to a likeness. Indeed Raeburn's portrait, with the hat on

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the head, and the eyes looking down, would be almost exactly what is wanted. The figure may be supplied greatly from the small drawing made in Dublin.

For the native Indians I can procure models in London. I have just come from the India House, where I saw four military characters — considered, both in face and dress, perfect for what I want. Of these, as they are to sit to me, I shall make a variety of studies.

As all who see the picture are pleased with it, I am the more confirmed in my belief in the greatness of the occasion it furnishes for a work of art.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Kensington, 5th Aug. 1835.

The portrait of the Rev. Edward Irving I sent, on its reaching home, directly to Stratford Place, where you will doubtless see it on your coming to town. I am now proceeding, besides other things, with the two copies of the Embassy Portraits, though my negotiations about them at the Treasury make no progress at all. I saw Mr. Rice with the papers the Marquis of Conyngham sent me, one an order from the King, through the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, for pictures for the four Embassies; the other, an order from the Treasury, suspending the other three from being begun. Mr. Spring Rice sent me to Mr. Spearman of the Treasury, who said he remembered all the circumstances, but that he could not give a renewal of the order without a high authority,

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and must see the Chancellor of the Exchequer before giving me an answer. Since this, four weeks have passed. I have called four times at the Treasury, and written twice to the Chancellor of the Exchequer; have seen no one, and have got no answer. Thus the matter I suppose must rest for a time.

The Woodburns have opened their third exhibition of Claude and Poussin. I hope Mr. Knighton proceeds in making drawings from objects before him — always for the sake of drawing and for form — elegant form — rather than for effect. Claude, I think, drew for form rather than for effect or colour.

D. W.

Edward Irving was long the intimate friend of Wilkie, and the favourite of all who loved original vigour of mind and grave persuasive eloquence: he had humour too of the rarest kind, and such wit and social glee as made him welcome to all Scottish firesides. The first time I became acquainted with him was at Wilkie's: Sir Peter Laurie, and William Collins, the painter, were there — Scottish humour and Scottish stories abounded.

TO LADY BAIRD.

Kensington, 7th Aug. 1835.

I write to report the sort of progress I am making in the great work on which I am so proud to be occupied. The figures I have drawn in with chalk upon the canvas, and confess a sort of exultation in the effect produced by the size of the picture. In

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the course of the spring I made various studies from native Indian soldiers now here; but when they came to discover for what subject they were wanted, a sort of superstition seized them at once, and now they will no longer sit: I must therefore wait for others. With the principal figure, Sir David Baird, I have tried some deviations from the original sketch; as the moving principle of all that surrounds him, I have been giving more animation and command to his figure. In the likeness, Macdonald's bust will help me most essentially. The eyes, at such a moment, can only be turned down to the fallen monarch.

D. W.

It was suggested to Wilkie that Irish history, domestic as well as national, though rife of subjects suitable to the painter's art, had failed to attract the pencils of the recording brethren of the easel, and lay like a virgin soil untouched by the plough. At that time Maclise had scarcely begun to embody the creations with which he has since illustrated Ireland, and as Scott had forborne to dip his romantic pen in Irish story, the public would like to see Irish character touched by a hand at once tasteful and delicate. With a picture or two of a national kind in his head, the painter departed for Ireland, and reached Dublin about the middle of August, where he made sketches from scenes and characters such as he reckoned would unite well into a picture. These were in pencil, and had the following names:—1. The Dreamer; 2. The Holy Water; 3. A Family Group; 4. The Nun's Darling; 5. The Jaunting Car; 6. A Street Scene;

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7. Peasants with a Dog; 8. The Carmelite. All these were the offspring of Wilkie's observations in Dublin, where he remained for nearly a week. To these may be added sketches, more or less interesting, made in various parts of the island, viz. 1. A Nun at Confession; 2. A Smuggling Still at Work; 3. The Moonlight Flitting; 4. A Hedge School; 5. The Wool Spinner; 6. Interior of a Galway Cabin; 7. The Novice, Limerick; 8. King's County Cabin; 9. Nuns relieving the Poor; and The Peep-o'-Day Boy. Of none of these the artist formed pictures, save The Still at Work, and The Peep-o'-Day Boy; though several contained the germs of fine compositions, both for humour or seriousness.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Dear Sir William, Limerick, 30th Aug. 1835.

Your most kind and considerate letter that reached me on the day I left London, was particularly acceptable on leaving home, and on commencing a journey, in the course of which I am every day thinking of yourself and of Mr. Knighton, as the friends I would most wish to see what I see, and to be impressed as I am impressed, with the objects now before me.

The striking points between London and Holyhead, such as the Vale of Llangollen, the view of Snowdon, and the Menai Bridge, however interesting, are passed by in haste in one's approach for the first time to the all-engrossing sister kingdom. On landing in the Bay of Dublin, the scene that presents itself, so repugnant to the philanthropist, is, to the painter, most

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highly interesting. Velasquez, Murillo, and Salvator Rosa, would have found here fit objects for their study. The misery did not strike me: it was apparently not felt by themselves. The condition of the people here is, after all, what more advanced societies have gone through in their progress to refinement. In proceeding from Kingstown to Dublin, I was reminded of the buildings of France and of Scotland in the environs; but the town itself of Dublin, with its splendid squares and public buildings, is essentially English. Still the mass of the population has an Italian and Spanish look, and one is only surprised that, with their appearance, their habits, and their faith, they should yet be our own people, and speak our own language.

The meeting of the British Association at Dublin did not present much for a painter. During the time, therefore, I was occupied in visiting convents, chapels, and the haunts of the lower classes, and, when it was over, started with two friends per mail, directly westward, till we met the Atlantic, and Lord Sligo's domain, called Westport. We then proceeded southward through the wild mountainous district of Connamara to Galway, a region of which the inhabitants are said to be descended from a colony of Spaniards, to whom they still bear a marked resemblance. Here the impression the aspect of these people and their cabins made is not to be described. In a state of primeval simplicity, honest, polite, and virtuous, with so few wants that even the children run about the cabins unclad, realising to a fervid imagination an age of poetry, yet which the poetry of our own time

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has not described, and to painting is perfectly new and untouched. Indeed I would say that a future painter, after he has seen and studied all that has been done by the Greeks and Italians, should see such a state of life as a basis for his imagination to work upon, and I would venture to recommend that Mr. Knighton should, in the course of his studies, see Ireland with such a view.

The costume of the district we have travelled through, he would find a perfect model. Dublin has the disadvantage, that the lower classes wear only the cast-off clothes, in rags, of their fashionable superiors; but in Connaught and Connamara the clothes, particularly of the women, are the work of their own hands, and the colour they are most fond of is a red they dye with madder. A petticoat, jacket, and mantle brighten up the cabin or landscape like a Titian or Giorgione. Indeed, the whole economy of the people furnishes the elements of the picturesque. They build their own cabins, fabricate their own clothes, dig their own turf, catch their own salmon, and plough their own fields, bringing into their confined dwelling a confused variety of implements not to be described.

So remarkable are the scenes I have witnessed, that I am wondering they have not been long before the object of research among painters. True, to the politician and to the patriot, much is seen with pity and regret; still the Irish peasantry are a rising, and not a declining people, and as their good qualities must lead to future improvement, their present most simple and pastoral condition, if properly recorded, must in

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all times be a subject of legitimate interest to the painter, the poet, and the historian.

I start to-morrow for the Lake of Killarney, from thence to Cork, and then to Dublin, it being an object of importance with me to see yourself, and Mr. Knighton, before you start for Italy.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Killarney, 31st Aug. 1835.

Our journey to the westward has been most agreeable, weather alone excepted; but habit has inured us to rain, cold, and the numerous inconveniences incident to the wildest district of this primitive island. From Dublin, Mr. Bland, Mr. James Rennie, and myself, proceeding in the mail by night, went directly westward, through Tuam and Sligo, to Westport, where we reached the Atlantic. Our route was through a flat level of bogs, till we came to the mountains that form a barrier along the western coast. From Westport we proceeded through a mountainous district that juts out into the sea, called Connamara, little known and little visited, and where the accommodations are so indifferent, that the hospitality of the gentry is trusted to, to supply their place. Among our visits, we stopt at Balmahuich with a letter for Mrs. Martin, the lady of Mr. Martin of Galway. Mrs. Martin, in the absence of her husband, received us in the kindest manner, and with Miss Martin, her accomplished daughter (under twenty), intreated us to remain till next day; an invitation that seemed so full of heart that we could

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not resist, and both from what we saw of the salmon fishing in that wild part of the country, and from their most agreeable hospitality, we did not regret it. On leaving them we reached Galway, after a fatiguing journey, next day late at night; when we found the ancient Spanish town illuminated for the arrival of the Lord Lieutenant.

As Lord Mulgrave had requested me to be at Galway while he was there, I sent word to say I was come; he sent his aide-de-camp to bring me to breakfast next morning, and Sir John Burke, who was with him, requested me to take, on our way to Limerick, my companions with me to his mansion, where we accordingly stopt for a night, and were entertained like princes.

Thus far we have passed through the least frequented part of Ireland, where the people and the cabins are, to the civilian, the most wretched, but to a painter the most primitive and picturesque, justifying in richness of colour, and in originality of character, all my expectations. From Limerick, from whence I regretted Mr. Bland was summoned back by business to Dublin, Mr. Rennie and I have entered upon the more beaten track of this Hibernian Switzerland, the favourite haunt of the tourist. We are at an hotel out of the town, and last night were delighted by the piper, who played in capital style both Irish and Scottish song and pibroch, and among others the old song,

> "On the lakes of Killarney I first saw the lad
> That with song and with bagpipe could make my heart glad."

To-day we made a circuit with a most excellent

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priest, from Adair; first to a most interesting convent, then by cars and horses through a mountainous pass, to the Chamouny of the district, and by boats through the three lakes, that for beauty and grandeur I have never seen surpassed.

D. W.

To correct or confirm his notions of Irish character he visited a lady who had painted the island, manners and customs, passions and opinions, in words as true as the lines of his own pencil, and as bright as his own colours. Miss Edgeworth, an admirer of the talents and of the retiring modesty of Wilkie, when the sketch of "The Peep-o'-Day Boy" was laid before her, thought, as she tells me, neither the dress, nor the expression, characteristically Hibernian, but too neat, too nice, too orderly, for Irish and Ireland. The dress of the wife, in particular, wanted that negligence which marks ever a pattern Irish wife, and was in fact rather English than Irish. The girl, who patiently keeps watch on the growing light on the mountains, she reckoned Irish all over, in look, costume, and character. Miss Edgeworth, however, speaks only of the sketch. The finished picture was made more true to Ireland and the Irish.

TO WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ. R.A.

Dear Collins,

Edgeworth Town, Longford,
12th Sept. 1835.

On arriving in the Bay of Dublin, which I did on the Monday morning after I saw you, all was expectation. The first impression on seeing the Irish

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people in their homes was now to be realized: the misery that presented itself I had seen something like in Italy and Spain; and as it appeared unfelt by themselves, and associated to us with what the finest works of art have represented, got soon reconciled; and as I passed from Kingstown to Dublin, was reminded by every house of Scotland and France, and by the groups loitering about, of the works of Murillo, Velasquez, and Salvator Rosa.

Still, in the capital of Ireland, the costume of the lower orders is defective for want of colours, and their clothes, in shape, are only the cast-off clothes, in tatters, of the higher classes; and it was not till I had travelled across to the districts that border the western sea that the true character and dress of the aboriginal peasant was to be found. In Mayo and Galway the Spanish descent in look and character was perceptible. The prevailing red of the women's dress, a petticoat and jacket, dyed with madder, lights up the landscape and the cabin; the picturesque confusion of the household is also marked out as an object for art, and the unreserved domicile of the human species, with the brute creation basking round the door with the children, who are in a state of primitive innocence, sans chemise, sans culotte, sans every thing, classes them higher far than subjects of common life.

What one has often so much difficulty in contriving for a picture, and imagining for a poetical description, may, in the western provinces of Ireland, be found ready made to one's hands; and what is more, between ourselves, it is *untouched and new*. The question that you will naturally ask is, whether it will be

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applicable to *your* art, and whether it would be worth your while to visit Ireland. This has been present to my mind; and on all the occasions of seeing coast and harbour scenery, I have thought of you; but when I tell you the ships and boats, the sea and hills, are the same as in England, and that sailors in Ireland are not to be distinguished from those of the opposite shore, that there is but little life peculiar, excepting the female costume, the cabins, the pigs, and naked children, perhaps you will see but little to induce you to visit Ireland; still, though your sea or lake subjects here could not be distinct from England, yet the rustic life that you paint would be here found in perfection, and being of that simple kind, with all its wildness and poverty, it is an approach to pastoral life, which, with all its homeliness, is best adapted to grandeur and poetical effect.

This indeed I am perfectly satisfied of, as you I am sure will be, that if Ireland has been overlooked and forgotten by the votaries of our art, it will not remain so much longer. A pursuit requires but a beginning: Irish artists will, from the curiosity of strangers, begin to think themselves of painting their own country, and the craving of the public for variety, and of the publishers for new thoughts, will send over some who have exhausted the Rhine, and Italy, Spain, and Barbary, *to do* Ireland at last, as a card for which a public interest is already made. In my journey I was preceded by an artist in aquareil, who I doubt not has some such object in view.

I write in much haste, but hope to return to you soon. Pray give my best and kindest regards to

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Mrs. Collins, to Willie, and Charlie, and with every feeling of regard, I am, &c.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE, RAMSGATE.

Kensington, 26th Sept. 1835.

From Liverpool I went by the railway to Manchester, from thence by Preston and Derby to Loughborough, where I found a message from Sir William Heygate, requesting me to come direct to Roecliffe (his house), without going to Leicester. I arrived just after breakfast, and was most kindly received by Sir William and Lady Heygate: they have a beautiful place, on a height overlooking a fine and fertile country. Every thing was contrived that could amuse: we made calls in the neighbourhood, and went to Leicester, where I was presented in form to Miss Linwood, a native and resident, known for her needle-work far and wide, living in good circumstances, and if venerable from years, is yet most juvenile in her appearance and dress.

On Wednesday morning I started by the Derby coach, and reached home at night, after 11 o'clock, having been absent seven weeks all but two days.

Of this tour, the most interesting district we passed through was Connamara, and our most agreeable visit was to Edgeworth town. Mr. Bland was much gratified with Maria Edgeworth, who was in great force. I introduced him to her. Their place is a very handsome house or château, with elegant grounds surrounded by their estates and town. She presented

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us to Mrs. Edgeworth, to her sister Honora, and two other ladies. They live in elegance and splendour, and seemed all much pleased with our visit.

I have only found one song, but it is very popular. Bland sings it well, and captivated them with it at Edgeworth town: it is Irish, and I have the music and words for you.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Kensington, 3d Oct. 1835.

The sketch-books I brought with me from Ireland I have been showing to Mr. Knighton, and others of my friends. Mr. Knighton thinks that there are four or five sufficiently good to make subjects for pictures; the question is, then, whether one should not be set about for next Exhibition, even if it should delay some picture now advanced? When I have the honour of seeing you, this will be for consideration; and as Mr. Vernon has just called, one, if selected, might perhaps do for him. Lady Baird's picture also occupies some thought, but I am at a stand, for want of the bust of Sir David Baird. For the present I am recommencing with the Napoleon.

I had the pleasure to accompany Mr. Knighton to the National Gallery, which Major Thwaites, though it is now shut, showed us over with much kindness. The review of the Correggio, the Theodosius of Vandyke, and the two Rembrandts, acted as a refresher to give us a relish in recommencing our winter labours. Mr. Knighton had to be present at the Aca-

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demy on the evening of the 1st instant, to draw the lot for his place before the model. I went last night to see the figure The Barberini Faun, and found him seated among twenty, who are drawing from it. Hilton thinks he has got a pretty good view of it. I confess to see the students, with every place filled, all intent and eager in their work, is a most cheering sight.

D. W.

To Lady Baird he wrote soon after his return from Ireland. Wilkie did not wish to make a hurried performance of so great an occasion for the display of his art.

TO LADY BAIRD.

Kensington, 15th Oct. 1835.

I have given to the figure of Sir David Baird more movement and command than there was in the first sketch, and more action to those around him, as if he were about to order the body to be removed to the palace.

While engaged in collecting studies for the picture, I was told that there were three Hindoo cavalry soldiers every day at the India House, who had come overland to complain of some grievance. I obtained their consent to sit to me, and they came, a Jemidar and two inferior officers, in their native dress. I explained to them, by the interpreter, what I wanted, and put them on a platform in a group, the Jemidar, as Tippoo, reclining with his head supported by one

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of his lieutenants, and his hand held by the other, with his finger on his pulse, to know if he were alive or dead. The group was magnificent, and I was all ecstasy to realise such a vision of character and colour. It was, indeed, a vision, and a vision only; for, all of a sudden, the youngest of them said, "Me no Tippoo!" and sprung from his position, while the others repeated, "No Tippoo I!" "No Tippoo I!" and, to my surprise, left their places also; and no persuasion I could use could induce them to resume them. Thus thwarted, I asked if the Jemidar would be drawn as one of the Company's officers; to this he consented, if allowed to stand like a soldier: in this way I made a drawing of him. One of the lieutenants came for two days, evidently pleased with his new position; for I had put a sword in his hand, and placed him in the attitude of an assailant. They have now given up coming altogether.

D. W.

TO ANDREW WILSON, ESQ.

Kensington, 3d Nov. 1835.

There seems to be a kind of enterprise among the publishers. Roberts and Lewis have been to the south of Spain and Barbary, have produced Annuals and Lithographic Works of those countries. Allan has also been to Barbary; and our great countryman, Thomas Campbell, the poet, I met the other day, fresh from Algiers, on his way to a bookseller with a prose account of his adventures.

I am myself getting an extended engraving made

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by the help of Mr. Moon the publisher, of the "Preaching of Knox:" it is by the masterly hand of Mr. Doo, who is proceeding upon it with energy, strength, and delicacy. It will be my largest print, and almost the largest in the line manner ever engraved in this country.

I have just returned from Ireland, which to all travellers bears the name of a wretched people and country. By the artist it has been seldom represented, and still seldomer seen; it is at once new, untouched, simple, and picturesque in the highest degree. The western districts, for colour and character, may be said to realize what poets and painters have feigned of pastoral life.

I may just add, by way of latest news, that at the Royal Academy last night Maclise and Hart, painters, and Cousins, the mezzotinto engraver, were elected Associates.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Dear Sir William, Kensington, 4th Nov. 1835.

A gentleman called yesterday from the country, the Rev. Horace Cholmondely, Osborne's Hotel, Adelphi, to request I would paint for him a whole-length portrait of a distinguished public character. I said for this year I could not; but it was probable I could for the year after. He said he wished *me* to do it; that although there was a prejudice against the person at present, he was a great man, and he thought a subject for a fine picture:—it was Mr. Daniel O'Connell.

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I said I could not engage hastily in any picture as I now stood; and in all cases required to consider what I could make of the subject as a picture, but that if he would call on Thursday (to-morrow), I would give him an answer.

Now what is your idea, dear Sir, of this, provided a good picture can be made? The question of Catholic and Protestant I have considered a theme for art. May not this come within these classes, if a historic portrait can be made of it? This is, of course, a confidential inquiry, which you will have the extreme kindness to consider.

D. W.

TO ABRAHAM RAIMBACH, ESQ.

My dear Sir, Kensington, 13th Dec. 1835.

Your very obliging letter conveyed to me the first notice of what has since appeared in most of the papers,—the Strangers that have been elected Corresponding Members of the Institute of France, among whom you may be assured I was exceedingly gratified to find that your own and my name were included.

This is a distinction to which my art could never have arrived—confined in its nature to one place—were it not that it has been fortunately combined with yours, the excellence and beauty of which are wafted forth on a thousand wings, and speak simultaneously to all countries, and in all languages. The official announcement of this honour has not reached me: when it does, I shall be in more than the usual difficulty in

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expressing my thanks, but I suppose that may be got over by writing in our own language.

You give me much pleasure by stating that I am so soon to see a proof of The Spanish Mother; this I shall be most glad of. I am just now sending a proof of The Parish Beadle to our friend Mr. Adams, whom I hear of occasionally.

D. W.

This was a distinction which Wilkie was proud of; an acknowledgment of merit by a foreign land: nor did he seem to be less proud that the engraver was honoured along with him. He felt that to Raimbach, as well as to Burnet, he was largely indebted for the diffusion of his fame in foreign lands.*

The new year came, and found Wilkie busy on two pictures from which he looked for an increase of reputation: one from the domestic disquiet of Ireland, the other suggested by that all but stormy meeting between the Pope and Napoleon, in the year 1813. These, with others, six in all, he sent to the Exhibition.

TO WILLIAM ALLAN, ESQ., R.A.

Dear Allan, Kensington, 17th April, 1836.

As the Exhibition at the Royal Academy is now in preparation, we look to the pleasure of seeing you soon again among us. By Monday the 25th, you will probably be among those whom the occasion of varnishing attract so irresistibly to Somerset House.

* Mr. Raimbach died at Greenwich on the 17th January, 1843, aged 67.

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With the view that we may also have the pleasure of seeing you at Kensington, I now write to beg that you will honour us with your company to dinner on Tuesday, the 3d of May, at half past six o'clock.

Of the Exhibition I can tell you nothing. I hope your picture of Whittington has been sent. I have seen no one to ask about it, and heard only the account a friend gave who saw it at your house, which was very favourable. They say the Exhibition is to be strong; but from the desire not to influence, we keep out of the way of all that is doing. Had you been resident here, you would now have been in the thick of it as a member of the Council, with all the powers and patronage thereunto belonging. Should they allow you *four* tickets, which would have been your due, pray think of me with one. D. W.

Before the Royal Academy Exhibition opened, it was noised abroad that Wilkie had on the walls six pictures, one of which embodied in a dramatic manner a scene from the woful history of Ireland. This picture is The Peep-o'-day Boy, and represents a fine vigorous young man lying asleep in a rude wigwam or cabin among hills less rude than his home; weapons are within reach of his hand; a naked child, lately nestled in his bosom, lies in slumber beside him; while his faithful wife (a young and lovely creature) sits listening lest some hostile foot should escape the keen eyes of a handmaid who watches the dawning daylight on the neighbouring mountains, and seems fearful lest it should, as it increased, remove the veil of night from armed bands

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who seek the life of him whom she served. That love of fine colours, which Wilkie had remarked in the Irish peasantry; and that true love in its women, which all have observed; together with the wild and reckless daring, whether the motive be good or evil, which distinguishes the men; are all to be found in this fine picture. That it is true to domestic story is its fault. We gaze on the hardy and generous youth, on the beautiful and faithful woman, and on the sweet child, feeling that all this fine art is thrown away on a cause which leads but to misery and destruction. Yet we may accept it as a sign and a warning that rulers should mix mercy and loving-kindness with their rule, and that subjects should not start into rebellion at every deed which they dislike.

The other pictures were—The Duke of Wellington writing a Despatch on the Night before the Battle of Waterloo; Napoleon and the Pope in conference at Fontainbleau; the Portrait of Lord Montagu; and the Portrait of Mr. Esdaile. That of the Duke of Wellington attracted most attention: yet it was liable to this objection—there was nothing in the composition to show that the despatch was penned on the eve of Waterloo—an error so rare in Wilkie as to render it remarkable.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON.

Kensington, 28th May, 1836.

We have had a stir in the art by the opening of the British Gallery with the two Murillos purchased lately by the Duke of Sutherland. They are light pic-

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tures compared with the series they belonged to in the Caridad; have skies for back-grounds. Still The Return of the Prodigal Son is an impressive picture, having this quality of simple homeliness in common with many of the figures of Raphael and of Rembrandt, that they seem as if speaking the very language of Scripture. Brakenbury's Murillo—The Man with the Dog—is also in the Gallery: this I saw in the linen-draper's house in Seville, and the expression of the head strikes me as much now as it did then. It seems to see you while you look at it. There is also a small picture—A Rabbit Warren, by Paul Potter—very fine.

The print of The Spanish Mother has been seen in some of the windows, but I have not heard from Moon of its probable success: still I find the print much liked.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Kensington, 15th June, 1836.

I write now to mention an occurrence, which probably owes its origin to your most kind friendship towards me. Agreeable to a notice sent me by Lord John Russell, the King, at the levee to-day, conferred upon me the honour of knighthood.* This is an honour highly prized in our profession, but which I never could have asked for; at the same time owing

* *St. James's Palace*, 15th June, 1836.—The King was this day pleased to confer the honour of knighthood upon David Wilkie, Esq., Royal Academician, Principal Painter to his Majesty, &c.—*The London Gazette*, Tuesday, 21st June, 1836.

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it, as I know I do, to kind and generous friendship in some quarter, I naturally look to you, Sir, as the distinguished friend to whom I can attribute so remarkable a favour, and to whom, as in so many other instances, I owe such a debt of gratitude and obligation.

D. W.

That Wilkie bore his new honours meekly all who knew him can bear witness; and that the government honoured itself rather than Wilkie by the act, was not only felt, but said. That he was proud of a distinction wrung from the hand of a country tardy, beyond all others, in rewarding talent; and profuse, to a proverb, in squandering titles on men who crawl to wealth through the common sewers of speculation or political intrigue, is certain; but he wore not the look of one over whom the words "right worshipful" had been spoken: the David who, with his broad Scotch, and his bright intellectual eyes, charmed the students in 1805, was still the same modest unassuming person when he returned Sir David from Court thirty years afterwards.

TO LADY BAIRD.

Dear Madam, Kensington, 10th July, 1836

I feel most highly gratified by your Ladyship's approval of the likeness: I have now a most important step to start from.

The portrait by Sir Henry Raeburn I shall see returned before the summer is over. It may help me

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in finishing, though certainly not in altering, that which is done.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Kensington, 15th July, 1836.

The same pictures continue advancing with an additional sitting of the great Irish personage, and with the additional beginning of the Portrait of Lord Tankerville. The two American subjects, The Columbus and The Grace before Meat, have also been agreed to, and ordered.

But one of the chief things now pressing upon my attention, is the offer of another house, one lately become vacant in Kensington, close to the Vicarage, and with size and space for any thing. The rent asked is 200*l.* per annum, for a lease of thirteen years. It is a considerable mansion—a carriage entrance in front, with large coach-house and stables. The garden extends as far as the Palace Green, to which the house has the privilege of access by a private door. The house seems in good repair, is unattached to other houses, and has one large room (the drawing-room) 26 by 18, and 14 feet high, with an eastern light. There are two other rooms, which could be used as painting-rooms, distinct from those we would live in. It would be suitable, I think, to my present style of work, without any change whatever, and possesses this further advantage, that the lofts over the coach-house and stables, which nearly touch the house at one end could, if wanted, be

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elevated, so as to make a painting-room or gallery, of large dimensions, with a northern light, should such at a future time be desired.

This is my impression in looking over the house, but without yet asking a surveyor about it. A fortnight is to be allowed to consider, and my agent tells me that a lady in Portland Place will take my present house at any ensuing quarter before next year that I may choose to leave it.

D. W.

TO LADY BAIRD.

Dear Lady Baird, Kensington, 29th July, 1836.

Since you left town I have worked at the head of Sir David Baird, from Raeburn's picture, and I think have copied all that it can supply. Having your Ladyship's approval, and the favourable opinion of Sir Willoughby Gordon and Sir James M'Grigor, both of whom think it a most perfect likeness, I shall now do no more to the head.

The only remark that is made is, that the hat does not come low enough upon the head; but this for future consideration. Such a change as this I certainly would not venture upon, unless you were present; at the same time I think the likeness quite secure, even with such change as might obviate this difficulty.

I have taken the two dogs out of the picture, as your Ladyship is pleased to request. I am far too sensible of the honour you have done me by your most handsome commission, to look upon your wish

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in any other light than a law. It has been suggested to your Ladyship, that the admission of dogs into the picture is offering a sort of disrespect to a fallen enemy. Trifling as these animals are, they serve a purpose in pictorial effect, by affording a lively and animated relief to the austerity inseparable from the objects that compose the lower part of the picture; and give a variety that is wanted where men only can be introduced, being of that class of accessories which all classes of spectators are pleased and interested with, even in combination with the greatest personages and events.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Kensington, 8th Aug. 1836.

We have not yet done any thing about the house, the fixtures being the only thing not arranged. Several people have been applying about our present house, still nothing is settled.

Since you left I have made such a famous visit. Who do you think should invite me but Lady Hardy for last Sunday, to dine with Sir Thomas. I accordingly went to Greenwich: saw the Raimbachs, and Mrs. Locker, who were inquiring most kindly about you. I went through several of the wards, and into the men's library, where they observe that the only books the old sailors can be brought to read are the Novels of Sir Walter Scott. This is genius!

Sir Thomas Hardy is a first-rate specimen of a British admiral, the captain and intimate friend of

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Nelson, of whom he delights to talk. Two of the young ladies are at home; they are very handsome, and, when the shyness of first acquaintance is over, very agreeable. With Lady Hardy I was particularly pleased: they visit very high people, but she seems most sensible, and unaffected. It is alleged that Sir Thomas, who likes home, and quietness, and early hours, is frequently found getting up in the morning just as the fashionable part of his family are returning from their parties in high life. Lord Seaford was staying with them: they live in considerable style.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Cheltenham, 6th Sept. 1836.

After securing the house in Vicarage Place, to be entered in Midsummer, upon the best terms I could, I started from Kensington on the 20th of last month for Bath; from thence went to see the pictures at Paul Methuen's, where there is a fine Vandyke. Near Bath I saw also some fine works by Gainsborough. At Bristol I arrived on the second day of the meeting of the British Association, where I was joined by Sir Peter Laurie and his nephew. About six miles from Bristol is Leigh Court, the splendid mansion of Mr. Miles. The pictures here went far beyond my expectations. I had seen many of them before, but did not know that they were here concentrated. The collection contains The Plague of Athens, by N. Poussin; The Ὁ Λόγος, by L. da Vinci; The large Conversion of St. Paul, by Rubens; a fine du-

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plicate of Titian's Venus and Adonis (old West's formerly); six fine Murillos; The Altieri, Claude's; and The Woman taken in Adultery, by Rubens (formerly Henry Hope's), for whose family, when settled in Holland, this brilliant picture is said to have been painted. This house I visited twice, and think the pictures well worth a visit to Bristol to see them.

At the close of the Association I accompanied Sir Peter and Mr. Laurie through Taunton to Ilfracombe. The grandeur of the scene delighted us much, and we were every where struck and pleased with the female beauty of the parts of Devon we went so hastily through. From Exeter we returned to Bristol, whence we have come through Monmouthshire to Cheltenham.

At Chepstow, on Sunday evening last, we were told that there was a meeting of Irvingites within a few doors of where we were staying. We repaired thither, were led through a passage to a back-kitchen, where we found about a dozen people upon forms, and at the further end their ministers successively addressing them, of whom the one who concluded the service was a man of ability. Preparations for the second coming was the object they enforced; urging that, despised as they were, their missions were extending every where in these kingdoms, and throughout the continent of America.

Considering that Edward Irving brought almost his only introductions on coming to London to Sir Peter Laurie and myself, this meeting of his followers in a distant town, and in all the simplicity of a primitive age, has impressed us a good deal, as one of

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those instances in which a reality can so far exceed what can be contrived or imagined.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Clifton, September, 1836.

Our journey has been most agreeable. While at Bath I called on Mrs. Gunning, who urged me to call on a friend of Mr. Gunning's, near Bath, who possessed some of Gainsborough's fine pictures. Accordingly, I gave up a day to see them, and also to see Corsham, the seat of Paul Methuen, Esq., where, out of a multitude of pictures, collected when fine pictures were rare, I found but one or two worthy of the place and the reputation which it bears. Gainsborough's pictures I saw on my way back; they belong to a Mr. Wilshire, who seemed much pleased to see me at his beautiful house.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Kensington, 14th Oct. 1836.

My dear and esteemed friend, Sir William Knighton, died on Tuesday last; and his death was announced to me on that day by a most affectionate note from his son. This is heavy news. I have not heard from the family since. For myself, I may truly say I have never before had such a friend.

D. W.

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That a good and active friend was lost to Wilkie when Sir William Knighton died, the artist both felt and said. Sir William was active in his cause, from admiration of his genius and love of the man: he smoothed the court-road in his behalf, and strove to open the royal purse-strings in his favour, when ill health and nervous despondency took him abroad. While he lived Wilkie never lacked a prudent adviser, and when he died he was sensible that he had lost such a friend as neither time or chance was likely to replace.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART., M.P.

Dear Sir Robert, Kensington, 28th Oct. 1836.

The John Knox frame is with me, carefully tied up in paper, above stairs. The picture is with Mr. Doo, at Camden Town, where I saw him with it some weeks ago proceeding with much zeal and success. By his engagement, he has undertaken to complete his work by a period which will be about fifteen months hence; and he then assured me of his confidence in being able to do so, which his present advance seems to justify.

Mr. Moon, who is the publisher of it, has excited much interest in favour of the subject in all parts of the country.

Be assured I feel much gratified by your thinking of it, in reference to the place it is to occupy in your magnificent mansion, of the completion of which I hear high accounts from all quarters.

D. W.

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TO WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ., R.A., NICE.

Dear Collins, Kensington, 14th Nov. 1836.

The announcement of your arrival, with Mrs. Collins and the two young gentlemen, at Nice, was received by us all with the greatest satisfaction — giving us something to talk about at home, and to write about to those who are at a distance. Interested as we all are in what you see, I am glad, though not in Italy, that you have its climate, its buildings, and, above all to you, its ancient classical Mediterranean before you — sure that, to your eye and in your hands, such objects will turn to the best account.

You mention the loss we have met with, since you left, in the death of our most esteemed friend, Sir William Knighton, regretted much by many in his his own profession, and by many in ours, for acts of kindness and friendship. He used to look to your journey as a happy coincidence with that intended by his son — the route and the time of which he hoped would be the same. Many will miss him, but no one more than myself. He honoured me with much attention: his friendly advice was most useful, and even in affairs of art of high value; for he did not judge so much like the artist or the connoisseur, but with the eye of a purchaser and of the public, and what could best influence these, consistent with the noblest purposes of art.

The first Monday in November election has taken place, when Knight was elected an associate in the

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room of Clint, and Graves an associate engraver in the room of Fittler, — both by great majorities. The meeting was thin. Turner was there, fresh from the north of Italy. Callcott has been unwell, and was not at the meeting. Landseer was absent — they say at Lord Tankerville's, in Northumberland: the wound in his leg, I am told, does not heal well. I scarcely hear what members are doing. Wyatville and Jones were inquiring about your movements.

Mr. Rice interested me much with your proceedings when in Paris. Travelling is always enlivening. You say you are now comfortably accommodated at Nice; if so, do not leave: pick up what you can in figures, in buildings for middle distances, and, if possible, Italian skies, which, with the green sea and shipping, are the same as Claude and Salvator had to paint, and since whose time no one is better qualified to render with true airy brilliancy than yourself.

D. W.

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CHAPTER V.

REMARKS ON PAINTING, BY SIR DAVID WILKIE.

WILKIE now proceeded to execute a work which, since the death of Lawrence, he had steadily revolved in his mind. This was a series of Remarks on Art, in which he was to embody all his own notions, speculations, and experiences: he did not live to execute them to his wish; but unfinished as they are in some parts, and unconnected in others, they exhibit a mind which thought as truly as his hand painted,—which founded all its speculations on observation and practice, and told artists how to work in the spirit of society. These Remarks have no resemblance to lectures wrought to classic pattern: they are the offspring of a mind meditating on peculiar national taste. He insists not that sculpture should deal in allegorical gods, or painting record doubtful miracles or apocryphal saints. He sees that the taste for true art diffused and still diffusing over our island no longer requires painting to preach religion, nor relate history, or meddle with mysteries which it may confound but cannot explain. Nor is he insensible to the sad truth, that in all other nations save his own the fine arts are patronised, and their professors protected by governments who seem aware

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that, but for art and literature, all that is noble would be unrecorded, and the most heroic actions but a memory.

INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER, in choosing a pursuit in life, selects that of painting, has probably made his choice unconscious of the impulse which directed him; but feeling a fixed purpose of soul, resolves to become an artist, and produce those happy shapes and natural elevation of sentiment which art, in her finest mood, has created. The disposition which induces a youth to begin to imitate with a pencil first the human form, and then add action and character, it is vain to try and account for. Conscious of an attraction, or leaning of mind, he feels as if he were in the line of a predestined path, in which he will become distinguished—a path so natural to his heart, that he thinks it would be sought by others did he not already occupy it, and for following which he requires neither admonition nor reward. He overlooks all hinderances, scorns all impediments,—to acquire fame is recompence enough for all toil and all privation. The true follower of the muse of art from the earliest childhood will remember that happy disposition which made every idea agreeable connected with the pursuit for which nature designed

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him. A bit of rough carving in wood or in stone, or the rudest print in a book, had charms felt by him, and unfelt by others: they suggested what they failed to express, and the young fancy made out what the hands wanted skill to accomplish. We can all remember how such a book attracted us which had called in art to its page; how we strove to find the figures which adorned the poet or the historian in the poet or the historian's words, and did not fail to find in the illustration what language had failed to convey.

In every pursuit in which man's mind can for a continuance of time be engaged, it seems necessary for full success that a corresponding sympathy should be felt by the world around. With this companionship of feeling, the artist in his secluded studies, the poet in his hour of rapture, the orator in the success of his eloquence, the hero in his actions, nay the traveller in the boundless desert, are all alike cheered and stimulated. To be thought of and remembered by others, and, by however few, to be appreciated and admired, seems the object of hope and ambition in all stations. To live in recollection, how many privations, how many sacrifices are submitted to,—how many dangers encountered, and how many sufferings endured! What others will hereafter think, or at present say, is the solace and reward of all. But with such a recompence, accompanied as it occasionally is by wealth and power, or, in some instances, with not less enviable influence in the world as haply to supply the place of the wealth as well as the power of station, we are still influenced by the sad reflection how short-lived

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and how fleeting is that fame which depends for life and continuance on the memory of man alone.

That this memory, this soothing remembrance, may not pass away,—that the impression left on the fancy of feminine beauty, of manly vigour, or of intellectual power, should not be lost in forgetfulness and perish, the ingenuity of man has provided a remedy in the invention of the arts of Painting and Sculpture.

For these, the earliest of elegant inventions peculiar to man, I would claim the merit due to the most useful as well as ennobling of the powers with which, in the imperfect state of our nature, we have been intrusted. To consider aright the extent of powers with which the Fine Arts are invested, we must take into account the nature of those powers, and the responsibilities of those who exercise them. If true art were but an exact representation of nature, it could be practised with absolute certainty and assurance of success; but the duty of art is of a higher kind. If by an operation of mechanism animated nature could be copied with the accuracy of a cast in plaster, a tracing on a wall, or a reflection in a glass, without modification and without the proprieties and graces of art, all that utility could desire would be perfectly attained; but it would be at the expense of almost every quality which renders art delightful. Art is only art when it adds mind to form: whatever is high or happy in thought, or skilful and gracefully natural in touch,—whatever speaks to the feelings, or appeals to the judgment, will, if seen in the most distant corner of the earth, or in the remotest period of time, be as truly

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felt, and as rightly judged, as in the day and hour when it first passed from our hands.

But this most ennobling of all studies, this most unsordid of all pursuits, must be followed by a pure heart and a disinterested mind. Should any follower of the arts be disappointed because study is not followed by success, and success by wealth and high fortune, then he expects more than he ought, and deserves mortification, such as ambition of an impure nature merits: indeed, if the glories of art are not sought for their own sake, they had better not be sought at all. If gain alone were its glory, it should be a forbidden study, and prohibited, from the very prostitution of soul which in such minds it occasions. True art is, however, too pure and too high a matter to be so misused, and is in no danger of dishonour or neglect in an age of civilisation. But while gifts at once useful and sacred are liable to abuse, while science not more than a century ago bore the imputation of magic, while medicine in a later day was stigmatised as sorcery, and religion herself has in our own time been charged with hypocrisy and superstition, it is not surprising that idolatry should be laid to the charge of the arts.

A study thus endeared to our hearts, and ennobled by the great names with which it is associated, and the exalted purposes to which it has been applied,—is it not surprising that while to many delightful at once and captivating, it should to others, and those not few nor unimportant, afford neither pleasure nor joy? They coldly, indeed, admit its usefulness, but refuse to allow its loftier qualities. Not individuals or

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classes, but whole ages have been affected with this torpor of mind, this apathy for the lofty and the lovely: nay, whole continents and quarters of the globe have refused to sympathise with either its moral beauty or its spiritual influence.

But the fine arts, and all they give sentiment and life to, while they amuse the fancy, may touch the heart and inform the judgment. If they have at times lent their aid to malice and to envy, they have been much more powerful in displaying the beauties of charity, the loveliness of virtue, and the meek majesty of religion. If they at times pander to the rich, and embellish the worldly triumph of the great and the mighty, their own triumph is yet more proud when they dedicate their powers to the delineation of humble worth,—of wisdom and virtue in a cottage, of the pleasures of rural pursuits, and record in lasting colours the enjoyments of the poor. Out of these lowly materials art creates scenes so bright in expression and so vivid in sentiment, as excite the admiration of the polished and the lofty. Indeed, it may be asserted that the arts mix themselves up with the daily occupations and inventions of man, and that without their assistance little record would have been made of national manners, national looks, or national deeds.

Universally as the elements of art are applied to the affairs of man, it is yet mortifying to those who love them as matter for thought and reflection to consider how many individuals exist who have no kind of perception of the beauties of art: though they have a

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fancy for its refinements, they have no true sense of its qualities, such as an artist would admit as a criterion of a right perception of art; they cannot feel the excellence of art unless it charms them into attention. This to a sincere votary is extremely mortifying; and although such indifference may be conscientious, it is not confessed as a matter of regret by those who feel it: on the contrary, art, with all its associations, great as it appears to its professors, is treated by the cold and the insensible as a pursuit beneath the notice of men, whose business is gain and the enjoyments of life. Depressing as such insensibility may be, it is by no means confined within our own circle of acquaintance, nor within our own country, nor within our own time. History tells us, indeed, that the periods of apathy for elegant art have been in other days of shorter duration than those happier periods when art was in the ascendant; but this small balance in its favour is lessened by the reflection that art—true art—if it has shone forth like the sun in some civilised lands, has but glimmered in others; while whole countries and continents have not been brightened by a single ray. Nay, some nations have forbid art by law, as though it were a sort of plague; keeping no visible record of the great, the good, or the beautiful; letting all who excelled in virtue, or were remarkable in the land, pass on to oblivion in the silence of ignorance.

But where is the man whose eyes learning has opened, or whose mind has felt the influence of poetry, or history, or polished society, who would willingly shut out that now wide world of knowledge which

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pictorial creation reveals to us; or choose to have his lot cast in an age or land of darkness, with the gloom of night behind, without the glory of morning before, —inventing nothing, admiring nothing, and bequeathing nothing? The use of art to memory can never be doubted by any intelligent being. That which conveys ideas, forms, and appearances, clear and distinct, when language is lost or unintelligible—which speaks all tongues, living or dead, polite or barbarous,—proclaims its own usefulness.

SECTION I.

Men, and eminent men too, have described art as a profession which presents but a thorny and difficult path to the feet of its votaries; but if this were true, it would still become those who are resolved to follow art for her own sake to banish all such disheartening and injurious notions from their minds; and having put their hand to the plough, to reflect only on the charms and the honours which elevated it in their eyes above all other pursuits, and on the study necessary to attain distinction in a line to which no ability is too lofty to be devoted.

It is for other professions to require the stimulants of wealth to sweeten the bitter duties which they impose. The followers of art seem to realize a species of happiness even in their most monotonous labours, which, like the sports of the field and of the chase, stir up a natural interest in the pursuit, independent of the very object in view. Other employments and

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professions may be adopted on compulsion, but no one was ever constrained to be an artist: it is the choice of free will; and with all its disappointments and depressions is a high solace to the imaginative spirit, and congenial to the heart of man. Indeed, there are not wanting instances, and those not few in number, where preferment and independence have been neglected for the sole purpose of rendering to art the undivided homage of mind and hand, — commencing with the humblest of her studies, — satisfied with a slow and uncertain progress, — every step made in solitude and neglect; yet bearing a resistless charm with it in the fine creations which it inspires, which of itself seems compensation enough for privation and toil and disappointment. For of a truth the varied and inexhaustible power derivable from the study and contemplation of art, furnishes human thought with some of its noblest attributes. We receive from sculpture and painting some of our most vivid impressions of the past, — our truest knowledge of what is remote and distant; and the proudest of heroes and conquerors look to their assistance for being regarded and remembered in future ages.

To be successful in wielding the full powers of art seems worthy of man's ambition: to be capable of constructing the airy dome or the magnificent portico; to realize in marble the majesty of the Apollo or the agony of the Laocoon; or on a flat surface to represent, with all the roundness and relief of solid forms moving in airy space and extended distance, the death of Ananias or of St. Peter the Martyr, — would

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afford not merely a proof of the happy genius of the artist, but evidence of a divinity of talent peculiar to the species to whom the individual belongs.

This power, this talent, this mysterious agency, the professor of art may, in proportion to his study and ability, be able to attain at his command; and with this power all that beautiful nature offers to the eye may be imitated and represented, with such force and truth as to form a record of its visible shape and sentiment and hue, when all traces of its original have passed away.

To this bright mode of expression, this perfect truth and enduring fidelity, man owes some of the most valuable portions of his knowledge: deprive us of all that art has taught us, how imperfect would our remaining information be! No description, and there are many bright ones, can convey what a picture can tell at a glance; nor can the eye, without the help of pictorial representation, form an impression of what it has not seen. To art we are indebted for our first knowledge of all visible objects beyond the contracted sphere of our childhood. The foaming sea, the raging cataract, the descending avalanche, and the burning crater, would, like the lion of the desert, the eagle of the sky, or the monsters of the deep, remain in our thoughts like undefined chimeras of the brain, but for the help of art. The illustrations of history, the demonstrations of science, the development of organised and animated nature, depend materially on the powers of art to be interpreted and understood.

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Indeed, interwoven as our ideas are with the representations of art, and as these representations must, for their use, and influence, and nobleness of aim, depend on the genius and moral character of those by whom such powers are exercised, it is indispensable in those who minister in this high calling to reflect and ponder well on whatsoever they do, that all may be for the honour and dignity of art, and elevating to their character in the land wherein they dwell. Still, it must be confessed that, in spite of the patriotism and genius of the artist, his talents, like a summer shower, may be wasted on a desert, and all his studies rendered vain, unless on the part of the world around him a disposition exists to sympathise with his studies, and reward with approbation his labours; without which art, however it may rise, cannot be said to flourish in any land. This leads us at once to the consideration of an important question; namely, what are the wants and tastes of the people in whose land we live, and in what way can those wants and tastes be rendered available in the higher of the efforts of the sculptor and painter?

To ascertain this let us ask, Have our people in this isle the desire to make works of art serviceable in promoting and exalting religious devotion, as has been done in Flanders, Spain, and Italy? Or does art require the aid of that encouraging system of political policy which has elevated the school of France? In reply to these questions, all that can be stated seems to be this,—that however disposed the public may be to place art on the table-land, no opportunity has yet been offered by art for the exercise of such

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lofty encouragement. The taste for art in our isle is of a domestic rather than a historical character. A fine picture is one of our household gods, and kept for private worship: it is an every-day companion; and, unseen in holy places associated with holy things, becomes too familiar for awe; for although the noblest aspirations of art are of a nature so general, and of an interest so concentrated, as to command and fix the applause of an assembled multitude, there are feelings not less deep and not less universal which require a solitary hour or a holy place, undisturbed by applause, unintruded on even by sympathy.

But admitting, which we must, that we resemble the school of Holland and the old school of France in adapting art to man's private abode and domestic residence, rather than to the abbey or the public hall, may not the lover of art and England exclaim, "What! and must we, who take the lead among the nations of the earth in all other departments of human genius, abandon the hope of rivalling foreign states, and cease to hope the production of a series of great historical and devotional pictures, like those which render the Vatican immortal, the Palace of the Luxembourg renowned, and the Escurial famed over all the earth?" Although a series of works such as these in their extent and combination have been hitherto beyond our reach, let us never cease to hope that national dignity will yet assert itself in some or all of the noblest departments of art; and though in our island a Raphael or Michael Angelo may not appear, yet who can limit the extent or define the modes under which genius may shine? For it is

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one of its truest characteristics to choose a line for itself; to be independent of imitation; unrestrained by any resemblance, save what is unique and original in itself; unfettered by the example of all that has preceded it, while it abides the wonder and unapproachable standard of excellence to succeeding ages.

It is one mark of true and high genius to be of no system, of no country, and of no particular time. If at one period she luxuriates in all that favours the exercise of her fullest power, at another she rejects all such aids, and favour is set at nought. Italy, the fruitful land of so much that is glorious in art, lost its charm; and genius, forsaking the banks of the Tiber and the Arno, winged her way to the side of the hurrying Rhine: and there, without state favour or ecclesiastical encouragement, and amidst scenes considered uncongenial, and domestic manners unfavourable to her studies, she selects the uncouth but mighty Rembrandt as the disciple of her choice;—a draughtsman without style,—a painter of wondrous brilliancy, where all else is subdued,—adding lustre by the poetry of his touch to the mystery of darkness and obscurity,—giving splendour to poverty, sublimity of expression to the most homely countenance, majestic motion to the most abject form; while in the choice of subject, use of materials, illusion of effect, he stood alone, unlike all and surpassing all, as if nature in creating him desired to lavish her rarest gifts only to prove the unlimited variety of her power, and the poverty of those artificial assistants which in the excess of talent can be dispensed with.

But the splendour of the school of Holland is not

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the sole instance of what private without public patronage can accomplish. Our own Reynolds may be mentioned as a bright proof of natural vigour; possessing as he did the power of grafting the shoots of his own inimitable genius on the deep-rooted stock of national predilections which flourished in his time; giving, like Rembrandt, to the ordinary labours of his hand that fascination and charm, that abstract thought and look of dignity and life, which place him among the happiest examples of human skill. But without limiting the student to the contemplation of those two great masters in the domestic dignity of art, he may, though his fancy follows the highest, be pleased to see them cited as a proof how much innate energy of soul may achieve in situations familiar to every age of art.

The veneration with which Leonardo da Vinci and Titian are regarded—the steady devotion paid to Raphael—the splendid fortune which attended the progress of Rubens, all probably contributed to establish and diffuse the fame of art, as well as the reputation of its chief professors; yet, however desirable such distinction might be, the favour of the great and the acquirement of fortune are not the constant attendants on genius, either in art or literature, or any other elegant pursuit: on the contrary, while fame has often refused to wait on worldly success, she has, at the same time, been observed to bestow her highest favours on those whom both wealth and rank neglected, and indeed despised.

The divine and captivating Correggio, from the very doubts thrown upon his history, is supposed to

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be of the ill-requited and neglected class; a like cloud of doubt and obscurity hangs over the story of Rembrandt; the days of Wouvermans were ended, if not passed, in bitterness, and those of Brouwer were numbered in a prison. Morales, the divine Morales, was found at Badajos by Philip the Second in extreme poverty as well as old age; nor were the powers of art nor a name denied to the modest Pareja, who was born to the inheritance of slavery, and whose ransom from servitude was the sole reward that his success procured him. Instances of the like nature are still more frequent and remarkable in the history of letters, both for the grandeur of genius and the brightness with which she shone. Goldsmith, and Fielding, and Smollett, seem to vie alike in the happy vein of thought which adorns their labours, and in the troubles which disturbed their lives. De Foe, and Swift, and Bunyan, produced the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of Lemuel Gulliver, and the inimitable Pilgrim's Progress, amid disease and disaster and despair. Cervantes composed his Don Quixote in a prison; Milton his Paradise Lost in blindness and neglect, if not surrounded by dangers; while the transcendent genius of Shakspeare seems to have sought, and certainly found, no higher reward than the dubious applause of a theatre.

It were needless to multiply instances to show what genius is capable of, amid all the impediments which evil fortune or studied neglect place purposely in its way; yet it may be observed, that success only follows intense devotion and unwearied study — a devotion and a study to commence with the student, never to

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be despised or laid aside by the professor, but to animate both to the latest hour of existence; yet all this is like water spilt in a desert, unless the mind moulds and forms its speculation to the circumstances of its situation and the ruling desires of the times.

Still, whatever strong-minded individuals of themselves may achieve, no fixed school of art fully reflecting the nation in manners as in mind, and with it none of the excellence derived from experience or collision of talent can be produced, or if produced, acknowledged by the nation as its own, without the sympathy of the people to whom it addresses itself. With this sympathy on its side—the true test of merit—the reward of present, and the guide to future, productions, we may accomplish any thing. Art, with such a touchstone in her power, must be responded to from every quarter; and if not from the ruling powers, or even the community at large, yet if the wise, the learned, and the gifted, smile on her labours, she may continue to muse, and study, and toil, with the full assurance that she is neither unfelt nor unseen.

With an art which is the envy of all other arts,—a labour so elegant and fascinating as to attract into her ranks the best and the loftiest talents,—with materials of which the durability has scarcely yet known a limit, and in which the freshness of original thought may survive for centuries, the man of genius may be said to walk in a light not destined soon to suffer an eclipse. Without therefore complaining of the want of what is not within our reach, or catching at the shadow while in possession of the substance, let us cultivate and improve that patronage

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which is extended to art; that employment almost unknown in other nations which we owe to the taste and refinement of private gentlemen.

There is that, perhaps, nameless something in the feelings of the possessor of a work of art, arising from subject or from handling, and conferring to him its chief attraction, which cannot be too deeply studied by the artist. This is the best anchor of art. The possessor of a picture regards it not in reference to the hand which produces it, nor as one whose view of it has been hasty and fleeting: he thinks alone of the sentiment and feeling of the work, and the lasting impression which it makes on his mind; and regards it as possessing matter for thought, as a companion for the leisure hour, holding up in its solemn stillness an image which he loves, perpetuating the vanishing smile and the never-to-be-forgotten glance of one perhaps long since passed and gone, or the hue of the changing foliage, or the lustre of the fleeting cloud, beauteous

> "As if an angel, in his upward flight,
> Had left his garment floating in mid air:"

all of which, and much more, arrested and rendered abiding by the sorcery of art, are kept treasured in the reflecting mind, affording to the possessor materials of pleasure, and a permanent source of pure enjoyment.

The professor may either regard a work of art as an example to follow, or an object of critical examination or applause; the ignorant with the sudden wonder which a fine work inspires; but the possessor of a picture can, by his example and his influence, do the

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most for the cause of art. What he likes, another of similar taste may like; what affects him as an individual, may affect all the members of a community, —the people of an entire city—the inhabitants of a mighty kingdom. To works so imagined, and in that spirit produced, let artists turn more than hitherto their attention: obey public feeling as the truest index of the wants of the mind of the people: and it seems the only sure way of obtaining that confidence by which you may in your turn influence and direct public taste, and work in your own spirit as well as that of the nation.

We have private patronage in this land to an extent which no other nation possesses. Let us encourage this market by supplying it with excellence rather than choking it with abundance: husband it in every way; let not its importance be underrated. To this class of patrons we owe the chief works of art in our land. The whole range of landscape-painting, scenes of familiar life, all our portraiture, and a great proportion of our historical works, are the offspring of individual encouragement. The palaces of Rome, of Florence, of Bologna, and of Venice were filled with works from the like source. It was by this, and this alone, that the great families of the Doria, the Colonna, and the Altieri acquired their magnificent specimens of Claude Lorrain and of the Poussins: it was by this that the Farnese, the Farnesina, the Rospigliosi, and the Ludovisi were decorated; by this the family of Orleans became possessed of the Sacraments of Poussin; and by this has the burgomaster Six been handed

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down to our day as the friend and benefactor of Rembrandt.

All who desire to distinguish themselves and grow into eminence in art; all who begin to plume, as it were, their wings for an unessayed flight in the higher or the humbler regions of art, must hope for success through patronage such as this — a patronage which surpasses far that of many foreign governments, and has been established here both by patriotism and generosity. To this source all that the genius of our school has produced must stand indebted for origin and support. This is a feature in our art, as well as a proof of the increasing taste and growing wealth of the empire. Activity of mind in the artist, a variety and diversity of subject, an originality of style, splendour in colour, a happy adaptation of the theme to the feeling of every variety of being: an observance of these ruling points has enabled English art to penetrate and become an object of demand in every country in the world.

Instead, therefore, of damping the ardour of young enthusiasm by holding out unreasonable fears, or expatiating on the manifold causes of depression which genius, through its sensibilities, seems doomed to suffer, I would rather conclude with relating a story which came to me through the historian of one of the English settlements of America. A devout community of respectable settlers, too weak to protect themselves, and too humble to purchase the protection of others, held in their misery a day of fast and humiliation, to render themselves worthier of the favour of Providence: but their distresses still con-

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tinued, and they again consulted about the propriety of another fast, as an atonement for their sins. "A fast!" exclaimed one who had not hitherto spoken, "a fast would be ungrateful to God for the many mercies he has shown us; let us rather appoint a day of thanksgiving:" the proposal was carried with shouts, and the little colony was prosperous ever after.

SECTION II.

On the Choice and Handling of Subjects.

If private patronage be, as I believe it is, the ruling and guiding power of art in this country—a power to whose influence the labours of the artist must be addressed—it has this difference, compared with the less scattered and more concentrated patronage of the state, that, although it may not require works of great extent and vast magnificence, yet it surpasses it far in the variety of its demand, calling alike on art to decorate the dwelling of the noble, and embellish the abode of the peasant—to pour a ray or two of its light on the thick darkness of sullen ignorance, and mingle its fuller and brighter beam with the sunshine of learning and taste. While art, thus fostered, has become, as it were, the offspring of the island soil, borrowing neither shape nor hue from alien lands, it is of importance to ascertain upon what principle it is cherished and directed. This is capable of a ready solution—art depends for both aim and character, on the taste and wish, of the individual who visits the picture market, and may feel

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the desire to purchase a solitary work, or establish a gallery. Such patrons visit the artist's studio, saying, "we are not judges of the article, but we know what pleases us;" and they order a picture — be it portrait, landscape, domestic scene, or poetic painting — accordingly. To know, then, the taste of the public — to learn what will best please the employer — is to an artist the most valuable of all knowledge, and the most useful to him whose skill and fancy it calls into exercise.

It is true the employer may not be a good judge of art; he may have notions and fancies which no labour can realise — may be insensible of the limits which control both sculpture and painting; unacquainted with fine examples, and little conversant in the technical language of our art. Yet, with all these discouragements, he may be naturally alive to the effects and the powers of genuine talent, and sensible to the impressions which the canvas reflects of forms and groups, and scenes existing in his own mind. With such qualifications, he is probably a far better judge of what art should perform than the professor who, like the actor on the stage, must be content to receive the fiat of success or failure from an audience who, to form judgment of the illusion, must necessarily be excluded from behind the scenes.

If in estimating the character and importance of a work of art, the materials of which it is composed are considered to have much value or virtue in themselves: or if the mode by which they are fashioned and combined enjoyed an interest beyond the

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mere mechanism through which the impression of thought is conveyed to the eye, then would the experience of the artist be as necessary to its appreciation as his labour is to its production; but the process of thought, like the language of the artist, may appear arbitrary and conventional, and the expressions so familiar to him of the flowing outline—the breadth of form, the expressive touch, the gorgeous surface, the varied texture — with a multitude of phrases, which like terms of perspective, or names of tints, however necessary in explaining the construction or in reasoning on technical merits, yet form no part of the enjoyment a picture gives as a work of the mind, and if present to the thoughts of the spectator will only help to divert him from its true character or destroy its illusive effect.

To one who knows art only by the impression it makes, and to whom the mode of speech and thought of the artist are as dark as the book of the Sybils, a picture should be as a mirror held up in which he might see the true impress of nature, preserving the glow of youth and beauty, the wisdom and the gravity of matron looks, and fixing in unfleeting outline and colour the choicest images which appear in our waking dreams or in the visions of a fine imagination.

The unprofessional observer, if truly affected by a picture, regards it not as a thing for amendment or criticism, but as a fixed page of history, a theme for moral reflection. The adjustment of grouping, the expedient of contrasts, the connected chain of incidents, the repetition of lines, of forms and of

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colours, and the avoidance of sharp angles and abruptnesses of shape, are lost upon the uneducated eye, and, like the contrivances to obtain breadth of effect and concentration of interest, ordinary devices which accomplish their purpose best when they escape observation, are in their success apparent only by the force and charm with which the subject of the picture is rendered to the mind.

To the intelligent or gifted spectator these resources of art are kept out of view; to him the picture appears as a dream—a new existence: not only is the subject recorded recalled in all its force, but matters miraculous are made probable, and the most brilliant sallies of the imagination realised. He not only sees what a head expresses, but he imagines the train of thought passing in the mind to which that expression owes its birth. If an eye is to look he will guess the object to be seen; if a lip is to speak he will divine the words to be uttered: and, if when beholding the Descent from the Cross by Rubens he cannot, like Sir Joshua Reynolds in commenting on the work, see the technical merits of the piece in the light the latter from experience beheld them; if he omits to speculate upon the peculiarity of the white sheet on which the white body of Jesus lies, and its advantage as a contrast to the flesh tint which probably attracted the great colourist to this remarkable treatment of the subject; if unacquainted with the whole resources of the art, he is unable to judge truly of the originality of the figure of Christ, or of its high claim to accuracy of drawing; if such remarks as these, which naturally arise in the kindred mind of an artist, fail to

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occur to a spectator of taste and knowledge, it must be from the noble work before him raising grander thoughts in his soul than any which the contemplation of the technicalities of art can originate.

He who properly contemplates that marvellous picture, thinks neither of the art nor of the merits of the artist. He is transported to Jerusalem at the time of the Passover, and the night of the crucifixion—to the hour of action in the work; but which includes, such is the power of the painter, all previous and succeeding events in the wondrous story of the Redeemer. All comparisons with other pictures, all criticism on the style of treatment, all inquiry into the present condition of the work (has time brightened or darkened its lustre, or are the materials out of which it is worked enduring or decaying?) are for the time silent and mute. The figure of Christ, so celebrated for skilful painting, he admires for its look of subdued and godlike suffering; the three Marys, wondrous for expression, he admires for their tenderness and sympathy; and the St. John and Joseph of Arimathea, with the attendant officer, who holds the sheet in his mouth, while his hands are engaged in lowering the figure from the cross, all so valued for fine expression and masterly arrangement, he applauds, for their pious care of the body of their divine master. Even the all but supernatural light shooting down from the centre, amidst united transparency and deep shadow, suggests to him a vivid and sudden flash of lightning, such as rendered Mount Calvary visible as at noon, when thick darkness brooded over all the land from the sixth unto the ninth hour; when the earth

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did quake, the rocks did rend, and the veil of the temple was rent in twain.

It is, indeed, this power of stirring up the deepest emotions within us which forms the strength and the glory of art. Difficulties overcome can be felt and known only to those accustomed to overcome them; but the power of recalling the by-gone thought, of giving form and lustre to things which live but in memory; of reviving the dearest remembrances of the heart, and gladdening the life of man by calling from the grave, the wave, or the battle-field those whom he loved or admired, are the noble purposes to which the art addresses itself. This lending of new life, this re-creation, as it were, of things now gone, in which the heart of man once rejoiced, gives art elevation with the highest poetry, and makes it claim kindred with the purest efforts of poetic imagination, while it displays an intelligence clearer and better understood than all the efforts of language, since it speaks all tongues, nor requires translation.

From these remarks it will be obvious how differently a work of art may be viewed, in all its relations, by two distinct minds; the one wholly uninformed, and, however intelligent, yet ignorant of the mysteries of composition and colour; and the other, a lover and observer of art, but who, in contemplating a picture, leaves the mechanism of the work out of view, and decides by the evidence alone of the sentiment and influence of the work. One is the mechanist, who adjusts the parts of a watch; the other the observer, who looks to the dial only that he may know the hour.

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Distinct or dissimilar as these two may be in their reasonings on the same work of art, there is this to be remarked on the nature of their dissimilarity, that although the one may have a true and perfect feeling and judgment of the work before him, without the slightest knowledge of the principles upon which it is created; yet the artist, on the other hand, with all his knowledge, will toil and toil, in vain, if ignorant or neglectful of the impression which he makes on a simple and observing mind.

The professor of art should, at every step and at every turn, weigh well, and consider what will give to his work this species of influence; he should cull and collect all such modes of thought, and trains of ideas, as are felt and understood by the unschooled and uninstructed. The artist should push his observation far and wide: the best informed will find that he can always be learning something; the least informed will soon perceive that he has much to learn. Above all things, he should reflect,—and this explains many a system and many a theory; that he is painting, not for those who know, but for those who do not know; that he is not labouring for those acquainted with art, in all its details, but for those who do not know, and will perhaps never know, any one circumstance connected with his work, save and except the little he can learn from the silent picture itself.

To feel and abide by the simplicity of such a plan of composition as this, many prejudices must be encountered,—many preconceived notions must be disturbed or dismissed: of these, some will occur to

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the artist himself; some may be suggested by others; but all discussions which come from a spirit, whose object is truth, will be valuable in the formation of a work of art. Indeed, discussions and inquiries are the means by which he compares his own ideas with the ideas of others, and thus he is enabled to ascertain the wants as well as the wishes of the public, and create works such as correspond with the demand of his employers.

Of all the objects requiring consideration, the choice of a subject which presents itself at the outset is the most serious to settle and decide. In this it is difficult to assist the artist; his own sense of what his talents can best illustrate is his surest guide. Habit, in his art, will naturally lead him to those scenes and incidents which, to use a professional phrase, are "paintable;" but yet how various these are, how liable to be mistaken, and by none more so than by those of exuberant fancy, whose ideas are unrestrained by the limits or the proprieties of art, and who are led to believe that any situation which has point is remarkable, and which gives rise to a bright saying, "is fit for a picture." Carried away by the charms of a narrative,—by the fascinations of a description, as by a dramatic march of events,—they create a series of pictures in their own minds, full of every sort of fancy but that which is sensible to the sight, and capable of being related by the pencil.

In all these discussions this should never be lost sight of,—that words, though they represent ideas very imperfectly, cannot express pictures: but though words do not express pictures, neither do pictures represent

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words. There are many ideas, which make a great figure in words, that in painting would be lost, and of no effect; and other ideas are again objectionable in words, yet when touched by an art which works with other materials, the idea in its new dress and hue, becomes pure and exalted; as an instance of this, a peculiarity as well as agency in art,—the ideas presented by the words "nakedness," "want," "poverty," "disease," "agony," and "death," are in detail painful and repulsive, and cannot be dwelt on with satisfaction to either mind or heart: yet when treated by the gentle and delicate hand of art,—when the carnation tones of Titian, the rich texture of Murillo or of Rembrandt, or the sublime contour and intellectual expression of Michael Angelo, are employed, the magic of the painter's hand shines then acknowledged, and his canvas eclipses poetry itself.

Following out the comparison, it will not be difficult to show in what way words fail in expressing the fitness or unfitness of objects and incidents for works of art. This words may accomplish in two ways—by exceeding what lies within the power of art to represent, or by underrating in description what art can with perfect facility accomplish. In conversing about pictures, it may be observed that words express to the ear equally plain and distinct objects, be they humble or high, and exalt what in a picture is subordinate, and depress what is most essential to its effect. Language indeed is no measure of the appearance of objects whether great or small, distant or near. It follows, then, that words which express extreme littleness, extreme value, extreme

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distance, or a vast multitude, cannot be painted in a picture. A thing of inestimable value makes a figure in a sentence; but if little or shapeless, makes no figure in a picture, and can only be brought into importance by the introduction of attendant circumstances: in the same way, neither extreme distance or vast multitude can be expressed with the pencil except by some mode—which, after all, might be misunderstood—of saying, by forms, that there is more distance and a greater multitude than the eye can embrace.

The pearl which was dissolved for Cleopatra can have its great value expressed by words; while the art of the painter can stamp no appearance of inestimable value on it, save by the excited and marvelling looks of the attendants, who wonder at her profusion. The experience of any artist may supply his recollection with other illustrations of the like kind: the summer sun can only be represented in his mid-day lustre by his rays alone, or by light reflected from objects which he illuminates—no art can imitate his meridian splendour. There are indeed many matters which shine in description, which must look dull and improper in a picture. Goldsmith, in the Vicar of Wakefield, gives an humorous account of a picture containing a whole family, with oranges in their right hands; yet, however absurd even the bare mention of this may appear in description, it is certain that, in real life, such an exhibition might pass and provoke no comment. The sisters of a nunnery appear with their rosaries, the monks of a convent with the same book, and the soldiers of a regiment with similar arms

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and similar accoutrements. The truth indeed of these figures on the canvas but poorly supplies the absence of invention; where posture, and position, and action, and looks are similar, one figure may do as well as a dozen, as one word expresses twelve better than a word twelve times repeated: yet, in art, twelve figures must really be painted to express that number; and, should Joseph and his brethren be the twelve, every variety that taste and skill can devise will be required to paint them without sameness or tiresome similarity.

In language, an object may be detailed and rendered distinct to the mind's eye absent and out of sight; but in painting, nothing can be represented without introducing it into the picture, and placing it visibly in view. In description, an object may be present though concealed from the eye; no such licence is permitted in a picture: the Roman youth who concealed the wolf under his cloak must, in a picture, be painted so as to impress on the spectator's mind that he is attempting to conceal the ferocious animal, else the moral of his action fails. On the same principle, if a person is shown in disguise, that disguise, though unknown to the other characters of the picture, must to the spectators be obvious at a glance; not only that a person disguised is mingling in the scene, but his character must stand revealed and plain. In short, where neither note nor annotations can interpose to explain the meaning, there can be nothing intelligible which is not visible to the eye; and, although words may excite sensations too deep for tears, and feelings too profound for utterance, in a picture we have no such help: expression,

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though difficult, must yet be painted; for, even in a head which falls short of the sentiment required, it will make far less a blank or blemish in a picture, than a face veiled or hidden through the artist's diffidence or want of power. If, from all this, the inability of art to realise the same ideas which narrative or description supplies be admitted, what remains, it will be asked, upon which the art of the painter can raise a structure worthy of that station which art holds in the ranks of mind?

To this it may be fairly answered, that, with all this visible limitation, the art of painting bears with it an intelligence which, in its own distinct walk, leaves the eloquence of language, either written or spoken, far behind. This is her ability of giving the actual resemblance and likeness of every object in existence, and of placing before the eye the individual image of all we have seen, and which the memory of man retains. This the painter's art can do, with a truth which is neither arbitrary nor conventional, and which, to all people and in all places, will be known by the object it represents, and which can be taken for no other than the object in question. Upon this fixed and established point the foundations of art may be said to rest; from this position the whole visible aspect of nature may, as with a lever, be moved and wielded at will. With such power as this, lending an all but divine faculty to art, man has the means of preserving a likeness, not only of himself, but of embodying in that likeness all the various fluctuations of thought, and change of look and habit, to which his nature is subject. It is the representation of man,

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with his moods and aspirations, which constitutes, as it were, the soul of art. Without some reference to man, with his labours and pursuits, a work of art would have little interest either to the eye or to the thought: even when introduced in the landscape, too remote to be distinguished for expression or for action, the figure of a human being has an attraction which never fails; giving a cheerfulness to even earth, and air, and sky, which are brightened by his presence. Even the deepest solitude, the wildest desert, the loneliest isle, when gladdened by the footsteps of man, have from that hour the interest which, wherever he goes, he excites. But though objects and scenes derive interest from their connection with man, and we scan with a curious glance the wild landscape for the hut he hath raised, the hill he hath passed, the well he hath dug, and even seek for the ashes of the fire he hath kindled, yet, in justice to art and its resources, I must say that man, with all his perfection of form and movement, must come near to the eye in the desert, as well as the picture, before he can stand the leading feature of the scene, or have justice done to his high faculties. It is here that language fails, and art asserts her mastery.

To give a true impression of the human countenance, no skill in description, no combination of words, however happily chosen, have yet succeeded. Even the memory, however vivid, fails to embody a resemblance in words which another can recognise as like. A description may point out the man who carries a passport, or a proclamation with its details and measurements may render a fugitive suspected; but

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much as a description may correspond with the looks, it cannot suggest their real appearance. The colour of the eyes, the eye-brows, and hair, may be given; the nose classed with the Roman or the regular; the lips as thick or thin, straight or serpentine; yet how little do all these indicate what the world regards as likeness, or of that recognizable aspect or peculiarity of character which, however much it may be modified in passing from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age, preserves its original character still. This is a quality peculiar to human nature, yet so delicate, so difficult to be imitated or caught, so remote too from mechanism in its imitation, that all the painter's art and sculptor's skill are called forth to record it aright.

With the poet or the historian the character of an individual can, at the best, be but imperfectly given: they can make a nearer approach when they attempt personal appearance. We all remember Hamlet's description of the picture of his father: —

> "See what a grace was seated on this brow:
> Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself;
> An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
> A station like the herald Mercury,
> New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
> A combination, and a form, indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man."

Beautiful as this imagery is, it is simply a comparison of feature and look with imagery of a most exalted kind; but it conveys no likeness, no resemblance more than the historical portrait of Hume gives

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us of the real look and appearance of King Charles the First.

"This prince was of a comely presence, of a sweet but melancholy aspect. His face was regular, handsome, and well complexioned: his body, strong, healthy, and justly proportioned, and being of a middle stature, he was capable of enduring the greatest fatigues." This description, however graphic and defined, is not to be compared with the portrait of the same prince by Vandyke, a likeness seen in a moment of time; and, like a living person, when once seen and acknowledged, never forgotten.

It is this ability to call up the real person, of portraying the human looks and mind, which raises art above both epic and dramatic poetry. The human eye is drawn with peculiar care, as an object conscious of being seen, and of seeing in its turn. There seems something mysterious in its resemblance to the real person, as if it shared in the virtues of the person it represented. It is known that domestic animals have been disturbed by the steady glare of the eyes of a picture, and that the minds of men, far too experienced to be affected by other deceptions of art, have yet been startled with its life-like look. Who is there that has not been touched with what is called a speaking picture, with eyes that look upon you, see you, and appear to follow you round the room; with lips which move, and seem to belong to a visiter or a familiar spirit, and might, at the witching hour, suggest to a superstitious mind an actual presence? The very stillness of a fine picture, perhaps, gives rise to such reveries, and allows time for imaginative

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thoughts to rise, which, however illusory, are the most pleasing of the dreams which spring from art, being, as it has been most truly said, a part of her expressive and her silent language.

By the human countenance—that expositor of the inward workings of the mind of man, and index of his temper and powers of thought,—we are guided in our every-day intercourse with our species; and by this let the painter find light to his art. In the endless modifications of the human face, every variety of age, and character, and condition, may be shown; every tribe and nation may be exemplified, every local situation and climate indicated, and every event and incident in the history of mankind expressed or illustrated. The spirit revealed in the human face has a voice for all lands, and is a book for all ages; it makes itself felt without the aid of the canvas—ever understood without the intervention of art. With such a talisman let the genius of painting go forth in all her strength, conquering and to conquer; and, once become the rouser and awakener of the simple and uninformed, what will hinder her to superadd all the accomplishments now current with the learned; and, like the famed Madonna of Raphael, which, while regarded as furnishing a splendid example of art by the professor, is equally dear to the ordinary observer from majesty of form and elevation of sentiment.

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SECTION III.

Portrait-Painting.

I HAVE attempted to show, in the foregoing remarks, that the patronage of art in this country is dependent on the taste and liberality of private individuals, distinct from any influence or power of artists themselves, and that to cherish and continue that patronage, it is necessary that works of art should in their conception and character coincide with the opinions of the great body of private patrons, and reflect their tastes and feelings; for to artists these are the representatives of the purchasing world at large.

These conditions of patronage and encouragement may appear to some a giving up of the great cause of the independence of genius and originality of thought, and annihilating the authority of the greatest masters in the calling, and setting at nought the taste and dictum of experienced judges in the labours of the pencil. But I have spoken very unhappily if it is supposed that I desire to set the will of the ignorant above the judgment of the learned. I desired but to waive all discussion of what can be best dispensed with, and suggested that genius might haply triumph in the opinions of both, by adding what has been gained from the taste and experience of ages to what might secure the suffrages of the greater number for the greater period of time.

With this in view, preferring the most plain and simple ideas, and proceeding upon the certain axiom that the most interesting object to man is man, it

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follows that whatever has relation to man, or bears the semblance of his image, will most readily engage the sympathies of his class and kind, who appreciate works of art only by their supposed reference to the business and enjoyments of life. To accomplish this, the representation of man—the graceful delineation of his form—the sentiments written on his forehead and on his face—are the surest means of obtaining extensive sympathy; for a picture which wants his attraction, and trusts to the auxiliaries of man, ranges more with natural history than with elevated art. Man, on the contrary, forms a perpetual object of interest and curiosity: he interests not only by his own likeness, but through other objects which engage his attention, and vary the attractions of the picture; the eye that sees and the subject seen bearing that relation to each other which leads to those manifold combinations by which every element of thought, in the most extended work of art, is arranged and united into a whole.

In this chain of connexion, the human eye, which with the painter is so powerful an agent of intelligence, may be said, with its riveting gaze, to be the connecting link. While it has a faculty of expression possessed by no other human feature, it has a lustre and a beauty peculiarly adapted to painting, which no other art but painting can represent. The power of the eye in a picture rests not entirely with itself, but in its glance seems to perceive and regard other objects; and, like the magnetic needle in navigation, makes known, by the direction to which it points, where its attraction lies. In the intercourse of life, it is rather by the rejoicing eyes of the crowd than by their voice,

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that we discover the happy person whom they are collected to welcome. In like manner, we read the sudden death of Ananias in the amazed countenances of the spectators, and the judgment-like blindness of Elymas the sorcerer in the horror-stricken faces gathered around him in Raphael's cartoons. In like manner, too, we see conviction glancing in every eye, and impressed on every face, in the celebrated Preaching of St. Paul at Athens.

Innumerable almost are the cases which might be cited to show the commanding powers of the eye. In subjects like The Visitation of the Shepherds, The Offering of the Magi, The Crucifixion, or The Taking down from the Cross, where the picture is occupied by one absorbing subject, the concentrated look of the bystanders is the truest guide to the chief group, the principal figure, or the leading and ruling feature of the composition, to which the artist desires attention to be called. It is only on subjects possessing a diversity of interest that the rule of concentrating the eyes and feelings of the by-standers can be dispensed with. But this intelligence of the face and eye, to be effective in directing, like the pointing finger, what to look to, can only be in those heads so turned towards the spectator that the features may be distinctly seen. In the position of the head, full face and profile, not only expression has been rendered, but the power of the master shown in all its strength, in heads where little more than the cheek is visible. In "The Infant Academy" Sir Joshua Reynolds has an instance of this, in giving to the averted face of the sitting figure that peculiar smile of con-

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sciousness which carries on the story; while Raphael, in the "Incendio del Borgo," has in the face of the woman with the vase on her head, where scarce a feature is seen, given the extreme agony of distress. In faces looking up or down, so much so as to be extremely foreshortened, the portrait resemblance is all but impossible; but as great strength of expression is inconsistent with manly grace or feminine beauty, an expert draughtsman will know that a certain delicacy of management is required at his hand, and will work accordingly.

With respect to expression where neither face nor features are seen, it may be observed that the back view of the head or figure seems to correspond with what in electricity is called the negative quality, as useful in a work of art as indispensable in the imitation of nature, by the degrees of interest which denies to our head the display of emotion, that other parts may exhibit the greater effect. Still the back view of a figure in a picture, as of an actor on the stage, must be shown sparingly, however much this may appear to deviate from the accidental grouping of people in life: a happy expression given to the back of a figure, by action of the limbs or of the body, forms one of the surest indications of address and genius in the art of the painter.

But it is not by the averted head or by half-hidden emotion that the heart and understanding of the spectator of a work of art are alone to be moved: they must be attracted and retained, and the full and exuberant display of mind and thought, which, by the eye and what the eye sees, by the look and what the look ex-

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presses, impress the meaning upon the observer's thoughts. The largest work of art, a picture for instance, can only have a certain allowance of space, every inch of which, whether dedicated to activity or repose, may furnish occasion for interest or effect which the artist should husband to the utmost of his power: nay, he must even alter the details of action or character, ameliorate costume, and change the probabilities of every real scene and event, in order that the subject-matter of his theme may be obvious and clear to even the duller spectator.

What realities will admit of alteration, and what parts of known characters, of known incidents, and known circumstances, will admit of such change and deviation, it will be now my object to point out and illustrate.

In the example of the human head, without attempting to generalise it so far as to make it the beau-ideal of the class to which it belongs, there is yet, in every head, certain untoward shapes, spaces too vacant, or too much divided, or certain lines which, for harmonious arrangement, require to be assimilated in their direction, which the practice of every draughtsman will at once correct; and this sort of treatment or accommodation is common to all heads, more or less, of the most perfect which nature can supply. In reflecting on individual characters, Sir Thomas Lawrence used to say, that even in the majestic head of Mrs. Siddons there were parts and forms which did not appear to belong to Mrs. Siddons, and should therefore be omitted in her portraiture. To every head where character as well as resemblance is re-

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quired, the same remark will apply; not only may accidents be softened or left out, but a due distinction should be made between what is permanent and fixed, and parts liable to continual alteration and change. The eyes, the nose, the mouth require to be given with a force due to their pre-eminence, while the dimples on the cheek of youth, and the wrinkles on the brow of age should not be given with the force of life, but with such delicacy as fleeting and evanescent nature requires. The question however will be, how far this deviation from actual appearances may be allowed; for it may be said, Can any thing be a better representation of a man than the transcript of himself, or can it be a better likeness by being unlike the man? In regard to actual resemblance, there are those whom nothing will satisfy but a real, striking, startling likeness; a something which a child might not only know, but mistake for the reality; and, as Northcote used to say, "the house-dog must bark at in token of familiar recognition." Those who demand such proof from art may find it in the merest daub, in the harshest of caricatures, but will look for it in vain in the finest pictures.

But of all judges, the most difficult to satisfy, and whose opinion there seems the least reason to doubt or question, are the family and relatives of the person whose portrait has been painted. They, more than all others, must know the original best; and knowing this, it would seem in vain to doubt but that they must distinguish what is like or unlike. It is indeed not the knowledge, but the taste, of such persons that should make us hesitate to alter what they say should

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be altered, and obey their judgment to the full in this matter; but they may know too much, and may require too much: their familiarity with the varied movements of the features will render them fastidious even in the fixed relief of a marble, as well as in the flat surface of a painting; and excepting against both, though from the hands of masters, will often be satisfied with the harshest representation, if it be only a faithful uncompromising likeness. Were a portrait painted for the family alone, or for the fleeting day in which it is produced, from the judgment of the family there would be no appeal. But its object and its fate are not so limited: it requires to be adapted, both in conception and execution, for the world at large; for those who have seen, and those who have not seen, the original; for his absence, as well as for his presence. But even to the family it has to recall days when he was unchanged by years, and to his survivors continue his visible traits of intelligence, which, without the aid of art, would be lost and forgotten.

To prove the different impressions made by resemblances on strangers, and on indifferent spectators, from those made on friends and the companions of domestic life, we need only recall to mind, what all must have observed, that twins of a family are often so like to one another that no ordinary observer can well perceive the difference; yet these twins, so like in look, and manner, and voice, are to the domestic circle in which they move so entirely different, that no confusion or mistake ever arises from their known similarity. But this discrimination in matters of

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resemblance is not limited to domestic circles, or to our own kindred or species. The shepherd exercises it on the sheep of his fold, each of which he distinguishes less by marks than by character, though to many minds they look alike. In particular nations, the Chinese for instance, and Hindoos, strangers trace the kindred resemblance which to themselves is unfelt or unknown. In truth, a strictly accurate likeness is by no means necessary for recognition: a too faithful resemblance of the person ill supplies the impression left by his living image. With defects made palpable to increase the resemblance, and intelligence invaded by minute detail, a portrait of this kind compared with what it imitates is dull and heavy, without motion as it is without life. Such a portrait, disagreeable, and failing in the true qualities of the original, has no attraction for any one else; is at best disliked, and discarded by the very persons to whom its likeness was its only value.

Indeed it is found that an admitted or implied resemblance is not easily driven from the mind, whether right or wrong. This is illustrated rather whimsically in a paper in "The Spectator." An innkeeper on the estate of Sir Roger de Coverley had, from the spirit of homage, caused the head of the worthy baronet to be painted on his sign-post. The representation, however, was not relished by Sir Roger, who desired it to be rubbed out, and replaced by the Saracen's head; but though the painter did his best to obliterate the old head, "still," says Addison, "no one would fail in detecting, under the furious aspect

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of the Saracen, a still quizzical likeness of the worthy baronet."

Experience, indeed, proves that a too severe and accurate likeness may be in a portrait. In numerous and lengthened sittings, the features of the sitter grow tired and relaxed; defects become more apparent; corrections are required, and these are made in no happy mood. A friend used to say, there were two material things in a picture to be counteracted—the want of movement and the want of life: to supply these there must be more of youth and more of health than the person who is to be represented seems to possess. This little more of health, this little more of youth—the utmost which every favourable likeness ever tries to give, is all the painter attempts to bestow to enliven the flat surface before him; but, instead of success, he is apt to be accused of flattering the vanity of his sitter, though his object is very different.

Still, after the artist has exhausted all his resources—the moulding of forms, and the blending of tints, to impose a faint substitute for the intelligence of life,—

"Who can paint like nature?"

Can the painter, with all the helps at illusion his art can bring, do more than strive to improve Nature? Can every resource of his skill compensate for that grace—that soul and that life—which, save in a happy frenzy of genius, is beyond the reach of art?—of this species of indirect imitation, the great painters

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whose mode of practice has come within our own knowledge will furnish us with the best and most conclusive examples.

No representations of female character have equalled in sweetness and beauty the female portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds; yet a contemporary has remarked, that this was accomplished greatly at the expense of likeness. Hoppner, who was himself distinguished for the beauty with which he endowed the female form, remarked, that even to him it was a matter of surprise that Reynolds could send home portraits with so little resemblance to the originals. This, indeed, in his day, occasioned portraits to be left on his hands or turned to the wall, which, since the means of comparing resemblances have ceased, have blazed forth in all the splendour of grace and elegance, which the originals would have been envied for had they ever possessed them.

I may add to this what is remarked of Sir Thomas Lawrence. His likenesses were celebrated as the most successful of his time; yet no likenesses exalted so much or refined more upon the originals. He wished to seize the expression rather than copy the features. His attainment of likeness was most laborious. One distinguished person who favoured him with forty sittings for his head alone, declared he was the slowest painter he ever sat to, and he had sat to many. He would draw the portrait in chalk, the size of life, on paper; this occupied but one sitting, but that sitting lasted nearly one whole day. He next transferred this outline from the paper to the canvas: his picture and his sitter were placed at

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a distance from the point of view; where, to see both at a time, he had to traverse all across the room before the conception which the view of his sitter suggested could be proceeded with. In this incessant transit his feet had worn a path through the carpet to the floor, exercising freedom both of body and mind; each traverse allowing time for invention, while it required an effort of memory between the touch on the canvas and the observation from which it grew.

With all the latitude allowed to Sir Thomas Lawrence in rendering a likeness, still those who knew and could compare the heads he painted with the originals, must have been struck with the liberties he would take in changing and refining the features before him. Sir Joshua seems to have recreated and idealised the individual person as well as the groups when under his pencil, showing a boldness and diversity of arrangement unexampled in the history of portraiture. Lawrence, compared to Reynolds, was confined and limited far more than his powers could have justified, admitting but small deviations in the placing of the heads—small variety of pictorial composition. The features were painted nearly in all his heads in the same light and in the same position; but they derived from this a perfection of execution never to be equalled. In the drawing and touching of the human eye, he had a lustre and life which Rubens and Vandyke have equalled, but have not excelled.

But in dwelling, as every artist must like to do, on those splendid instances of success, it may be doubtful whether, professing, as we do, to consider the em-

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ployer and sitter alone, we are not advocating a cause generally believed to be at variance with much that is desired through art to obtain. The employer, if asked what he desires in a portrait, will answer, that what he really wants is a likeness—a striking likeness, and the more striking, to him the more satisfactory. Having, indeed, with all his wish to employ, no deep knowledge in the proprieties of expression so necessary in an artist, he cannot be expected to see any advantage in permitting the indulgence of such fancies as threaten to injure in his sight the likeness he covets. "If these proprieties," he says, in a sarcastic tone, "render a picture more valuable, then, of course, the portrait must be the more valuable the less like it is."

It must be confessed that to answer such plain reasoning, as art, if conducted on sound principles, must be able to answer, it will be necessary to assume that even the most sufficient likeness will soon lose to its possessor all its charms, unless it has a claim as a work of art. As a work of art must every portrait be tried: without such merit it loses not merely a part of its fancied beauty and attraction, but what in one sense is of more consequence, loses its utility; in fact, it loses all that it should represent to future times, and should save it too from early neglect and oblivion.

It was once asked of a judge of works of art, what was the best preserver of a picture; he answered, the value of a picture is its best preservative. By the same rule, which seems a just one, the value of a portrait, as a work of art, must be its only preserv-

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ative. Its value as a work of art will preserve the resemblance of the homeliest man, the plainest woman, and the poorest individual; while any trace of the most famous hero, the most beautiful woman, and the most august sovereign, will be swept by time from the memory of man, if the age in which they flourished fails to have kept a portrait of them sufficiently valuable to be worth preservation.

How is it that we know so perfectly the semblance of the Tudors and the Stuarts, and so little of the Plantagenets who preceded them? How is it, save that Holbein and his followers painted the one, and Vandyke and his followers painted the other, while, during the earlier reigns, when architecture was in its youth, and sculpture and illuminated drawing had attained considerable eminence, yet no portrait of sufficient pictorial merit has been saved from forgetfulness to show us the aspect of the great persons of those times? It is reported of the great Duke of Marlborough, that he said he knew no more of the history of England than he had read in Shakspeare; an avowal the more remarkable from one whose actions have added to history some of her brightest pages. The great dramatist, however, may be said to have given to those parts of our history of which he has treated, an ascendency which the most learned student feels, and rendered those scenes where Hotspur, Henry V., Richard III., and Wolsey appear, unapproachable in their impression by any detail or description the professed historian can accomplish.

But if the genius of the dramatic muse can thus call up to the eye the perceptions of the mind, bid

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those who have walked the earth and influenced the affairs of men, to reappear; so will the genius of portraiture, when she assumes her proper rank in real historic art, seize and establish the shapes, the looks, and the minds of her great contemporaries, and exhibit them as they appeared when performing their parts in life. Raphael has in the Stanzas of the Vatican, in representations of abstract and legendary history, thus rendered to us the persons and the courts of Julius II. and Leo X., giving us, what written history is unable to give, the visible appearance of court and of character: Rubens in his splendid, though irregular series of pictures from the life of Marie de Medicis, has, with a vividness never probably to be surpassed, brought before us in array, the chief personages, princes, statesmen, churchmen, and warriors, who flourished in the court of Henry IV. and his queen, giving to the antiquary and historian a body of statistic evidence, which no other record of that period can supply. In a similar manner, Velasquez has handed down to us the solemn and stately air of Philip IV. and his family, giving to his infantes and infantas a natural air in their courtly but artificial habits, peculiar to that great master.

But of all the courts vividly depicted by the painter's art, to its own or succeeding generations, that of Charles I. of England is the most life-like and masterly. Vandyke does not, indeed, share in the refined elegance or high science of Raphael, or equal the vivacity and fire of Rubens, nor the startling look of individuality in Velasquez; but there is withal an ease and grace, a silent though living re-

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pose, which bring before us the eminent and the lovely of his age, as if they had every quality of life save that of movement; yet they seem about to move, having only ceased from moving when we came to look at them. The art of Vandyke is indeed adapted to every capacity: he captivates all beholders by a silent reality, which alike attracts attention and retains it. It may be said of him, that his happy art of portraiture has done more, for one at least of the personages he has painted, than portraiture has done for any one other that ever lived. No one has been ever so rendered by resemblance as Charles I.: of this monarch, the portraits by Vandyke are such perfect likenesses, such truly breathing effigies, that they serve to give more of a posthumous existence to man than had ever been bestowed by any human means before; and these, comparing them with other transcripts, are likenesses which give, what even his enemies allowed him to possess, the grace and dignity of a king and a gentleman. Nor do the fascinations of Vandyke stop with Charles: his queen, Henrietta Maria, has been painted with all the illusion of life; and his children, Charles, Mary, and James, in the separate groups at Windsor and Turin, are painted at that age when the simplicity of inexperience shows them in most engaging contrast with the power of their rank and station, and like the infantas of Velasquez, unite all the demure stateliness of the court, with the perfect artlessness of childhood.

But there is one circumstance connected with the employment of Vandyke in England, showing, however highly he was appreciated, it was only by a part of

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the British people, and that the taste for art had not yet become a native feeling. Vandyke painted indeed the Buckinghams, the Arundels, the Straffords, and the Pembrokes; but neither the Hampdens, the Bradshawes, the Fairfaxes, nor any of the leaders of the prevailing party, seem to have had the taste or the desire to employ his pencil. The result of this appears to have been that Painting, which arose from the taste and disposition of the King, was repressed by his troubles, and overthrown by his fall.

Pursuing this a little further, however, it will be found that the rise of art in England at that time had other causes of retardation than the loss—and that was a great one—of so accomplished a patron. High as the excellence was which art had attained in every nation around, and great as the encouragement was which was held out by an influential class in this country, yet there appears to have existed none of the art adapted to the minds of the people at large. The art of Vandyke, high and excellent as it was, was at this period of his life employed by an exclusive society—the court, and the noblesse of the court: unlike those of his earlier time, the same variety of rank and condition of life is no longer to be found among them. He painted not even the learned and ingenious; no head of Wotton or Ben Jonson: the beauties he painted were the beauties of high title, and the manly grace he could so readily bestow was awarded only to the prince, the warrior, or the statesman. The employment of Vandyke, like that of Lely and Kneller in the succeeding reigns, appears, from its very success, to have been

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confined to the high but limited sphere of the aristocracy; and while art, in every branch, was at its zenith in the surrounding countries, it is remarkable that in England a hundred years should yet be destined to pass away, before the taste of the people, and the genius of the artists, were prepared for a style new and original, and adapted to the tastes and wants of the island.

With the protection of Charles and the stimulating presence of Rubens and Vandyke, and in an era when Milton and Dryden may be called contemporary, we find not a vestige of any work, foreign or domestic, dedicated to a British scene—a British court—or British history. Yet silent as national art was at a time apparently auspicious for its appearance, still the period passed away, and in course of time another era arrived, when, with out any cause that could be reckoned auspicious, without foreign example or special encouragement, the light of genius—British genius, dawned at last, and art prevailed, through the desire of the people, and the aid of the hitherto unimagined styles of Hogarth, Wilson, Gainsborough, Reynolds, and West.

Art is in every country of slow growth: the art of Britain, like the art of Italy, of Spain, and of Germany, has had, even in recent times, a slow but steady growth; and not arrived at full stature yet, she has, as it were, a new people to inspire—a new and undiscovered world to move in. However slow, and even humble, her progress may be, it is still onward. She is beginning to move the people: she may yet carry them along with her.

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SECTION IV.

Historical Painting.

LET us fancy that, in a certain stage in the progress of society, a species of food was brought into fame and use, of the most agreeable qualities, which would as a sustenance contribute to the health and comfort of mankind; and that after long use it should be discovered that this food, however calculated for universal demand, was yet so refined in its composition, and so exquisite in its flavour, that, with the exception of those engaged in its production, none, save a most select portion of society, were from habit and taste fully qualified to enjoy it (withal, accompanied by a complaint of the general insensibility of the public to the excellence of the viands): if we can fancy all this to occur respecting the ordinary wants of life, we may readily imagine the result of the offer of a refined, but exclusive, style of art to the community at large.

Whatever tone of exclusiveness art may be permitted to assume, when long familiar to the favour of the state, it is quite clear that in her stage of infancy and rise, when her powers are humble, and a taste scarcely formed whereby to estimate her strength, she must, to obtain attention, address herself to the untutored ideas natural to every individual at such a period, and thus create a taste and understanding of her powers. If she were to do this, she would soon observe, that, to become useful and popu-

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lar, she must not shape her taste to suit a party or a class, but adapt it to the tastes and capacities of a whole people.

During the dawn of modern art in Italy, the works of Cimabue and Giotto give proof of this adaptation, like native music, to the humblest comprehension of the multitude: as her powers refined and expanded, the same obviousness of meaning may be observed in her works. In Simone di Martino, Andrea Orcagna, Buonamico Buffalmacco, and Benozzo Gozzoli, whose art was employed in this intellectual age in embodying the leading events of Scripture story, for the use of the ignorant and uninformed classes of their times. These artists, with others of scarcely inferior merit, occupy a space of about two hundred years. They had to re-invent art; to introduce it to the world, and render it acceptable, giving all the interest of a new discovery to every fresh effort of the hand and mind.

Such was the advance of art, accompanied by a corresponding preparation to receive it in the wants and tastes of the people, before the great era of art in Italy arrived: and although the Madonna of Cimabue has been long supplanted in popular admiration by the Madonna of Raphael; although the Job of Giotto and the Last Judgment of Orcagna have been excelled by the similar labours of Michael Angelo; and although The History of Joseph and his Brethren by Gozzoli has been outdone by the school of Athens, and the Heliodorus of a more matured period of art; yet, who is there that cannot see, in those early efforts, the embryo, the first thoughts of the perfected works of which they were the precursors, for the

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subjects of which they supplied the first impulse, and, opening the door of success, not only helped succeeding artists with combinations of thought and material, but to the world, who were to receive and reward them, furnished, in those examples, the first relish and the earliest foretaste — a previous knowledge, being not only a guide to genius, but an assurance of its appreciation?

In the advance of such a system of art, from its earliest rise to its maturity, its march of improvement, and means of calling forth the public sympathy in its favour, are matters of the deepest interest; and, whether an early style may bear to be imitated in a state of farther advance, we may be sure of this, that its mode of winning upon the liking of man may be a salutary guide to imitation at all periods. To create a want which art is to supply, it is first necessary to consider this, that art is never encouraged to a great extent for the love of art, but for some acceptable service, of utility or gratification, which art has the means of furnishing to the community or to individuals. But if art is once employed for some ostensible object, to give the semblance of individual character, to record some great event, or to decorate with appropriate subject a public or a private dwelling, it is then for the artist to superadd, by his own genius, all the grace and interest his imagination can bestow, to give a charm of beauty to render the work useful, which is the true end of art. The painters of the Campo Santo of Pisa seem never to stop short of what their subject absolutely required, but have shown, in their treatment, an exuberance of

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ideas beyond what even a scrupulous taste would permit, or the most devoted admirer of art demand.

This has been shown, in the custom of the period, so prone to fill the picture with subject, that not only event, but numerous events are arranged in succession in the same picture; the unities of art so departed from, that the events of a whole life are shown on one plane, as if they happened in one scene, and at the same instant. This sequence of time and of incident displayed in one view, was common to the illuminated manuscripts of that period; and however inconsistent with the nature of pictorial representation, was yet so brilliant in its effects, and so descriptive in its interest, that, like the picture-book of the nursery, it supplied the meaning of written language, and, with certain modifications, was adopted by the great masters as the basis of decorative painting. In the picture, by Raphael, of St. Peter delivered from Prison, this system of a succession of events has been most happily applied, as indeed it has been in the great ceiling, by Michael Angelo, which, with all its deep-wrought sentiment, and character, and combined stages of progression, is one vast comprehensive picture.

Another circumstance, now considered a defect or anachronism in art, may, at the period of the appearance of those early works, have served the more to engage general attention. The localities wrought into the compositions, though of Scripture history and of ancient date, are all Italian, and of modern date. In the occupations of the early people of the earth, their construction of the ark, their building of Babel, their

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season of vintage, and their public or domestic convivialities; nay, in their costumes, whether in pursuit of peace or preparation for war, there is no attempt to portray a people of the ancient period, nor the period itself. The amusements, the familiar animals, the desert waste, the cultivated plain, and the lofty temples of their pictures, recall neither Egypt nor Syria; yet to the Tuscan people must have presented much that was acceptable — the town, the tower, the campagna of their native country.

But with all these claims on contemporary favour, which, however erring against taste, supply a fund of valuable information in contemporary history, these works of the Campo Santo furnish to the inquiring mind much which is desirable to know concerning the rise and growth of European art. We see allied to sacred objects, things of a strange and ludicrous kind — popular notions, however mean, taking precedence of greatness of subject, at the expence of impressive effect. Still, with all the unworthy delineations of humour and ridicule with which these historical labours are mixed up, they present in ideas of character and combinations of action with architecture, many sublime and original effects of imagination. In a single subject, The Jacob's Dream of Gozzoli, with angels ascending and descending between heaven and earth, no one need be surprised at any succeeding excellence, after so early and so bright an example of imaginative art.

Popular as these works must have been, and influential as they were upon the minds of the great scholars who followed, and who appear to have reached, at

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one stride, the very zenith of art:—it next follows, whether, in the works which succeeded those of the Campo Santo, there is any quality to raise them beyond the taste and judgment of that class by whom those early pictures had been called for and admired? or, in other words, are the works belonging to the higher walks of art beyond the common intelligence of mankind?

To concede that works in the higher walks of art are either above or beyond the common intelligence of our race, is an admission which all who claim for art the character of extensive usefulness ought to be slow to allow, considering it as placing art in the limited sphere of a craft or mystery, rather than in the high station painting is entitled to assume, of a written language differing from all other languages, spoken or written, by being a written language universally intelligible. But to contend successfully that the higher works of genius may reach the feelings and reason of the humblest mind, it will be proper to premise that there are examples of art which, from their nature, can neither be attractive nor distinctly comprehended by the common observer. No one unaccustomed to works of art can judge of the meaning of a sketch, the study of a part, or, by the rubbed in blot, the effect of a whole picture; nor can such an observer anticipate the result of an unfinished work. A picture also that has been damaged or defaced, a part of a picture, a fragment of sculpture, or a mutilated statue, would make far less impression, however high their excellence, than an entire, though unskilful, restoration of the original work.

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A picture, to be understood and relished by such a mind, should, without offensive brightness, be varied in its effect and colour; and, if in oil, should not be sunk in; nor, if in fresco, should it be faded. The charm of originality, the purity of condition, and the perfection of touch, can neither be felt nor estimated by the unpractised observer, upon whom these marks of its value and preservation are lost; and the mellowing of age making the work less perspicuous, instead of pleasing, by its delicacy, would require explanation, that just allowance might be made for the effect that light, air, and time, never fail to occasion, by dimming the lustre of the most brilliant work. Indeed, such is the awkwardness in which a novice in such matters may find himself placed, that great care must be taken in order that he may actually recognise a true work of art when in his presence—that he casts no shadow upon what he is looking at, nor has his view dazzled by a reflected glare of light from the varnish instead of the real lights and shadows of the picture before him. A spectator such as we have supposed will, of course, only be attracted by objects in the work familiar to him; and, like a child, which is supposed to be some months in gaining the use of its eyes, or in learning to distinguish one object from another, he will have to learn to perceive, to recognise, and, eventually, to be gratified with the varied imitation of life and nature which a picture, with all the thought and imagination which the artist can bring before his eyes.

But it may be asked, Why must art be addressed to the comprehension of such as we have alluded to,

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who know nothing about art?—and why should her divine powers be brought down to the level of those who have not learned, and who probably never can learn to understand them? The answer is, that if art, without abating her exalted influence, be brought down so far, her condescension will be repaid by this very important advantage, that the less effort required to comprehend her meaning, the greater will be the number capable of such an effort, and the less will be the effect, to the most intelligent observers, in the circumstances of distraction or indifference under which her productions may be presented to their view. It may have been thus that the wit and fancy of Molière required, in his opinion, to be submitted to his simple-minded nurse, before he ventured to try the effect on the polite and the fashionable.

Still, to those who have devoted their lives to a pursuit that has in its practice but little analogy to the labours of ordinary men, it is but just to fancy that they see more and farther into the excellence of a great work of art, than the thoughtless passers by who have never wasted an idea on the subject. Yet, in the power of judging of some part of the excellence of a celebrated work of art, we may far underrate the ordinary observer, and do injustice to the work itself, which, to become celebrated, and to have the cause of its celebrity known and approved through successive ages, must possess a natural interest, of which the most ordinary minds can judge as well as the best informed. That the works of the poet and the historian owe their celebrity to some such common interest cannot admit of a doubt; but they may owe

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more to the principle of general interest—they may owe their escape from forgetfulness and oblivion.

Might we not, on this question, appeal to the interest and to the faculties to which the highest of literary productions are addressed? Homer appears to have selected his great subject, the events of the Trojan war, at a time when tradition had rendered those events as familiar to his countrymen as the stories of the old Forty-five are to the people of our day. The history of Æneas, the coloniser of Italy, may have offered the like reason of choice to Virgil, from national pride, as the story of Columbus would to the descendants of the European settlers in the New World. In every great work, perhaps in every poem, song, or air in music, a preceding cause of interest may be found stimulating the genius of the author, and assisting that genius to render its labours more easy of access to the heart and mind.

Of our own writers Shakspeare appears to have helped himself, as much as any poet, from the sources of pre-existing thought. His Hamlet begins with the most engrossing of all interests—the nursery wonder of a ghost-story; and of a sort which, though calculated to seize on the imagination, is yet detailed with all the powers of dramatic effect, and adorned with a knowledge of the hidden thoughts of the human mind. In this great work the most illiterate cannot fail to be caught by the mystery unfolded, by the suspicion roused, by the sacred ties of kindred violated, and by the stern obligation imposed in the revenge of a hidden crime. In the uncertainty of purpose, and perplexity of situation, to which the scene of recri-

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mination with his nearest relative naturally leads, who is there unthrilled by the sudden appearance of the buried majesty of Denmark, or unappalled when the spectre, both heard and seen by Hamlet and every spectator, is yet unperceived by the trembling Gertrude, as the spirit stalks before her face across the stage, producing a shudder in the audience of which every order of intellect must be alike sensible?

While we find Shakspeare stimulating the ambition of Macbeth by a witch's prophecy, and the revenge of Shylock by a pound of Christian flesh—modes of interest calculated to rouse the attention of the least reflective mind; while we find, by such obvious means, the most thoughtless and the most simple led on to the admiration of the more inaccessible powers of his genius "in the many-coloured life he drew;"—may it not be a fair subject of inquiry whether in the analogous art of painting, and in the popular labours of that art, there may not be found the same appeal to the most common palpable thoughts and subjects of engrossing interest?

It may be asked, where is the mind, however little given to subjects of taste, however little capable of comprehending the style of form and colour required for the representation of an abstract or prophetic subject, that would not at once be arrested by a clear and distinct view of a great work of art? If the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci could be imagined to be in its original perfect state, where is the simplest mind that would fail to feel its impressive effect, combining as it does the solemn observance of the feast of the Passover with the last farewell of Christ

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and the apostles? The sacramental words used upon that occasion are not more striking to the ear, than the array of sacred personages at the table are to the eye. The announcement has just been made that the hour is come when the Son of Man is to be betrayed: the surprise this occasions gives active expression and varied combination of form and posture to all the characters — the mild, the stern, the simple, the severe. The solemn words move all: the calm majesty and submissive meekness of the Saviour on the approach of this great crisis,— the expression of fidelity which seems breathed by all around, given with that relief and reality that the most uninformed may imagine all the interchange of thought, made by sign or whisper or open avowal, and see in imagination the memorable event which follows, and of which this parting scene was to remain a type and memorial.

But in a picture like this, said to have occupied the mind and hand of Leonardo da Vinci for a period of ten years, — a period we may feel assured the operative and technical part of the work could not require, — the great artist would naturally desire to show such research into the modes of expression and looks of the characters as would be most likely to impress a sacred awe in observers of every class, and, as the symbol of a holy ordinance, carry with it a claim upon the attention scarcely allowed to any other scripture subject. In subjects of the like character, but partaking more of action and illusion of effect, we find the succeeding events of that memorable night receiving hue and sentiment from this truly divine composition.

Following the Last Supper, the next in succession

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is Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane,—one of the happiest works of Correggio for expression and illusion of effect; then follows Christ Betrayed, a splendid picture, by Vandyke; the Christ denied by Peter, of Caravaggio; Christ accused before Pilate, by Tintoretto; the Scourging of Christ, of Titian; and Christ bearing the Cross, by Raphael. All these celebrated works, though necessarily possessing every technical and abstract merit of art, are yet so simply treated, so plain and palpable in meaning, as to be felt and admired without effort by the least instructed observer. It may be said, however, that subjects of sympathy and feeling, and of that moving kind of interest which great events inspire, are of necessity intelligible; while subjects in the grand, the epic style, to be truly elevated, cannot be rendered so palpable to the ordinary observer.

Indeed, it is even said and believed that works in the greatest style of sculpture, more particularly those with the bold and moving contour of Michael Angelo, are, through their very excellence of this description, affectedly admired by one class, and thoughtlessly derided by another, for this unappreciable quality. But the style of Michael Angelo, like the style in which the Apollo and Jupiter are conceived, may be cited to excuse every kind of deviation from the appearance of common life; and it has been the fate of the great Florentine to mislead as well as excite the ambition of assiduous students. His boldness is copied without his delicacy,—his exuberance of knowledge, without his nicety of observation. Indeed, his expression, so often copied for its excess, is in itself when most

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energetic mixed with an abstract and dubious thought, emanating from the reflection of the inner mind; still, with all his varied knowledge, his complicated forms, and unlimited power over his materials, we must yet submit his vast genius to the test of ordinary observation.

In doing this it is but fair to admit that the works of Michael Angelo do not possess the peculiar beauty and sentiment with which the least reflecting mind will be captivated at first sight. It is not in viewing his labours by themselves that we feel his vast powers; we must approach him through The Transfiguration of Raphael, The Assumption of the Virgin by Frà Bartolomeo, The St. Peter Martyr and The Pesaro Family of Titian, with The St. Jerome of Correggio. In these works, however incapable of judging of some qualities, the ordinary observer will find enough to fix his attention on those beauties of imitation alone which art can always bestow on the boldest thoughts which arise in the mind.

In viewing the emanations of the master-mind of Michael Angelo, the case is different. With a genius of a reserved and solitary kind, unpropitious to familiar intercourse, he seems in his studies and his labours to court only the sympathies of a few, the learned few, rather than the applause of a more extended class. The regular beauty and perfect human form so readily adopted from the ancients, however known to him and at his command, he seems to have set aside for a style of form peculiarly his own, shown in his sculpture as well as in his painting,—in his statue of Moses, as well as in his fresco of Jeremiah. This,

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with a style in his combination of lines and spaces, of forms and shadows, by which the inanimate objects of his work are made to accord and sympathise with the action and expression of the figure of which they are but the attendant accessaries, give unity and effect to the whole composition.

As an example of Michael's original character and strength, let us look at the ceiling and altar-piece of the Sistine Chapel—his greatest work. The visitors in their hurried circuit round the Vatican, or in the crowd collected in the twilight of the Miserere, will not, it is likely, be much moved by its beauties or its vastness of power. The ceiling, however remarkable as the labour of a single individual, and splendid as a decoration, is from its vertical height from the floor too distant for minute or hurried observation; and when seen with strained and uplifted eye, dimmed as it is by the taper smoke of centuries, the spectator will miss the tone which time usually bestows on a picture, and see the unpropitious greyness of faded tapestry.

A work so extensive and so complicated requires to be viewed by an educated eye; not once or twice, but many times; not hastily, but with deep meditation; not as a matter of amusement, but as a theme for the theologian, the scholar, as well as the studious artist.

But, for our present purpose, let us suppose such a work to be submitted to a man of a sensible mind, uninformed by knowledge of either art or learning, but able to reflect and observe, and possessing the usual acquaintance with his Bible and Testament. He

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might not be struck, as the multitude were, when Michael first submitted that mighty work to the court of Pope Julius in all the charm of novelty and freshness of recent production; but yet to such a person it would present a succession of vast ideas, from the beginning to the end of time, illustrating the great mysteries of belief and Revelation—the creation of the world, the formation and fall of man, the various interpositions of God for man's instruction and guidance, and in conclusion his judgment at the last day.

We can fancy that the most unlearned of spectators could not well avoid perceiving the scope and aim of this

> "Adventurous theme, that with no middle flight
> Intends to soar above the Aonian mount."

Leaving all the merits of art out of view, we may naturally expect his sympathy in a work devoted to the elucidation of a subject all-engrossing.

This chapel, forming from north to south (that is, from the grand entrance to the altar) an elongated parallelogram, presents a lengthened cone in the same direction as the ceiling. In the apex of this cone, beginning at the south, is the series of pictures, divided by compartments, recording the chief events of the antediluvian world, from the creation to the deluge. Of these works, The Creation of Adam and Eve, with The Temptation of Eve in the Garden of Eden, are of a character that every observer, learned or unlearned, cannot fail to be interested with, from the originality and beauty of design and treatment. The pictures which continue the series, representing the Deluge,

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&c., lose greatly in effect by the smallness of the figures. It is alleged from this that they were the first begun, and that Michael, on perceiving this, altered his plan, and enlarged the figures in all that followed. This seemed to be required by the size of the building, as well as by the style of art, and which, from the natural bias to grandeur in the artist's mind, was maintained from the lower to the upper end of the chapel; the Jonas, probably the figure last painted, being the largest of all.

Leaving the ceiling, and descending to the cone, which by a regular curve unites it with the walls of the building, the eye rests upon the large figures, which appear to form the support of the whole composition. These are the far-famed Prophets and Sibyls of Michael Angelo. They are, corresponding with the abutments of the arches on which they are painted, twelve in number. They are each seated in a chair, and attended by two children, which, whether spirits or genii, seem of no farther use than as accessaries to the composition of those noble figures, which seem to have been the chief difficulty in the stupendous task —a difficulty, however, so confidently undertaken, and so completely overcome, that the gigantic size of the figures renders the success more than triumphant.

It is here, in the presence of such a work, that we would venture to make a stand in favour of the perfect power to be understood, and the perfect intelligibility of the higher works of art. Whoever may be capable of comprehending, when they see a picture, the character of a prophet or a prophetess in the Bible,—with the mysterious reflections on the past,

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the solemn ponderings on the neglected present, and the dark warnings or bright promises of the future;—will find here these impressions, as if by visible enchantment, presented to his sight.

Each of the Prophets and Sybils may be regarded as a separate figure, and as a separate subject, engaged in some nameless unremembered act in sympathy with the workings of the soul; with a variety which difference of character would scarcely promise, and which their grandeur in no respect impedes. They seem as in monologue, occupied in reflecting, ruminating, interrogating; and while Ezekiel seems by the action of his hand to say "Can these dry bones live?" Daniel is making a record from the sacred volume, and the prophet Jonah is recounting the three days and three nights' darkness and tribulation from which he had been so miraculously delivered.

How far the introduction of the Sybils, not scriptural personages, in the same station and with much the same purpose as the prophets of the Old Testament, can be allowed, is a question of doubtful propriety; but their admission, by whatever legend or tradition authorised, is of much service in the conduct of the work. The Delphic Sybil—conceived in a style unsurpassed by any thing in the antique—seems truly inspired; while the Cumæan Sybil and her companions possess a grandeur and dignity which in the art of painting exceed the works of every other painter. Their merits are such as the most untutored in art must see and be impressed with as few works of art can impress; and, taken with the accompanying figures of the prophets, may be fairly referred to

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as characters to be regarded with awe, and retained in the memory as the true and appropriate semblance of the oracles of revelation.

Of the prophetic intimation of those inspired personages to the people of their approaching deliverances four instances are recorded by the artist,—The Brazen Serpent, David and Goliath, Joel and Holofernes, and the Fall of Haman. Upon a line with the windows round the whole building are compositions of figures, single and in groups, apparently without action or story, but with the utmost variety that fancy and thought can supply: they are supposed to be the genealogy of the Messiah. Over each window are compositions to which no meaning has been assigned: they consist each of three figures,—a woman, a man, and a child; and as they are each grouped like a Nativity over each of the eight windows, may it not be inferred, where all seems done for a purpose, that those repetitions of the Nativity of Christ are thus presented as the great fulfilment to which the previous indications and prophetic announcements of the work point and lead?

Should these figures and groups be regarded as obscure and wanting in action and purpose, there is yet a great compartment of this work, the chief of which—the part best preserved—must at once be admitted to possess an interest, though of a severe kind, which all must be equally sensible of; I mean The Last Judgment of Michael Angelo. This is, perhaps, the largest picture in the world; its subject the most engrossing; and although, with all its seriousness, liable in its accompaniments to be treated as that of

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Orcagna at Pisa, in a grotesque and vulgar taste, and therefore more consonant to the popular ideas of an early period, yet in this instance conceived in a style and greatness truly Miltonic, and far above the age in which he lived. In the Judgment and Fall of the Angels, a lesson is read both to art and humanity.

In this great work, with bodily action, contortion, and pain, are also exhibited the suffering, the remorse, and agony of mind itself. To design, contrivance, and combination of forms, arranged with all the harmony and intricacy of science, this terrible picture unites the deeper and darker passions, and the shuddering revulsions of nature. It is a picture for all observers, and appeals to the apprehensions of the whole world. To the common eye, as well as to that of the artist, there are many passages or parts ungainly and obscure; but while thought and reflection continue to excite interest, these works will be interesting to those who think and reflect. As they are within the comprehension of an ordinary mind, they establish the influence and the usefulness of art of the highest reach. It is true that a far inferior style would be better adapted to the popular taste, without either the thought or reflection with which these labours abound. There are works of art in every gallery which, from local influence or finesse of detail, are more admired by the spectator than these can be: yet, if these noble works of the Sistine Chapel, abstract as they are, and remote from common experience, are yet obvious in their imitation, and palpable in their thought; they assist by their authority in removing a dogma from the realms of

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taste, and give to the practice of art a simplicity in all the objects on which she employs her hand.

The genius of Michael Angelo, it is true, might, with his acquired knowledge and skill, have excited even greater wonder in the age of art in which he lived: had he confined himself to technical achievements, he might have dazzled the mere artist by difficulties overcome, or astonished the novice in art by the far more easy display of deceptive imitation. He has felt, however, that in the work allotted to his skill a far higher duty was before him. He appears to have perceived that a great occasion was presented of aggrandising art, by combining and making known in one great effort the collected powers of all his predecessors, and by generalising their knowledge into one great style, and adapting it to a more refined and universal appreciation.

But Michael had yet a higher aim in the purpose of those who intrusted him with the work—the high object for which it was required. To satisfy the wish of the church, and to fulfil the sacred desire of conveying to the humble and the poor the knowledge of Revelation, he exerted his genius, and conceived a magnificent work, suited to the place and the time—filled with the wonders of sacred history, with the sublime characteristics of scripture knowledge, and suited to the sanctuary of the church; working successfully to show the triumph over death in the resurrection, the exaltation of the good, and the punishment of the wicked,—in brief to

——— "Assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man."

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SECTION V.

Perspective and Foreshortening.

EXPERIENCE, however required to bring to maturity the purpose of every enterprise, may yet by too much confidence in its own power allow itself to be defeated by the undisciplined efforts of a natural impulse, or other element of power with which it may be baffled or opposed. The wisest counsellor may be baffled by the simplest witness, the most practical orator set at nought by an unprepared straightforward reply; and, as if to prove that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, how many achievements have been accomplished, and how many contests won, by the weaker and more unpractised party, attempting in ignorance of their own weakness what was deemed to be impossible!

This sort of doubt in the attainments of experience is yet made more uncertain in cases where the success is not self-evident, but dependent upon the will or caprice of those to whose comprehension the result is addressed. The physician must submit the cure which he performs to the appreciation of the humblest of his patients, and the statesman his policy to the sense of fellow-subjects least capable of judging of its wisdom. In like manner in the pursuits of art, the highest efforts of skill may be seen contending in the same arena with those of the unpractised beginners in art, and may be judged of not merely by those who are good judges, but decided upon by the unenlightened multitude, whom works of art are intended

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to gratify and please, and who will at once express their pleasure or disapprobation without either experience or reflection on the subject.

This at once equalizes every claim of acquired proficiency; and while excellence of the highest kind may fail in its intended impression, yet whatever quality there may be which all and every one the least alive to art can feel and admire, is exactly that quality and feat in art which the most untutored as well as the intelligent practitioner will execute with nearly equal success. Of this kind of attainment a strong, or what is called a striking, likeness is the result, and seems equally within the reach of every artist; also what is thought a startling deception, where the picture is supposed to give a representation so true as for a moment to be taken for a reality — whether it be that of the painter who deceived the birds by the painting of the fruit, or of him who deceived the painter by his painting of the curtain. This is a power equally within the reach of the most humble as of the most gifted painter. There are other similar qualities — a display of bright colouring — of exaggerated effect — contortions of the human frame, and representations of scenes of horror and disgust; all of these can be made to produce their impression upon every observer without drawing much on the skill of the artist who produces them.

It is not this unnatural brilliancy, however great, nor the truth, however penetrating the impression may be, that can retain in complacency and pleasure for a length of time the attention of the spectator. It is said that Valdez, the Spanish painter, showed in

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triumph to Murillo a work of his still in the entrance of the chapel of Caridad, where the sad display of the last change of mortality is but too faithfully given; when Murillo observed, that, to see such a picture with satisfaction to the eye, would require that every other sense should be suspended. But the propriety of the representation does not raise a question of either power, or might, or of experience; but a question of taste. It was one of the many remarks of Sir George Beaumont, that Garrick, in the most boisterous scenes of his acting—in the storm and whirlwind of passion—was always sure of the additional perfection of never being disagreeable.

It is not, therefore, the surprise which a work may produce on its first view, nor the circumstance of novelty or wonder with which it may be attended, that can vouch for its excellence; but it is, with its attractive influence, to have the power of fixing and retaining, and, by its engaging qualities, inducing the spectator to reflect upon the art which raises it in the scale of thought. It is this faculty of exciting this pleasing dream in the mind that gives to art its fascination, that makes the distinction between skill and want of skill, the difference between the labour of Denner and the science of Michael Angelo.

It is the power of gaining upon the attention of such a spectator as can be moved and riveted by the contemplation of a work of art, that gives to the works of Michael Angelo this vast pre-eminence. They may have many imperfections, much that is unexplained and obscure; but, for reflection and meditation—for fixing the mind upon the form and countenance of

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man, as an imaginary, reflecting, and responsible being, dwelling on the past, forgetful of the present, and perplexed with the future: they present a power scarce to be met with elsewhere in the whole range of art. Even the expression of his heads—the index of that world of memory which is passing within—has in it that idea of "the burthen and mystery of existence," that seems to call for our attention, while it eludes the precision of feature by which distinct thought is expressed. Such, indeed, in his hands, is the human form as the expositor of mind, that Sir Thomas Lawrence used to say, comparing him with Raphael, that if he could go for the eleventh time to look at the works of Raphael, he could yet go for the twelfth time to the study of those of Michael Angelo.

It is not, however, that the perfections of this great master are of a kind to elude the attention of those the least used to look upon art; but some allowance and some effort must be made by the mere novice to gain such knowledge of his profession as to be able to take in and relish the force of his meaning: nor is this apathy, or disregard, confined to those to whom art is as an untrodden way; it belongs, in some degree, to the professors of art themselves. It is an insensibility, not arising from want of knowledge, but a fastidiousness in the objects of art—a choice of some other standard of perfection, more regulated, more consistent with a taste already formed, with merits already proved; and with that admitted and classic excellence, which, however limited it may be to the aspiration of genius, is yet considered the safest guide and example to all that can be taught of art.

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Led by these feelings, there are those who consider the bold flights of Michael Angelo, and the imagination he introduced into art, however great in his own instance, as yet baleful to the race of artists who have succeeded him; and that a more pure and chastened style, avoiding those faults of exaggeration which no taste can approve, might have still left us his knowledge unalloyed by that extravagance so often laid to his charge. It is even said that the divine Raphael was too much influenced by the hazardous innovations of his great contemporary, and that, by enlarging his style of drawing, and increasing the size of his figures, he was departing from the more pure and less faulty manner of his early days; but we forget that the progress of change observed in this great master, like that which may be traced in the early works of Michael Angelo himself, is precisely that which arises from the success of their enterprises, and the fuller development of their powers. A progress from limited to more enlarged efforts may, in like manner, be seen in the history of every school, in the career of every master, and in the progress, from commencement to completion, of every work of art.

It is said that, on a casual visit made by Michael Angelo to the Farnesina palace, while Raphael, then engaged in its decoration, was absent, he drew a colossal head on the wall, still preserved, as a silent admonition to the young artist that a larger size of figure would be more suitable both to his genius and subject. Perhaps this complimentary advice was intended to intimate that, in the extended sphere of

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existence in which we move, a limited scale of art requires a more minute attention than the observer has patience to bestow, and which might lessen its impression, and weaken its interest; and that life itself was too short for the multitude of details which genius, when devoted to minuteness, would naturally desire.

So far as expansion was concerned, the counsel intended to be conveyed was not lost on Raphael; for it appears in his works, from The Loggie to The Stanzas, the size of his figures increase, and also from the earlier of The Stanzas. In The Dispute of the Sacraments to The Incendio del Borgo, and from these to the cartoons, a gradual enlargement may be observed in this class of his works. But while this increase, this fuller development, appears to have followed close on the advancing success of these great masters, there was another peculiarity, not quite dependent upon size, although naturally attendant upon it, associated with the labours of Michael Angelo. This is known as his gusto or taste in the drawing of his figures, a quality but rarely found in the works of the masters who preceded him; and, although it may be said to have dawned on those of Luca Signorelli, and to be simultaneously adopted by his great contemporaries, Frà Bartolomeo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Titian, still it belongs particularly to Michael Angelo, to whose works it has added an acknowledged grandeur of style, which have given a new characteristic to modern art.

This style, which consists more in a largeness of manner than of dimensions, has, by the use of the

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flowing and swelling contour, the power of moulding into harmony of shape, the continuance and repetition of lines in the same direction, and the avoidance of angular abruptness in their intersections, given grace to every action, and movement to every limb. This unity of purpose, which seems to make every fold of drapery, and every accessory, to contribute to the expression which animates the figure, is rarely found, even in the statues of the ancients, whose correctness and purity would scarcely admit of such deviation from the strict position of the natural form. It is a taste and a style in vain to be looked for in an early stage of art; whether from adherence to a rigid standard of form, or from limitation in the powers of the artist. This marked peculiarity, which, from the days of the great Michael, descended to every branch of art, seems to have owed its origin to a newly acquired power, now seldom adverted to, but then most happily applied by himself and others, to give a fresh impulse to the painter's art.

To estimate the value of this acquisition, it may be proper to consider that a dry and sterile taste in drawing naturally accompanied the uncertain efforts of the revivers of art in Italy. The early art of both Italians and Germans, like that of the Egyptians, was stiff and formal, as if nature were imitated by measurement, and made to satisfy by an actual demonstration of its accuracy, rather than by an appeal to that sense of eye which all art is intended to please, and which, therefore, must be alone the judge of that kind of art which comes the nearest to the impress nature has made on its perceptions.

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Bounded as art must be, while restrained by the limits of so unfixed an imitation, we see in early works the profile rather than the front face, the direct and upright rather than the complex form, with every limb and member disposed for repose rather than for action. With these simple elements, plain and unvaried as the single air of a melody in music, the painted surface of a picture becomes strictly the same in principle with the bas-relief of the ancients. Yet we find a subject treated in such works of art with dignity of design, impressive incident, and every variety of character; and it is quite possible, as has been attempted in recent times, that with this simplicity might be combined the most perfect drawing and most elegant standard of human form.

In the advance, however, of human improvement, between the ingenuity of the artist and the expectation of the admirers of art, it is found that the simple bas relief, without the aid of its changing surface, imposes a sad restriction upon him who has outline, light, shadow, and colour entirely at his command. It is found, therefore, that the simplest upright figure, whether to vary it among other figures, or for the slightest change in the forms of which it is composed, requires the assistance of a power peculiar to the art of painting—the power to which we have alluded—the power of perspective.

This power, so indispensable to an art whose purpose is to render the appearance of every object detached and relieved as it is in nature upon the plane of a flat surface, is undoubtedly the most important

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gift which art has yet received from the science of geometry, bestowing at once a truth to all its representations, while it entirely disunites its qualities from those of sculpture, with which it had previously held a disadvantageous and uncertain alliance.

In alluding to this great addition to the power and independence of the painter's art, to which may be traced so much of its certainty in giving correctness to what is real, and consistency even to what is imagined, it is impossible to refrain from considering what this new gift, or invention, may have contributed to the splendid advance made by art in the fifteenth century, supplying an unwonted impulse to the genius of the artist, giving a boldness to his thoughts, and enlargement to his views, in the consciousness that he was doing what man had never before done, and which the eyes of man had never before witnessed. Like the compass to the mariner, no longer restrained to a coasting navigation within sight of shore, he now launched forth into the boundless ocean, certain that all he meets with or sees is a new discovery unknown or unimagined before.

Whether, from the days of Giotto to those of Michael Angelo, this accession of strength to the cause of art was slow or sudden, its application could only have been gradual; however much each newly ascertained problem may have been seized upon as a guide, by the instinct of every master, still the acquisition of perspective, however it came, forms a striking epoch in the history of painting, adding incalculably as it does to the power of imitating nature, not merely as she is, but what is still more in cha-

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racter, with the art of painting in every variety of mode in which she may appear. It is by perspective the picture gets rid at once of the flat surface, that inseparable obstacle to all the aspirations of the artist: by the simple and unerring rule of linear perspective, the plain canvas at once reaches from the fore-ground to the distance, giving immeasurable extent at will; presenting at the command of the artist space and situation, in which, and that with exact rule, every object according to its size, inclination, and distance, may be disposed and placed.

This is a power, when once known, that can be learned and applied by every artist; must be as universally in use as the art of painting, and with it never can be lost.

But with the power of perspective there is another art, which seems to have arisen or grown out of it—foreshortening. This is the perspective of curves: it cannot be applied by rule like linear perspective, but is dependent upon the eye and the knowledge of the artist: while perspective itself can be taught and used by every practitioner, foreshortening, to be employed with truth and effect, must be the result of the genius of the master. This power of foreshortening, required to a certain degree in the correct drawing of every figure, and indispensable in every complicated group of figures, appears unknown on the revival of the arts, when in its absence flatness and stiffness necessarily prevailed; but on its principles becoming known and moderately introduced, its tendency was to give rotundity to limbs and figures,

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relief to projections and groups, and an unrestrained movement to all the living objects in a picture.

But the invention and practice of foreshortening had another effect upon art, in the freedom which it seems to have introduced into the style of drawing. As it could not be applied to any measurement but that of the eye, and as limbs and figures projecting or receding are found to demand a boldness of outline to give that appearance of length, which the elongated view conceals. This seems to have led to a style, even in the upright figures, by which the flowing line of foreshortening is made use of, even to give rotundity itself its fulness and relief. Thus it was found that contours became more salient, and expression more free, till by degrees the stiff and staid lineaments of the early masters gave place to the more varied elements which led to the drawing of Luca Signorelli, and the style of Michael Angelo.

To make it a question at this period, when so much of a new and unknown power had been acquired by the art, and was at the command of the artist, whether the aim of the painter was to be limited to the same simple quality of production which had served to gratify the admirer of art, when art and taste were in their infancy, would be like expecting the child to creep after it had learnt to walk, or the wings of a bird to remain useless after it had learnt to fly.

Indeed, in an age of invention and discovery, like that to which we now refer, the tendency was to apply this new help even to excess. It was tried in bas-relief by Alonzo Ghiberti, and John de Bologna;

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and in later times, the excess of foreshortening was used in ceilings by Pietro da Cortona, and that to a degree which seemed to exclude every other agreeable quality in art. Still it is this power that has served to characterise European art, to distinguish the art of painting, in its connexion with science and civilisation, and the want of it, as indicating the art of an uninstructive and barbarous people.

That art may be found without perspective, or its artist-like accompaniment foreshortening, and may still give an effective imitation of natural objects, cannot be denied. In ancient times, the Egyptians and Greeks seem to have been ignorant of this fine invention; and in modern times the Chinese and Hindoos, with all their ingenuity, are defective in this, and with their almost superstitious adherence to precedent and habit, are never, I fear, likely either to adopt such an improvement, or invent one of equal merit. At the same time, in their pictures every variety of relief and distance is attempted, showing their sensibility to what is wanting, without the ingenuity to supply the scientific help which alone can remedy the defect.

The great difference which distinguishes modern art from the ancient, is the absence in the latter of the laws of vision. This was evidently felt by the Greeks, for they have attempted—but without the light of science—to supply, to a certain degree, its place. In the absence of the fixed line of perspective, the pictures of the Greeks never reach beyond the profile or bas-relief; and in their utmost advances, are little more than a branch of sculpture. So nearly

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allied indeed were the two arts, that there are modern instances of pictures being painted in relief, and of sculpture being variegated with colour; yet with this limitation producing, by the force of genius, effects, if not so varied, yet as impressive, as those now acknowledged in the reliefs and statues of the ancients.

Still, without the science of perspective, the essential characteristic of painting was wanting; without this, her representations are excluded from all the variety which different distances, and the delicate combinations of foreshortening, have given, not merely to the imitation of what is real, but to the placing and embodying of the fancies of imagination itself.

But the admirers of the Greeks are unwilling to allow that this accomplished people were ignorant of perspective, or indeed that they were deficient in any knowledge or power with which experience and invention have enriched modern art. And to sustain this position, copies have been made, and prints engraved, in which, with a skilful touch or two, the copier or transcriber, by adding what science now gives to the humblest effort of art, supplied the defective perspective, and gave to ancient art a power which it never actually possessed.

It is not, however, from a source such as this that the actual condition of art in ancient times can be obtained; but, happily, examples of antiquity, by a remarkable dispensation of Providence, have been preserved to us. The volcanos which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii, while destroying all else, covered up and, as it were, embalmed the paintings of the public places for the instruction of future ages.

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On examining these interesting remains, it must be far less the object of the accurate observer to dwell on the excellence, real or imaginary, to which the people of Italy had in those days attained, than to estimate the precise degree, not only in what they had acquired, but in what they were deficient, and to measure the height to which their genius and invention had reached, the exact estimate of which being now our only guide to a true judgment of their merits.

To a mind liable to be influenced by a feeling of romance, the remains of those early works collected at Portici would furnish an ample theme for thought. They are works preserved, and preserved alone as if by enchantment, while all that was coeval with them was consumed: it is like the Eastern tale of the seven sleepers, only that we awake in an anterior time, in an age of retrospect. These remains are the most remarkable examples of antique art which we have yet discovered; and from them we may judge of the desolation which the intermediate centuries have wrought. They present to us the exact handiwork of the artist, in the most fragile material, with the impression of brush and tool, with the unchanged flow of the once liquid colour, affected in its layers by the movement of his hand, or by the respirations almost of the breath of the artist on the delicate material. The washes of colour are said to be of wax, and they seem imbedded on a ground of lime or plaster, to the whiteness of which the colours owe much of their lightness and brilliancy. If, as it is supposed, these are the inferior examples of provincial towns, and cannot be taken as a specimen of the works of art in

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the Roman or Grecian capitals, they must raise our ideas of the power, though they furnish no exact notion of the style of the great masters of their time.

But whether perspective be found in ancient art or otherwise, it is quite clear that art may be so used as to conceal its absence; the geometrical elevation of a building is purposely without it. A single figure, or any number of figures, may be arranged at the same distance, parallel to the plane of the picture; but the moment the artist endeavours to give nature in all the varied appearances she may assume to the eye, then perspective, and all the concomitant parts of art which she assists and regulates—situation, light, and shadow—must be used as an integral part of her system and her power.

By a gift so rare as this, from science to art, what a change has been wrought upon the whole system of pictorial composition! By this, the formidable difficulty of upright lines, so prevalent in early art, has been overcome; by this the objects and figures, instead of being placed at full length and entire, may be exhibited, by means of receding and advancing lines, within a much less extensive portion of the picture; by this, style is no longer influenced by the material, but exercises a command and control over it, and, like the harmony of colour and the unity of light and shadow, by that perfect balance of all its parts which we call keeping, a work of art becomes complete in its impression on the spectator's mind.

After attempting to show, by the foregoing remarks, how much art, from its early growth, has been assisted by the ingenuity of science in adding to its

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powers of imitation, it will most likely occur to the mind as a consequence of this, that in proportion to what is attempted by art, will art be removed from that simplicity which forms its greatest charm, and that, in a system where the powers become complicated, the singleness of object, and all the effect which belongs to it, is at an end. In answer to this, it may be admitted that simplicity is a delightful quality, and brings a recommendation to many objects with which it is allied, whether it addresses itself to the sense or to the reason. But simplicity will not do of itself alone: unless sustained and contrasted with some power of a varied description, it is by itself, and always by itself, a tiresome and dubious virtue.

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CHAPTER VI.

WILKIE REMOVES TO VICARAGE PLACE, KENSINGTON.—REMOVAL OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF 1837.—ACCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—WILKIE COMMANDED TO PAINT THE QUEEN'S FIRST COUNCIL.—LETTERS TO MR. COLLINS, R.A., MISS WILKIE, AND SIR ROBERT PEEL.

WILKIE did not consume all his time in penning these Remarks, but, obeying his own injunction of always doing something, also employed his pencil on subjects which had long been present to his fancy:—the Sir David Baird, The Escape of Queen Mary from Lochleven, The Empress Josephine and the Sorceress of Saint Domingo, and The Cotter's Saturday Night. The success of his Peep-o'-Day Boy suggested a portrait of Daniel O'Connell to an admirer of the distinguished Irishman; and Wilkie, with some wonder, and perhaps reluctance, accepted the commission. He was busy on these works when he moved to a house, large and commodious, in Vicarage Place, from whence he dates the following letter.

TO LADY BAIRD.

Vicarage Place, Kensington, 30th Jan. 1837.

The figure of Sir David Baird is entirely painted in, and I think that the air of the whole is

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impressive: the dress I had made up for the purpose. Sir James M'Grigor has just called, and bears his testimony to the entire resemblance; he approves, too, of the dress, which is like that he recollects Sir David wearing in Egypt. Mrs. Agnes and Mrs. Joanna Baillie have also borne a flattering testimony to the likeness. They had called to see what pictures I had in hand, and, on entering my painting-room, exclaimed aloud, "See, there is Sir David Baird;" and, on inquiry, I found that they knew nothing of the subject of the picture, and had no other clue to the likeness but their having seen Sir David Baird in Edinburgh, shortly after his return from Spain.

The figures of the orderly and the pioneer are also painted in, and make a considerable show in the centre of the picture. I have taken out the dogs, considering the wishes of my employer in all cases as a law; but I have as yet devised nothing to supply their place.

D. W.

TO WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ. R.A., ROME.

Vicarage Place, Kensington,
6th Feb. 1837.

Dear Collins,

Your most welcome letter from Rome has given us all great pleasure, and enables me to write and report all that is doing. First, then, Reynolds requested me to look over his plate of The Sunday Morning, which I did twice with chalk, &c. He has made a very good mezzotinto plate of it, and has done his best. The figures are extremely good, the landscape well; the chief defect the showing too much

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of the etched lines on the ground, and on the stems of trees. But this could not be rectified; the general effect is as near as possible. This plate suggests to me that you should get future plates done in mezzotinto.

You are pleased to ask about my brother: he is greatly better. I sent him with Helen to Brighton, where I joined them, taking with me an impression of the plate by Cousins of The Maid of Saragossa, which I showed to the King. I took, also, a newly commenced head of the King, for which his Majesty gave me four sittings. This was fortunate: it is the best I have done of the King, by far; remarkably like; so much so, indeed, that all advise me to have it in the Exhibition.

On my return from Brighton I took possession of my new house in Vicarage Place. Expenses are increased by this; but if I can manage matters, it is perfectly a luxury for comfort: the painting-room answers capitally. I am going on with The Sir David Baird with great satisfaction. I expect to have five or six pictures ready for the Exhibition.

The removal of the Royal Academy from Somerset House has taken place. Had a farewell dinner by advice of Turner, in the old room, at the close of the year. We have lost Richard Westall and Sir John Soane. The former died poor; the Duchess of Kent is to allow a pension to his blind sister: the latter rich; Wyatville thinks about 100,000*l.* All complain of his temper, which Academy proceedings can exemplify. But this must have been under control, or no such fortune could have been realised.

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The British Gallery has just opened, with much the usual show. The chief novelty, the interior of Haddon Hall, by Horsley, nephew to Callcott, clever, and combining a mixture of Callcott and De Hooge.

I was much pleased with your remarks, though few, on the frescoes of Raphael. Pray think of writing, while in Rome, to your great friends, Sir Robert Peel, Sir George Phillips, the Marshalls, &c.; and pray look at the back-ground of The Communion of St. Jerome, by Domenichino. Sir George Beaumont thought it the finest landscape back-ground in the world.

D. W.

The Royal Academy was removed this year from Somerset House to new galleries in Trafalgar Square, in which Painting found better room and light than her sister Sculpture. The old apartments were bestowed by George the Third, in days when kings had the power to give: they had seen the last works of Reynolds and the first of Wilkie; and it was not without reluctance that some of the aged members bade them farewell.

TO WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ. R.A., ROME.

Dear Collins,

The impression that Rome has made upon you is not more than I expected, though it may be more than you anticipated. It is, as you say, not only a new sense added to a landscape-painter, but it is to you a new field. As you are now in the prime of

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life, and at the height of your faculties and fame, why might not you, by the irresistible effort which a fresh theme inspires, form for yourself, with all your present excellencies, *a new style of art;* — what Claude, Poussin, Wilson, and Turner have owed to Italy, are advantages equally open to yourself? Your purpose of avoiding the beaten track of costumes, views, and imitations of others, the *rock* all young visiters split upon, is most judicious. The summer sky, rustic and wild nature, with the more simple monuments of ancient greatness, will most likely be the objects of your attraction and study, and will be hailed here as the most pleasing recollections of that delightful country.

Here is nothing heard but the note of preparation for the new Academy. The portrait-painters I have not yet seen; but Phillips will have his number. Etty is to have a very large picture, Scylla and Charybdis with Syrens. Landseer has some excellent pictures; the chief, his Lord Francis Egerton and Family, in which the quantity and beauty of detail is surprising; the general arrangement, too, most happy. Perhaps the beauties of the detail draw attention from the heads, hands, and general effect, disposing one to examine it close to the picture, rather than at a distance from it; but it is a surprising work.

Leslie has a beautiful picture of Perdita, from "The Winter's Tale." Callcott has been so indifferent in health that he will only have one landscape and his large picture of Raphael and the Fornarina. I am quite ready, have three subjects — Mary Queen of Scots, Josephine, and The Cotter's Saturday Night;

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also two portraits, a head of the King, and a half-length of Lord Tankerville.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall are in town, and I have put up the picture of Napoleon. It is placed at the end of the drawing-room, between your picture and Callcott's picture — a splendid situation. All these look well together, and I have assured Mr. Marshall that I have never had more honour done to my labours. They have all been most interested in hearing about you. Wordsworth had left them a week ago, on his way for Italy.

Both Lewis and Roberts have got up their works upon Spain, folio-size; they are extremely well executed. They are trying to get the impressions coloured. I expect, indeed, that coloured prints will come again into fashion. Cousins has made a beautiful plate from my picture of The Maid of Saragossa: I tried an impression coloured from the picture — it looked extremely well.

To-night we elect a Professor of Architecture, in the room of Soane. Wilkins is the only candidate, and will, I think, be a creditable Professor.

D. W.

Of the pictures preparing by other artists for exhibition in the New Academy, Wilkie speaks with admiration of some, and with kindness of all: his own he simply mentions, they are in all seven; viz. 1. Portrait of William the Fourth. 2. Mary, Queen of Scots, escaping from Lochleven. 3. The Empress Josephine and the Fortune-Teller. 4. Portrait of the Earl of Tankerville. 5. The Cotter's Saturday

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Night. 6. Portrait of the late Sir William Knighton. 7. Portrait of a Gentleman reading." Of these The Queen Mary, The Empress Josephine, and The Cotter's Saturday Night, are all of an historic and poetic order, remarkable for truth, character, and beauty. The first realizes the youth, life, and loveliness of the Mary and Catharine Seaton, and Roland Græme, of Scott's Romance: the second gives form, and colour, and character to a passage in the life of Josephine, as singular as it is true, that when very young, and residing in St. Domingo, a negress sybil, or sorceress of that isle, foretold that she would live to be a crowned queen. This is one of the happiest of the artist's works of imagination, and was painted for John Abel Smith, Esq., M.P. The third, The Cotter's Saturday Night, painted for Mr. Moon, supplies to all the calm, the holy, and lovely group, contained in the poet's verse. The Gentleman reading is Thomas Wilkie, the artist's brother; a fine picture, the attitude bold and natural.

TO LADY BAIRD.

Kensington, 24th April, 1837.

Since I wrote to your Ladyship, the picture of Sir David Baird has been seen by the Marchioness of Ailsa, who expressed much interest about it, and I think seemed pleased with the figure of Sir David, as according with her early remembrance of him.

As I understand your Ladyship is to be in London this season, my wish is to get the back-ground figures

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advanced as far as possible, that I may have the more to submit for your approval. I think that by the end of May, I shall have the effect at least, if not the details, a good way on.

I find much help as I go on, by having the real objects to paint from. The European Arms I got from the maker's, and some friends are to lend me Indian stuffs and dresses. Of the trophies and arms at Fern Tower, I have drawings; but the arms themselves I should like to have before me, when engaged in painting in the details of the picture.

D. W.

TO LADY BAIRD.

Kensington, 18th June, 1837.

The picture now proceeds apace. Besides the figure of Sir David Baird, several of the European group are painted in; and, having found some native Lascars, who have been sitting to me daily for some weeks past, I am getting the chief of the Indian heads painted in.

I have been to the Museum of the India House, but found very little there to assist me. They have no picture of Tippoo Saib, and no likeness but a small drawing, of which I have got a print.

The interest of the subject I find grows as I proceed. The subordinate figures and the back-ground I generally leave till the principal figures are painted in.

D. W.

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TO WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ. R.A., NAPLES.

Kensington, 6th July, 1837.

Since I last wrote, great events and changes have taken place. King William IV. is dead, and Queen Victoria on the throne. At seven o'clock in the morning she had to be waked out of a sound sleep, to be told she was Queen of England; and when she came out of her room, half dressed, to receive the intelligence, she burst into tears, an exuberance of feeling with which George IV. was himself equally affected when receiving the same intelligence.

We have had a meeting at the Royal Academy for an address of condolence, the thinnest meeting I ever was at — a strange contrast to the meeting on the accession of William IV., which to my feeling was over-excited, while this, I think, was apathetic. The address, proposed by Sir Martin, was correct and proper, and the condolence well felt, but, on the whole, chilling and cold. I tried to counteract this, by proposing an allusion to the Duchess of Kent: this was adopted, and seemed to cheer the assembly. Phillips moved the address, and I was called upon to second it. This I did, and urged, at the same time, whether an address to the Queen Dowager would not be proper. Sir Martin said that this had occupied the attention of the Council and, that, as there was no precedent, they were in doubt. Since this, an address has been prepared by the Council, and will

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be submitted to the General Meeting on Tuesday next.

D. W.

TO LADY BAIRD.

Kensington, 20th August, 1837.

Since I had the honour of seeing you, I have proceeded with the figure and dress of Tippoo Saib, which help the work greatly. I have had Indians in constant attendance, and have finished the heads and hands of the natives with great care. The Indian costume, I find, gives great effect and character to all.

After you left town Mrs. Plunket called; with her was Mrs. Parker, who has since brought me a dress, consisting of pelisse and trowsers, *actually worn by Tippoo Saib himself!!* This is a great help.

Mr. Charles Russell has also sent me a coach-load of turbans, pelisses, trowsers of the richest stuffs, with matchlocks, scymitars, and a superb shield. These, with what your Ladyship is pleased to send me from Fern Tower, will supply completely the Indian part of the picture.

I have thought a great deal about the propriety of changing the great coat on the figure of Sir David Baird for a cloak, as your Ladyship suggests. Considering that some dress was wanted in addition to what actually may have been worn, so as to give amplitude and consequence to the principal and commanding figure. I at first thought of a cloak, but I confess it had its disadvantages — it concealed the

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figure, and courted more observation than I supposed the great coat would do, to which I have resorted. I always try an experiment in sketches; this experiment I will again try, and will submit my sketches to your decision for my guidance in finishing the picture.

D. W.

In June the throne changed its occupants: a king died, and a queen succeeded — one young and lovely, in whose looks was the hope of a long reign, and in her firmness of mind the promise of a prosperous one. The appointment of Painter in Ordinary was renewed to Sir David. That he was soon called upon to perform its duties, we may see by the following letters: —

TO MISS WILKIE.

York Hotel, Brighton, 17th Oct. 1837.

You will find resting on the sill of the folding door in the painting room a *canvas* I ordered for another Columbus, — it measures about 6 feet 6 by 4 feet 6, and is quite clean and new — the beginning of the King in his Robes, I think, covers it. Having no doubt of your finding it, have a packing-case made, and send it here that I may have it on Thursday morning.

Her Majesty has given me a sitting to-day, and has commanded a picture of her first Council, and has been telling me who to put in it. I am to have a sitting again on Saturday. I told her Majesty that I would get the canvas from home, and paint in her figure from to-day's sitting, and sketch the group

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upon it, so as to have it ready for the Saturday's sitting.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

York Hotel, Brighton, 28th Oct. 1837.

Her Majesty has been most gracious, appearing to recognise me as an early friend. I proceed with the picture—have painted in her figure on the canvas you sent, and which arrived in capital time. Her face I have painted, nearly a profile — it is thought like her. She sat to-day in the dress — a white satin, covered with gauze embroidered — I think it looks well. All here think the subject good, and she likes it herself. Lord Conyngham and Mr. Seguier give me encouragement about it. She appoints a sitting once in two days, and never puts me off.

D. W.

1st Nov. 1837.

Yesterday the Queen again sat to me — the last her Majesty can give me at present: so I am preparing to move.

TO WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ. R.A. NAPLES.

Kensington, 12th Nov. 1837.

The election at the Royal Academy on the first Monday of November, for the two vacant associateships fell upon Mr. Patten and Mr. Charles Landseer. The list was strong to select from—a full dozen as good as these. Wyatt, of Rome, came upon the ballot,

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when, as a non-resident, it was urged that he should not be allowed; but this was overruled, and accordingly he was pitted against Landseer, who had a greater majority from this, than he would have had over a resident candidate. Observe, however, that though Wyatt was not successful from non-residence, still he was not held disqualified from this.

In the course of the autumn I made a tour into Leicestershire, seeing Manchester, Liverpool, Chester, &c., on my way to Coleorton, to visit Sir George Beaumont, where I saw your picture of the French Diligence, well placed in the principal room. On a rocky height, near Coleorton, a convent is building for a fraternity of Trappist monks. This I was taken to see; and there I saw, for the first time in England, a monk in full costume, with the shaved head and a cowl. In the ardour of their zeal they make here a great stir, cultivating the ground with their own hands, making proselytes, and, from what I could learn, giving much uneasiness to the established clergy of the district.

A few days after the accession of her Majesty, Queen Victoria, I was happy to find myself remembered by a message—that her Majesty was graciously pleased to appoint me her Painter in Ordinary, as in the last reign. Hayter was at the same time appointed her Portrait Painter, and since then Chalon has had a similar honour. The first picture the Queen sat for was for a drawing by A. E. Chalon. The Queen is dressed in the robes she wore when the Parliament was dissolved. It was instantly caught by Moon, to engrave from, at a high-price copy-

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right. In October last I received a message from the Lord Chamberlain, to attend the Queen at Brighton, with the view of beginning the Embassy Picture, but was told the Queen had heard of a sketch I had made of her First Council. Accordingly, on seeing her Majesty, and finding her strongly set upon this, I sent for a canvas from London, and began the figure of the Queen at once. She is placed nearly in profile at the end of a long table, covered with a red cloth. She sits in a large chair, or throne, a little elevated, to make her the presiding person. This will be a picture of considerable plague in adjusting the persons; but as every one seems keen about the subject, I shall proceed, though I am putting other things at a stand. Having been accustomed to see the Queen from a child, my reception had a little the air of that of an early acquaintance. She is eminently beautiful, her features nicely formed, her skin smooth, her hair worn close to her face, in a most simple way; glossy and clean-looking. Her manner, though trained to act the Sovereign, is yet simple and natural. She has all the decision, thought, and self-possession, of a queen of older years; has all the buoyancy of youth, and from the smile to the unrestrained laugh, is a perfect child. While I was there she was sitting to Pistrucci, for her coin, and to Hayter for a picture for King Leopold.

D. W.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART. M.P.

Dear Sir Robert, Kensington, 24th Nov. 1837.

The engraving of Knox Preaching is, I am happy to say, drawing to a close. Mr. Moon and Mr. Doo have just been to show me an unfinished proof, which even exceeds my expectations. It is done in a most accomplished style of engraving, and I feel assured you will like it. The time allowed to Mr. Doo has been exceeded by some months, purely from zeal to make it more perfect. I presume you will still be pleased to allow him the use of the picture to complete it, which we hope he will be able to do soon, as Mr. Moon wishes to have it out in the ensuing Summer.

I rejoice to hear every account favourable of your restored health.

I have the honour, &c.

D. W.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART. M.P.

My dear Sir, Kensington, 29th Nov. 1837.

I am sorry that the picture of Knox should be detained from you so long after the expiration of the three years. I wrote immediately to Mr. Doo for the proof he showed me, that I might have the pleasure of submitting it to you, considering that the only thing I can do in emergencies like these, which, I admit with you, Sir, are extremely detrimental to the encouragement of art, was, to endeavour to show

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that though the time has been exceeded, the work has not been unimproved. Mr. Doo, to fulfil his engagement, has exerted himself almost beyond the strength of man, and is now only delayed in the completion of his task, by the most zealous endeavour that the plate which is to bear the name of Sir Robert Peel upon its Dedication should carry with it the highest degree of excellence.

I wish of all things to do precisely what would be agreeable to you, and, if possible, to obtain your concurrence in all we are doing. The moment I get the proof I mean to do myself the honour of waiting upon you with it. I am willing to trust every thing to the impression which it will make upon you. In parts it still wants the charm of the completion, but time will give it this. I have the highest expectation from its character, and have no reason to doubt that the same favour you have shown in so handsome a manner to the picture, both when in progress and when completed, will be extended to this translation or version of it (for its merits are far above a copy) into a new language.

With the highest feeling of respect,

I have the honour, &c.

D. W.

TO ——.

Dear Madam,

Vicarage Place, Kensington,
4th Dec. 1837.

Be assured I was much gratified in receiving your letters, not merely from the statement so pleasingly conveyed of the interesting mansion, once the

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sanctuary of our early church, but also from the accounts you give of those around you, and by the renewal of intercourse, the hope of keeping up acquaintance, though at such a distance, with yourself.

You interest me greatly about Calder House, which, with all its exciting recollections of the past, is yet not exempt from the common vicissitudes of life, from the recent most afflicting bereavement it has met with. Be assured, were I again in Edinburgh, Lord Torphichen's most kind request to see it would be most thankfully accepted of: till I have this pleasure, however, your most picturesque narrative supplies ample food for thought. The inner court, with the flight of steps and arched entrance to the paved hall, with its walls of adamantine thickness, and their once arched roof, seem indeed a fitting scene for the restoration of a holy ordinance to its primitive simplicity; neither do the mysterious relics under ground seem out of place, nor would I give up the tradition of the subterranean passage to the village, which, like the covered way across the Arno at Florence, accords so well, in those unsettled times, with our ideas of concealment or escape.

The fancy of "Torchlight with haste and dread, yet firm resolve," savours too much of romance and the picturesque; yet, though it might add, it is not necessary to the interest of the situation, and perhaps only presents itself as a possibility in the commemoration of the Feast of the Passover, which might, and in that solemn instance did, take place at night, and is essentially known as a supper. But without being able to tell whether, in the Apostolical times, this part

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of the resemblance was adhered to, the fact of the present custom in Scotland must be decisive, in the absence of history or tradition to the contrary, that the Sacrament must have been administered at Calder House, by Knox, in the open day. To make up for this, as you say, gentle and simple would be there seated alike at the same table: this makes the grand feature of the subject, characterising not only those who sit at table, but the lookers on. Indeed your most obliging detail gives me a strong wish to begin the work, but that my hands are so full I scarce know what to begin first, and a picture now proceeding of our Sovereign Lady, holding her first Council, a noble and interesting subject, must take precedence of every thing.

Such good and loyal people as ——, and those around her, of course participitated in the interest felt about our youthful sovereign. The regal power in so lovely a form is perfectly new to us; it seems sent to charm the disaffected by presenting a settled government under the most engaging aspect. Her Majesty is an elegant person; seems to lose nothing of her authority either by her youth or delicacy; is approached with the same awe, and obeyed with the same promptitude, as the most commanding of her predecessors. She has all the buoyancy and singleness of heart of youth, with a wisdom and decision far beyond her years. Our esteemed friend —— is most deserving of her confidence, and of the character and rank she has given him, and, with him, his lady, is not less deserving. He is full of business; but I

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wish I saw him a little stouter: the fag of London requires it.

Lady Callcott is, strange to say, recovering, and again seeing her friends; and Sir Augustus seems better, and more cheerful.

The request of Lady Torphichen to have her name put down for a proof of The Preaching of Knox, I consider as highly complimentary. I have sent her Ladyship's request to Mr. Moon, the publisher. The engraving draws to a close, and promises to be superb.

I should like to ascertain what is known of the Sir James Sandilands, who was first Lord Torphichen. He was, I think, Knight of St. John of Jerusalem, and grand master of the order for Scotland. Was he a traveller? Was he at Malta or Jerusalem? These questions, however, I put at random; and if you can give me information without seeking far for it, I should be glad. Indeed, what you tell me you tell me so agreeably, that, had you leisure, perhaps you could put together something in the form of a memoir of this chieftain of the family, who was the friend and protector of Knox.

I see this letter has run to a great length, and far too much about my own pursuits; but if I may hope that you would sometimes write to me, do not think a frank required; but if you can spare the time and the thought, to hear from you, and to hear that you are well, and what you are doing, would always be most agreeable.

I am, my dear Madam,

Your very faithful and obliged servant,

D. W.

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TO LADY BAIRD.

Dear Lady Baird, Kensington, 2d Feb. 1838.

Since we had the pleasure of seeing you in London, the picture has made a very great advance; and, excepting the Highlander stooping with the torch on the right of Sir David Baird, and the figures in the distance behind him, all the other figures are painted in. Though in a state in which it can soon be brought to a close, it is necessary that I should mention to your ladyship an unexpected circumstance that now retards it. The Queen having last October desired my attendance at Brighton, I found, on arriving there, that, instead of a portrait of her Majesty (which it was my duty to paint), the Queen was strongly bent on having a picture painted of her first council. Finding her much interested with the subject, I sent to London for a canvas, and began the picture at Brighton. I soon found it was *expected* that the picture should be ready for the next Exhibition. Now nothing but a great effort can accomplish this, as nearly twenty portraits have to be introduced; so that I have been forced to lay aside, for the present, most reluctantly, my great work of Sir David Baird, which I had otherwise counted upon having done this spring. I do assure you that I feel extreme regret at this delay, both as a disappointment to your ladyship and to myself. As it has advanced, the impression made has been most satisfactory, and I have been complimented much by friends on its success. The figure of Tippoo Saib I have taken great pains with, and I have been making a model of the scene for the light and shadow.

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The Duke of Wellington came about ten days ago to sit in his uniform for his likeness in The Queen's Council. His Grace asked to look at my large picture; when I told him that it was a subject which would not come up to his ideas: it was The Finding the Body of Tippoo Saib. He said, "I don't know why it should not; but that is very like Sir David Baird, though." This is, of course, a great authority.

D. W.

TO WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ. R.A., ROME.

Dear Collins, Kensington, 12th Feb. 1838.

Your letter, Chiaja, 16th January, reached about ten days ago, and relieved me from great anxiety about you, written as it was with your own hand, and giving an account of your proceedings with all the spirit and zest of one in a fair way of being as well as ever. It made us all merry, and we all hope to see you once more among us with renewed health and fresh materials for your art.

Our new council meetings at the Royal Academy are very badly attended. Mr. Turner has resigned the office of Professor of Perspective. The number of claimants on the pension-list of distressed members exceeds what the interest of the Pension Fund can pay. This has never happened before.

On the 10th of February we met, according to ancient usage, when the following associates were elected Royal Academicians; viz. John Peter Deering, Thomas Uwins, F. R. Lee, and William Wyon, in the

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order here stated. Had Clint not cut with the Academy, many said he would have come in.

On Turner's resignation being announced by the president, I took the liberty to move a resolution expressive of our regret at losing a professor who, by precept and example, had advanced so much the cause of perspective. Landseer seconded, and it passed with acclamation. Turner received it with expressions of great satisfaction. The question now is, how to supply the vacancy. Reinagle will try; and Mulready says he will take no step to prevent him. Beechey, aged eighty-seven, was present, and fresh-looking. Callcott has been very unwell for some months; Lady Callcott is better.

We have lost Lord Egremont, whose works of art are not to be dispersed. We have also lost General Phipps, whose pictures are left to his nephew. Lord Farnborough, too, has gone. His pictures, it is said, are given to the National Gallery; besides which, he leaves several bequests: a large sum of 3000*l.* to the British Museum, 200*l.* to each of the Artists' Benevolent Funds, 300*l.* to our esteemed friend Seguier, and 200*l.*, I suppose unexpectedly, to one he helped first and last a good deal, viz. our very good friend Chantrey. *Query*, What will Westmacott say to this, who, I suppose, has been left nothing. I taxed Chantrey with his legacy, who confesses candidly he did not deserve it.

I go on with my picture of The Queen in Council, but with great trouble. I have just applied to Sir Robert Peel to sit, having had the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Wellington, the Lord Chancellor, Lord

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Melbourne, Lord Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. I hope to get it done for the Exhibition.

The engraving of Knox is now nearly complete. Sir Robert Peel has been impatient about the delay; but Doo has made a superb plate, and I hear that his brother artists are to give him a dinner on the successful completion of so great an undertaking.

The whole town and country have been kept alive since the 1st of January by Murphy's Weather Almanack. It tells the weather for every day of the year, and for January was so accurate, that their sale (one shilling and sixpence a-piece) was extraordinary. The 20th of January he fixed to be the coldest day; when it so happened that the thermometer on that day was below Zero. He also foretold the thaw that followed, and up to the time that I am now writing his calendar corresponds fairly with the actual state of the weather. His Almanack is the all-engrossing subject of conversation. Whittaker says he has sold 40,000 since the 1st of January; that the king of the French has sent for a copy; and that demands come from all parts of the country.

Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott is now in every body's hands: the most interesting book I ever read, Boswell not excepted. Scott's own Journal, kept during the time of his troubles, family losses, and afflictions, has created a most intense interest.

D. W.

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TO WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ. R. A.

Dear Collins, Kensington, 16th April, 1838.

Mr. Carpenter tells me that he has sold your picture of the Rock and Sea Fowl scene for 350 guineas. This is agreeable news.

The pictures are all in at the Academy. I have sent The Queen's First Council; it contains about thirty portraits, which form the interest of the picture. The Bride dressing at her Toilette, and a full-length portrait of that most staunch supporter of her Majesty's ministers, Mr. Daniel O'Connell. This last was offered to me to paint; and it was difficult to refuse, for he had sat to no other artist. My Whig friends are much pleased with it—some say it is the best portrait I have painted. Mr. O'Connell himself is pleased.

April 17. We, that is Cooper, Eastlake, and I, are engaged every day from morn till night with the Exhibition arrangements. The new rooms do not decrease our difficulties—claims increase with the size of the rooms, and we have near 600 crossed and doubtful. Only one sculptor member exhibits—viz., Baily. This is great cry and little wool, after the clamour of sculptors for a better exhibition-room.

As you return from Rome, could you not come, as I did, by Loretto, Ancona, and Bologna—that coast is beautiful. From Bologna, you should pass by Parma, where you should stop some days for the Correggios. At Mantua are some colossal paintings by

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Giulio Romano. Sir William Knighton saw them, but I did not.

Simson, from Edinburgh, has two very remarkable pictures of Italian subjects in the Exhibition.

D. W.

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CHAPTER VII.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF 1838.—LETTER TO MR. COLLINS, R.A.—MISS WILKIE.—SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON.—LADY BAIRD.—SIR WILLIAM ALLAN.—AND SIR ROBERT PEEL.—ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITIONS OF 1839 AND 1840.

In the new exhibition rooms Sir David had six pictures. 1. The Queen's First Council; 2. The Bride at her Toilette; 3. Portrait of Daniel O'Connell; 4. Portrait of Mrs. Moberly; 5. Portrait of Thomas Daniell, R.A.; 6. Portrait of a Young Lady. How the artist, who had painted in colours of such delicacy and loveliness Mary, the unfortunate Queen of the North, would acquit himself in painting the youth and innocence of Victoria, her more fortunate descendant, all were anxious to know. It had been whispered about, that in the painting of his royal commission, the artist had experienced difficulties such as genius ought never to be exposed to, from the far descended and the polite. From Sir David himself, the most modest and least presuming of men, no one ever heard a complaint; but those who know the presumption and vanity of man, will not wonder at the jostle and intrigue among the sitters for place even in a picture, nor feel surprised to hear that some who were in the rear desired to be in the van, while others who modestly took the back deserved the foreground; and that some, whose fine looks, rather than fine intellect, pushed them into favour, were solicitous

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about their complexions, and called out, like the expiring lady in Pope, for a little more red! This was the first council which her Majesty held: she had been awakened early in the morning with the tidings that the crown of maritime dominion — the sovereignty of the seas — was awaiting her virgin brow, and that the noble and the powerful were ready to render their homage. "The Queen," says the painter, describing the picture, "is seated at the head of the council table, and holds in her hand the gracious declaration to the Lords and others of the Council, — of whom the following portraits are introduced. Behind her Majesty are the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Albemarle, the Right Honourable George Byng, and C. C. Grenville, Esq. On the left hand of the Queen are the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marquis of Anglesea, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Harcourt, Lord John Russell, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, the Speaker of the Commons, Earl Grey, the Earl of Carlisle, the Hon. Thomas Erskine, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Morpeth, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Lyndhurst, the King of Hanover, the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Surrey, John Wilson Croker, Esq., Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Sussex, Lord Holland, the Attorney-General, the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Burghersh, and the Lord Mayor of London*?"

Several of these names belong to history; and art and literature unite in preserving them from oblivion;

* Mr. Charles Fox has nearly completed an excellent engraving of the Queen's First Council, one of the many engraved works of Wilkie for which we are indebted to the enterprising spirit of Mr. Moon.

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but oblivion can never be the lot of Daniel O'Connell, whose name is too indelibly impressed in the story of Ireland to be forgotten, should both art and literature unite to neglect him. His portrait is very like, but too calm, perhaps, for a man of his impetuosity of manner when moving the feelings of an audience of Irishmen on the manifold wrongs of his native land. More like him, indeed, and that was perhaps the aim of the painter, when, seeking redress from a cool, cold assembly of philosophic Englishmen, he has calmed his fiery temper down, and seeks from justice what is refused to mercy. The Bride at her Toilet interests by its truth and loveliness many who refuse to be influenced by the record of momentary things and perishable manners and customs: the figures take their expression and posture from the sentiment of the scene.

The following letter, describing the arrangements in the new Academy, may renew the remembrance of many who have forgotten the first appearance of British Art in her new abode. It may be added, that of all who objected to the accommodation and the lights, the sculptors had the most reason to complain: when they left the old for the new, they forsook the better, and took the worse. But it is said, that the sculptors, when the architect laid the drawings of the new Gallery before them, were either too diffident or too proud to tell what they wanted, and so have suffered for their silence.

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TO WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ. R.A., VENICE.

Dear Collins, Kensington, 7th May, 1838.

Cooper, Eastlake, and I have arranged the multitudinous Exhibition, a task I never till now was able to bear an equal share in. On former occasions I was always fatigued, but now I have stuck to it day by day and hour by hour. Pictures more numerous than ever. Nearly 500 doubtful and crossed, and at least sixty of the received not hung up.

In the great room, Callcott has the centre, on the side of the door; Mulready has that at the opposite end, the bulk head; Turner has that at the bottom of the room; and I, for my Queen's Council, have that behind the president's chair. Above mine is Hayter's Queen (over the line); Hilton's Murder of the Innocents over Turner's; Sir Martin's Portrait of the late King over Mulready's; and Landseer's large Hunt over Callcott's. Sir Martin has five pictures, all in the great room. Phillips has eight, of which four are in the great room. Pickersgill has four in the great room; Briggs three; Callcott four; Turner three; Stanfield three; Lee two; Mulready one; Eastlake one; Cooper two; and I three.

Of the associates, Geddes and Maclise contribute largely, with various success in regard to places. Of the outstanders, I may mention Hollins, who has two fine pictures; and Simson, the Edinburgh Simson, now come to London to settle, who has two very clever pictures; one is Giotto discovered herding Sheep, by Cimabue. These by Simson are much liked:

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they show what he has learnt by going to Italy. They are so new, that I should not have known them to be his from his former works. The Exhibition I have no doubt will be highly popular. Still, one Exhibition is very like another; and in the even tenor of our sameness, we only want you to come home, and surprise us by a new style of Italian art.

The Queen was at the private view, but did not purchase. At the dinner we had the Duke of Sussex, and all the great officers of state. The placing of the tables was nearly as of old, with some improvements the shape of the new room admits of. Turner and myself were placed at opposite ends of the upper table. The President acquitted himself in his usual happy manner, adverting to the comparison that might be unfairly made between the selection of the works of many schools, and of many ages, with those of one school, one city, and one year. No reference was made to any works in the Exhibition, except by the Duke of Sussex to some American exhibitors (whose works, I am sorry to say, are not in the best of places). There was no allusion to absent members. The effect of the speaking was much flattened by an unforeseen joy and movement out of doors, viz. the loud ringing of the bells of St. Martin's Church, so adjusted and timed, that the peals began regularly as each speaker began, and were commensurate in their continuance with the length of his speech. This, which a few half-pence might have stopped or prevented, no one thought of stirring to remove, leaving its non-recurrence to future negotiation.

From the dinner I had a message to convey to

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Simson that his Giotto was sold to Sir Robert Peel. The price he asked was very moderate, but he is highly satisfied at having sold it. Two gentlemen wanted to have it, and it is probable his other picture will be sold also.

Many people have been asking when you are to return; to which I have answered, that your wish is to be here by the close of the Exhibition. That you have still much to see in Italy, the Adriatic Coast, Bologna, Parma, and Venice; and that Vienna, Munich, and even Dresden, may come within your route home. On your return, however, I am quite sure you will bring with you new subjects, and a new style of art, which the public will be full of expectation to receive.

D. W.

The following letter, and the succeeding one, relates to a picture on which Sir David Wilkie studied long,—viz. John Knox administering the Sacrament in Calder House. His sketches promised a work of the noblest kind and character.

TO ——.

Dear Madam, Vicarage Place, Kensington, 30th May, 1838.

I confess it appears a long time since I had the honour of hearing from you, but when, in writing to you last, I took the liberty to request you to favour me by writing again upon the subject of one of my own pursuits, I forgot that I was imposing a task upon you, in no less than in asking you to write some par-

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ticulars of the history of an ancient family. Since this, however, I have had the honour of seeing here the Dowager Lady Torphichen, who, in adverting to the subject, seemed to think little could now be known of the history of Calder House. Her ladyship mentioned your researches upon this matter, and that she had told you all she thought was known, but that who were the probable inmates or neighbours of the ancient mansion when Knox was a visiter, she believed could not now be made out. It is in this way we try to get ideas; and although little progress is made, the Celebration at Calder is still the best subject in view as a companion to Knox preaching at St. Andrew's.

Lady Torphichen was induced to call upon me at the instance of Lady Baird; she seemed a fine example of a Scottish lady of rank; she had been an early acquaintance of the late Sir David Baird; she brought a lady with her, Mrs. Hope Johnstone, a splendid person.

TO THE SAME.

Dear Madam, Kensington, 29th June, 1838.

My own occupations proceed as before. The Bride, now in the Exhibition, goes to Vienna in a few weeks. The Grace before Meat I now proceed with for a friend at New Orleans: various other subjects, with portraits, press hard upon me. The publication of John Knox Preaching, however, appears from its subject to excite that kind of curiosity, that a companion picture is called for; and as the

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Sacrament at Calder House, both as the contrast and the sequel to the Preaching appears to me the best, I am trying to collect the material and the thought for that subject. What you, dear Madam, have so kindly supplied has confirmed me much; pray, therefore, think of me, should you see what you think would serve; indeed, should you obtain access to the chartelary of Calder House, an event which, with you before me, I fancy would of itself make a subject for a picture, you might in the old chest gain something that would throw light on the contemporary history of the first Lord Torphichen. I asked the Dowager Lady Torphichen, who won upon me greatly, whether Sir James Sandilands, Knight of St. John, &c., and the first lord, could ever have been married, and, if so, who was his lady and her family? but Lady Torphichen said there was an uncertainty here, and that her belief is, that the present family are not descended from the knight, but a collateral branch: any ligh on this would help me in the visitors present — *gentle and simple*, as you have stated — and in the personages who would be chief partners in the holy commemoration. In this way, dear Madam, I am drawing upon your obliging good nature, when, if I thought only of interesting yourself on this occasion of the Coronation, I should describe nothing but what all London has yesterday been witnessing.

The crowded state of this city is unprecedented. Strangers from all quarters came to see the procession or ceremony, crowds of whom filled the streets and Westminster Abbey as early as six o'clock. I was

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there about six, and found every seat occupied: it was most splendid. The House of Commons had a gallery over the altar; the Peers in the south transept; the Peeresses in the north transept: besides which, galleries were arranged from one end to the other, and up to the roof, in this immense building. The Queen came at half past eleven, attended by all the great officers, and bearing her train were eight beautiful young ladies. The Archbishop of Canterbury began by showing her Majesty to the Assembly; then the Church Service was read—that is, the Litany, Communion, &c.; when a sermon of twenty minutes was preached by the Bishop of London, admonitory of the duties the sovereignty required of her Majesty. She was then crowned in the old chair; the Coronation Anthem was sung, when all stood up, and the Peers and Peeresses put on their coronets also; when the Peers in succession went through the ceremony of homage to her Majesty. The Queen looked most interesting—calm and unexcited; and as she sat upon the chair with the crown on, the sun shone from one of the windows bright upon her. All thought of the fatigue of the continued ceremony, which lasted till three o'clock; but we have heard to-day her Majesty felt no inconvenience from it. We did not get home till dark. Nothing else has been talked of since, and nothing else written that has any chance of being read.

I am, &c.

D. W.

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TO MISS WILKIE, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Kensington, 26th July, 1838.

Since we returned, the gaieties of London have continued with unabated force, and to be out of them is not possible. The run Sir Peter, Mr. Laurie, and I made to Windsor by the railway was, however, a relief. We started on Saturday, at five, from Paddington, and went to Maidenhead bridge; stopped in that town all night, returned next morning to Slough by rail, and then by omnibus to Windsor. After church, we went over the state apartments with a perfect multitude of railway passengers. Next morning we left in a chaise, through Chertsey and Staines, to Weybridge, where we took the Southampton train, and in an hour were at Vauxhall. Sir Peter was not over captivated with this mode of conveyance, but admits the vast change its celerity and cheapness must effect in the country at large.

Yesterday I dined at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where, agreeable to a written request, I had delivered Mr. Alderman Lucas's portrait the day before. It was placed at the end of the great room, and looked well, and, by many who spoke to me, seemed to be liked. Mr. Lucas, the President, was in great force.

But to-day all was expectation for the grand fête across the water. A marquee was erected over the place where the stone was to be laid, and another on the green for the feast. Among the great persons present were the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord John Russell, and the American Minister.

When the sign was given, the procession began.

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First the workmen of the new works, the builder, beadles, male and female keepers, matron, architect, surgeon, chaplain, sheriffs, aldermen, treasurer, president; and after the president, the sub-committee, of which I was one. All of us marched along to a tune which I had not heard since our own church and manse at Cults were building, viz. The free and accepted Mason.

The usual ceremonies gone through, Sir Peter, on receiving the trowel from the treasurer, began his address. I wish Lady Laurie had been present to have heard him, for never did he acquit himself with more effective language and tact. He gave the history of the Hospital from its foundation, its location in Moorfields, and its ultimate removal to its present site in 1812. He then stated the increase of its wealth, its usefulness, and the vast amelioration in later times in the more humane treatment of the patients. This address took about twenty minutes, and was received by all with the greatest satisfaction.

At the banquet the American Minister made a most brilliant harangue.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM W. KNIGHTON, BART., BERNE.

My dear Sir William, Kensington, 16th August, 1838.

Your welcome letter of July 16th gave, as usual, the agreeable detail of your movements and observations. Parma you bring back to me by your mention of The Assumption in the Duomo, and of the oil picture of St. Jerome. Correggio seems to have found honour in his own country by the em-

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ployment that was given to him; but I suspect, while he lived, was not known out of the little state of Parma.

Venice you have not yet seen. It should not be the first school seen by any artist; still nothing can be greater or finer than the works of Titian.

Major and Mrs. Thew have just arrived, and have gratified us all very much by their accounts of yourself and your young bride. May I offer my humble respects to Lady Knighton, and with my best wishes for health and happiness to you both, express a hope that she will second all your aspirations towards excellence in that art which you have made your study. It is an indication of an improvement in the condition of our fraternity that we can number such as you in our list.

At Milan you will see what we have lately witnessed here—a Coronation; and with the advantage of the Catholic form of ceremonial giving, in some respects, more splendour to it. Here, however, no revolting province is to be apprehended, as it might be in Lombardy, and no disputed succession as in the Coronation of George III. Our foreign visiters have distinguished this coronation over that preceding it; and of these the presence of Marshal Soult has excited the greatest attention. At the great fête in Guildhall, at which I was present, Soult, even in the presence of the Duke of Wellington, was treated as chief card.

London is, however, now dispersing. The Exhibitions have closed, and I have sent my picture of The Bride at the Toilette to Vienna; and The Queen's first Council, after delivering it to the Queen, I have

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just received back to be immediately engraved. The Sir David Baird is now all painted in, and The Grace before Meat makes considerable advance.

Since I began this letter we have been much excited by the arrival of Collins, after an absence of nearly two years. He says he is perfectly recovered from all his ailments, and is greatly pleased with his having seen Italy. Still he looks thin, and wants filling up. He is, however, in great glee; and I am in hopes he will now be restored to what he was.

I have been to-day, at the request of Baily, to see the marble monument of your beloved father. I was much pleased with it. The medallion is a very good likeness: it recalled him much to me. The coat of arms is agreeable, and uncommon; while the drapery and ornaments give a variety to the shapes, and the grey marble upon which the white is let in, a finished look to the whole: the aspect of it is indeed very handsome. The inscription is plain and solemn. Perhaps I would have added more of detail; but it could not be in better taste than you have made it. The text of Scripture is excellent. You know I am fond of dates. Baily has put his name below, with London to his. I wished him to add the year when it was put up.

D. W.

The friendship between the first Sir William Knighton and Sir David was, as has been related, continued by the second Sir William, who, like his father, is a lover of art, and reveres the genius of Wilkie.

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TO MISS WILKIE, BRIGHTON.

Kensington, 19th August, 1838.

To get away at this early season has been a difficulty. Still much work has been got through. Sir David Baird's picture is all painted in, and other pictures greatly advanced; but Moon being most desirous to get The Queen's Council begun, I had to make an effort to get back the picture. This I did yesterday. I am now only waiting for the agreement with Moon to get it into the engraver's hands.

The arrival of the Collins's would be a subject to dwell upon, but that Sir Peter, who met him so early and opportunely, would announce all this to you. They are with Mrs. Carpenter, and looking for a house, but Collins will not hear of the house he left. He is thin, but active and strong, and appears to have got rid of all his ailments. He looks like one ready to begin life anew.

We had them all to dine with us to-day, Charlie and Willie included. They are in the highest spirits, quite delighted with the style of living in Italy. They are, indeed, so satisfied with having seen Italy, that it will be some time before they can get reconciled to the sobricty and darkness of this climate, and it will be some time before Collins can get to work to make his studies in Italy available for his practice in this country.

D. W.

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TO LADY BAIRD.

Kensington, 20th August, 1838.

The picture of Sir David Baird is entirely painted in; so that I have now only the agreeable task of finishing some parts more highly, and, by a general working, to give keeping and effect to the whole. Amongst other details, the charmed amulet has been painted on the right arm of Tippoo, and the real charm itself has been returned to Mrs. Young at Aberdeen.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Alnwick, 29th August, 1838

The meeting of the British Association, at Newcastle, had a greater air of fashion about it than any of the former meetings. This was chiefly owing to the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland. From the Duke I was honoured with an invitation to visit this far-famed castle. The Duke and Duchess have devoted so much of their attention to me in showing me the castle, the grounds, and the great park, that I have been quite uneasy about it. I have been highly pleased with both: the Duchess I have scarcely seen any thing like before; beautiful, sensible, and accomplished.

I am to leave Alnwick for Chillingham Castle, to which I have a most kind invitation from Lord and Lady Tankerville.

D. W.

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Wilkie was allured into the north by the British Association, which held a meeting at Newcastle. He visited the Duke of Northumberland, and was charmed with the free courtesy of the Duchess; he also visited Lord Tankerville, at Chillingham Castle, and then went north to Dunglass, the romantic seat of the Halls: studied a while the scene of his contemplated picture at Calder House, and passed through the "Land of Burns" to Drayton Manor, the seat of Sir Robert Peel.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Ayr, 14th Sept. 1838.

Since I last wrote I have been on a visit to Sir John and Lady Hall, at Dunglass, a most beautiful and romantic dwelling: from thence, by way of Edinburgh, to Calder House, to see the hall where John Knox first administered the sacrament. Glasgow was my next stage, where Mr. M'Lellan was most kind to me. On leaving Glasgow, I came by coach to Ayr, the Land of Burns! got a car to drive over the route of Tam o' Shanter; stopped at the cottage where the poet was born, near which the road discovered soon,

> Kirk Allowa' was drawin' nigh
> Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

The deserted church, with the old bridge over the Doon, with its banks and braes so agreeably wooded, were quite beautiful.

D. W.

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TO SIR WILLIAM W. KNIGHTON, BART., NAPLES.

Kensington, 12th Nov. 1838.

To resume labour after a lengthened ramble is an effort. We require to be reconciled to what we had been previously doing, and it is some days before the interest of overcoming difficulties, the contriving new efforts, and the making new discoveries, breaks us fairly in to the usual routine of labour.

The picture of Sir David Baird I have now brought near a close, and, fortunately, to the satisfaction of Lady Baird. I have also finished the portraits of King William and Queen Adelaide, which I have just seen, after many delays, fairly delivered to their destination in Oxford. The day after they were set up, I made a run over the pictures in Christ Church Hall, where the sun is destroying some of them. I saw also the old Cathedral, lately done up to much advantage, and also visited Sir Joshua's window in New College, which is most elegant, most imaginative, and, after all, the most splendid work in Oxford.

D. W.

TO LADY BAIRD.

Kensington, 14th Nov. 1838.

The drawing-room at Fern Tower, it appears, is fourteen feet nine inches high. This, though limited, will still admit the addition to the height of the picture we want. If six inches can be added to the

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height, may I not ask why six inches cannot be added to the width, the room offering no restrictions in width? If six inches can be allowed each way, which will keep its present proportion, I propose to add three inches at the top, three inches at the bottom, and three inches on each side. This will serve to give the figures a little more quiet space all round the edge of the picture.

This, should your Ladyship approve, can be done without seam or joining, as there is canvas to spare, now turned in behind the picture. It could also be filled with very little work—quiet space, without additional objects, being what is chiefly wanted all round the picture. The increase in height is what is wanted most; the increase in width, though advantageous, I do not press so much.

I have given the man who touches the heart of Tippoo a black dress—a great improvement.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Castle Inn, Windsor, 22d Nov. 1838.

Her Majesty has been very gracious; has given me a sitting to-day, and I hope to have two more sittings to-morrow and Saturday.

D. W.

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TO WILLIAM ALLAN, ESQ.

My dear Allan, Kensington, 13th Dec. 1838.

Not only I, but all around me, were much gratified by your very kind letter. I am always happy to hear of what bears upon your welfare, and certainly could not help considering the event of Her Majesty's Charter to the Scottish Academy, as a circumstance highly distinguishing to yourself, as well as to the Institution with which you are so honourably connected. I can truly say, that this event has given great satisfaction to our English brother professors here.

It was a matter of great regret to me, that I could not see you when in Edinburgh. My coming was unexpected, but your occupation at that time with the portraits at Ballenden is most consoling. These, with the portrait of Patrick Robertson, are an excellent beginning: you are mining a vein that had otherwise lain dormant. I remember you encouraged me when I went to paint Lord Kellie: I return the same encouragement to you. Portraiture opens a field to a greater variety of employment, and to a greater variety of employers, the one having the advantage of pleasing one's self, the other of gratifying one's friends. It is a diversion as well to the perpetual drain upon one's invention, when confined to a single line, in which, however successful, the fancy becomes hackneyed and unappreciated, but to which after such relief one returns with redoubled ardour. In some such return, when looking about for new food and fuel, pray think of what I ventured to hint, of an

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illustration of the Arabian Nights. This is a walk since the better days of old Smirke quite unoccupied, and to which you bring a fund of local circumstance, &c. at his period quite unknown.

D. W.

TO LADY BAIRD.

Kensington, 14th Dec. 1838.

Having received your Ladyship's permission to enlarge the picture of Sir David Baird, I have had a new straining frame made, and have extended the canvas upon it, giving six inches additional height, and five inches more width, which impresses every one as a great improvement, giving the figures a greater sphere to move in. The picture is now eleven feet six inches in height; and I do assure your Ladyship, that the effect of the enlargement goes even beyond my own expectation.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM W. KNIGHTON, BART.

Kensington, 14th Jan. 1839.

Be assured, after two winters' absence, that I rejoice to hear you talk of returning. We shall indeed be glad to see you back, and to make Lady Knighton's acquaintance.

We begin now to prepare for the Exhibition. Collins is painting from Neapolitan subjects, a new dress for his art. He is much in request as a lion, and his subjects excite curiosity, so that we hope a

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line of success may attend him. Leslie is painting a scene from the Coronation, for the Queen. Landseer has the Queen on horseback, and I have been to Windsor to paint Her Majesty, and am proceeding with her state portrait in the parliamentary robes, for the foreign embassies. This I shall not have in the Exhibition, but shall have four or five pictures, of which the chief is Sir David Baird: this is all painted in, and what has helped it is, that three inches have been added all round. This has given full space for the subject and figures. The picture you mention was The Bride; it reached Vienna, and has been well received. I am to paint a "Grace before Meat," to go, after the Exhibition here, to New Orleans, United States.

What now occupies my attention is the building a painting room. You remember the laundry — (it formed part of the out-house), — its roof is to be raised, and the side next the garden to be extended out on pillars, making a room 21 feet by 20, and 15 feet high, with a high light, the fire or stove under the light. It is expected to be the beau-ideal of a studio. It is now building, and is much wanted. The entrance is from my back painting room.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM W. KNIGHTON, BART.

Kensington, 28th March, 1839.

The chief object of attention in art has lately been the Nelson Monument for Trafalgar Square. This, to avoid the appearance of a job, was opened to

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competition; accordingly, nearly a hundred candidates started, producing columns, obelisks, domes, globes, alcoves, spires, grottos, and other compositions, not to be described by any known term. Of these models and drawings, it is proper to tell you our friend Baily produced a very imposing spectacle—a bronze group, surmounted by a granite obelisk, in front of which stood Nelson, with the flag over his head, while below was a superb group of figures, with Neptune and Naiads. This has been greatly admired by artists, particularly by Seguier; and I might say, by several candidates themselves. The committee have now decided their three premiums: the first for a column; the second for Baily; and the third for a kind of spire. This, however, not being satisfactory to the subscribers, it has since been referred for future consideration, and the candidates requested to revise their works. This has created a ferment, all being dissatisfied. As a work of art, Baily's has the only claim, and strong interest is making for him; still there is an uncertainty of its effect as a monument; of his ability to execute a work of such vast expense; and, what some friends doubt, whether his temper may not defeat all they try to do in his favour. In this perplexity, some try to get out of it by saying the only thing you are sure of is a column. A Stonehenge, and not a work of art, will be resorted to, to help the perplexed subscribers out of their difficulties.

Collins has finished three pictures, and most happily. He has already sold two of them. I took Seguier to see them, who thought them as fine as Collins ever painted. I have four pictures already

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advanced to go on with for next year, and mean to begin a large picture of history besides. My new room is now complete, but not dry enough to work in.

D. W.

TO SIR WILLIAM W. KNIGHTON, BART.

Kensington, 5th May, 1839.

This last week we have been all in the thick of Academy turmoil. I had not to arrange; but, being present, had to watch over the arrangement of the pictures; and last week had to meet the satisfied and dissatisfied faces of claimants. Collins has three beautiful pictures; one of them we distinguished by a centre, the other two are in capital places. He sold the three before they left his house, and has now got commissions for other pictures. My large picture of Sir David Baird is placed in the chief centre, that is over the President's chair in the Great Room. It looks broad in effect; and while those around me cry out for more light, I only wish I could have more shadow. Lady Baird is greatly interested about it—a ticket was sent her to the private view, as a compliment from the Royal Academy to one who had given so splendid a commission. Her feelings would scarcely allow her to come, but I went and brought her when the rooms had thinned. She seemed much satisfied with the position of the picture. Lady Baird's sister, Miss Preston, who was there with Miss Wilkie, was sitting below the picture when she heard the Duke of Wellington behind her describing to a lady on his arm

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the event, with the dreadful carnage he had witnessed when the body of Tippoo was found.

Yesterday was the day of the Royal Academy dinner, the same day forty years ago (May 4th, 1799) when Seringapatam was taken. When the dinner was removed, I called the attention of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley, who were sitting at my table, to this point, observing, that on that day, and at the same hour of the day, was the body of Tippoo found.

Mr. John Abel Smith and Mr. Hart Davis were inquiring most anxiously after you, as were Eastlake and Baily.

D. W.

Severn's Phantom Ship, I think, one of his *finest* pictures.

In the Academy Exhibition of 1839 Wilkie had five works. 1. Sir David Baird discovering the Body of Sultaun Tippoo Saib, after storming Seringapatam; 2. Grace before Meat; 3. Full-length portrait of Alderman Lucas; 4. The Grandfather, being portraits of Joseph Wilson, Esq., and his grandson; 5. Portrait of Master Robert J. Donne. The Sir David Baird was a noble picture to open the new Exhibition rooms with. The result of five years' thought, and the study of a whole life, are contained in this grand historical group. Well might Wilkie be proud of such a work—he felt the importance of the subject, and wrought accordingly.

The scene of this eastern drama is laid in the gateway of the inner fort of Seringapatam; the prin-

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cipal persons are Tippoo Saib, the chiefs of his army, his son and his household, and his conqueror, Sir David Baird, with the soldiers whom he led to the assault. The fiery tumult of the attack is over, the city is won, and Tippoo lies half-stripped and dead at the feet of Sir David Baird. It is said that Baird did not behold without emotion the dead body of his great enemy, or fail to observe at his feet, as he commanded it to be removed to the palace, the iron-grated door of that dungeon in which he had been so long immured by the relentless order of the dead Sultaun.

In the fore-ground of the picture Tippoo is lying, "his face to the foe," and pierced with many a wound, which the artist tastefully hides in the hesitation of his attendants to remove his torn and bloody robe. The veteran commander or killadar of the fortress, and several of the Sultaun's leading men, gaze on the body with eyes which attest their sorrow and anger: one of his sons, a boy, has made his way through the bloody press, and, with an eastern lady—perhaps his mother—is regarding the body with deep emotion. It is a moment of silent agony, and well has the great painter expressed it. Sir David stands directing the removal of the body, and seems not to share in the anxiety of his soldiers, who eye the gloomy brows and flashing eyes of their enemies, and prepare their weapons to resist any sudden outbreak of sorrow and despair. Nothing can be finer than the look of the soldier on the right of General Baird, who, with his finger on the trigger of his musket, calmly surveys the glittering scimitars of men who can scarcely be said to have ceased to resist; nor is the more eager

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look of the Highland soldier, a M'Leod of the 71st, on the left of his countryman, the less to be admired, who, with his weapon in one hand, and a torch in the other, affords both protection and light to his commander.

"Dusk faces, with white silken turbans wreath'd,"

mingle, in a most imposing manner, with the very different colour, character, and costumes of British soldiers.

Wilkie, who looked at every thing in an uncommon way, has left among his papers a short memorandum upon the fitness for art of the subject which Lady Baird had commissioned him to paint.

MEMORANDUM.

In considering the taking of Seringapatam as a subject for art, one of its greatest recommendations I conceive to be, the bringing the leaders of each side in the moment of victory, to the same spot. For this contact of characters dramatic writers have violated history. Schiller, in bringing Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth into the same scene, and Shakspeare in bringing Richard the Third and Richmond into the same combat—events, however, much desired for effect, yet of the most rare occurrence. Cæsar is said to have wept at the death of Pompey, but was not present, and knew it only by report. The Duke of Wellington overcame Napoleon, but probably never saw him, and in a work of art could not be introduced into the same composition.

A warlike subject also gains in representation over

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other battle pieces the more the opposing parties are distinguished from one another, by the variety of their country, complexion, and costume. These differences are not often found in pictorial composition; and their want led a lawyer of experience to complain, that, in battle pieces, it was always difficult to tell which was the plaintiff and which the defendant.

D. W.

This fine gallery picture is now in the hands of Mr. Burnet to engrave, nor should it be concealed from any who admire art, that, in these times, when it is difficult to find a ready market for large engravings of a lofty class, that we are indebted for its publication to Mr. Moon, "the great publisher, Mr. Moon," as Wilkie calls him in a letter to Lady Baird, "that sort of person who proceeds warmly and successfully in whatever he undertakes."

TO SIR WILLIAM W. KNIGHTON, BART.

Kensington, 30th June, 1839.

The proceedings of this country in politics may well be perplexing to strangers, and to our own people themselves when at a distance. The mania for change has completely subsided, and reformers seem surprised that so good a thing as improvement should ever have an end; but the knowing among tradespeople have found, it is said, that business does not improve with the political machine, and that notoriety in politics has, in many cases, led to desertion among

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customers, and eventual ruin. The tide is fully on the turn; the House of Lords, as before, conservative, the House of Commons equally divided, and the Cabinet more disposed to resist further changes every day. The pressure from without has ceased at home, and the next thing now must be a pressure from abroad, to give the national mind a stimulus and new direction.

The occupations of art go on as usual: the Exhibition having many advantages in its new situation, and the sale of pictures helped by this mark of public attraction. The number of pictures, subjects and landscapes, claiming to be under the line is greater than ever, and only three subjects — Hart's Lady Jane Grey, Dyce's large picture, and my picture of Sir David Baird, adapted to go above the line. Portraits the size of life are thus almost exclusively above the line. A smooth and finished style also gains, and is indeed exacted, bringing us nearer to Wynants, Gerard Dow, and Mieris, and aiming at that which our own great masters had not, and which the old masters we value most among all the schools had not. Industry and competition lead to this: still those who can finish should counteract this, that some time may be reserved for the artist and the public in the study of those qualities depending on contrivance and thought, the most impressive in works of art, and the longest remembered.

I have often shocked my brother artists by asserting, that employment is seldom given in art only for the love of art. The Nelson Column has just been decided: a Corinthian column has been adopted instead of

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sculpture, those who voted declaring that they do not care for art, but wish only to raise a pillar to the great Admiral, of a goodly size, durable and conspicuous. In a column they are so far wise, that they are sure beforehand of its effect, and cannot be disappointed.

D. W.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART. M. P.

Dear Sir Robert, Kensington, 1st July, 1839.

The Durazzo pictures I saw in 1825, and again in 1827: I do not think they have been engraved, and have heard that copying them is prohibited. Enclosed is a sketch, from recollection at the time, of the Lady and two Children; but I had one a young artist made almost by stealth, in oil, and very complete, which if he has now, I will send to you to look at. The lady is handsome; one of the children is in blue, which, with the red curtain above, gives a fulness of colour to the picture. If your recollection of it should induce you to think this a desirable work, I have no doubt of its being an acquisition in this country. I decidedly thought it at the time the best Vandyke in Genoa.

The other picture of Philip IV. of Spain, which Mr. Wilson equally recommends, I have scarce any recollection of. He does not say if it is a half or whole length, or equestrian. He seems strongly impressed with it, and might send a drawing of its effect. If it is without doubt a fine picture, painted from Philip, and its history is to be traced, it would be

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perfectly in accordance with the high object by which your attention is directed in the acquirement of such portraits.

The sketch you will see is very slight. I shall be most proud to make any further inquiry you may judge proper to desire of Wilson.

D. W.

TO ANDREW WILSON, ESQ.

My dear Sir, Kensington, 3d July, 1839.

Your letter, Genoa, June 16th, reached me in due course, when I made a copious extract, and sent it to Sir Robert Peel. His answer was immediate, stating that he wished to collect historical portraits of this class, and begging to know if I recollected the pictures you mention, and if there were prints or drawings of them.

Upon this, I sent to Sir Robert a small sketch I had made in 1827, at Genoa, from recollection, of The Lady and two Children, stating that I had seen it in the Durazzo twice, and thought it a most desirable possession, considering it the finest Vandyke I had seen in Genoa. With respect to the portrait you equally recommend of Philip IV. of Spain, I stated that I had no distinct recollection; but that probably you would be able to send some slight sketch of it, with perhaps its history.

Sir Robert called upon me yesterday with the subjoined letter in his hand, which he made me read. He said he could only be guided by your judgment or my

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recollection; as he had not, when in Genoa, seen the Durazzo pictures himself.

"My dear Sir,

"I like the sketch of The Lady and Children, by Vandyke, and should like to have the picture. Mr. Wilson says nothing of his estimate of the value of it, or of the probable sum for which it may be bought.

"It might be necessary to give him some general instructions as to price; and I hardly know what to say upon the subject. If your recollection of the picture enables you to suggest any thing definite, by way of a maximum, I have little doubt but that the price you might name would be satisfactory to me.

"There is a description of a portrait by Rubens, which must be the one referred to, I think, by Mr. Wilson, although it names Philip III. as the King represented.

"Possibly the description may recall the picture to your memory. From the agreement in point of dimensions with the Vandyke, I should think it might possibly be the pendant.

"Very faithfully yours,

"Robert Peel."

On a slip of paper copied, in his own hand, from, I think, Smith:

"A full-length portrait of Philip III. of Spain, in black silk, with many small gold buttons; a gold chain bearing the order of the Golden Fleece; standing, his

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left hand on the hilt of the sword; 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. In the Durazzo Palace.

"The Vandyke 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in."

I told Sir Robert I could not venture to say what price you might go to for the Vandyke, but it would sell for a considerable price. He said he was willing to give a good price, if a fine picture; and if it were not, he would not have it at any price. I then proposed, not feeling justified in saying what price you might offer, that you should inform us of the price they ask in English money, and give us your able judgment on the spot of what might be given for the Vandyke. I would then say if it might be given.

With respect to the Philip by Rubens, he seems to think this also a desirable picture for him, if assured of its excellence; but here, dear Wilson, you must act upon your own judgment by letting us know what might be offered, what you think is its history, &c.

Sir Robert asked if Cardinal Fesch's collection was not to come to England to be sold. In the Grimaldi Palace there is, I am told, a fine sketch by Rubens of The Fall of the Damned now at Munich; is there so, and what sort of a picture is it?

D. W.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART. M.P.

Dear Sir Robert, Kensington, 1st August, 1839.

My friend Wilson has not succeeded, as the enclosed will fully explain. I accompany this with

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the drawing made on the spot by young Ballantyne. This, as well as the Philip, by Rubens, would, I feel assured, have been most desirable acquisitions; perhaps they may still be within reach.

The two portraits of the Grimaldi Family I concur with Mr. Wilson in thinking are not by Rubens.

Whatever your commands may be, I shall be most happy to convey to him.

I cannot resist adding, that the members of the Royal Academy will long keep in memory your most generous and all-powerful defence of their institution the night before last in the House of Commons.

D. W.

TO ANDREW WILSON, ESQ.

Kensington, 12th August, 1839.

Your most excellent letter I received with considerable expectation. I thought your letter so interesting, that I sent it to Sir Robert Peel. His answer was as follows:

"My dear Sir,

"The accompanying sketch, for the sight of which I return you many thanks, makes me regret the more the failure of Mr. Wilson to procure me the original."

After detailing other matters, he concludes as follows, with a P. S. "I will take Mr. Wilson's letter with me to the country (for which I am just setting out), that I may give it a second perusal."

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The Correggio is in my room in its case: very few have seen it, and no one as a purchaser. To show it to a dealer would be useless. It looks beautiful. I often look at it, and am now painting an Irish subject, where there are naked children like it. If it were to be transferred, it would gain much by being varnished, and having a glass before it.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Kensington, 22d August, 1839.

Sir Peter Laurie would tell you all that was doing in town, up to the time he left. I have been wishing to get away, but have been required to attend at the palace, and to-day had the honour of a second sitting, of scarcely more than half an hour; but, with that and the former sitting, I have improved the picture greatly. I get it home to-morrow; and am now, being somewhat at liberty, making preparations for Birmingham.

My picture for America, Grace before Meat, I have got all settled.

Sir Peter has told you of our early acquaintance from Canada,—the Bishop of Toronto. Young Laurie said it was no bad joke to recognise in one's early tutor a full-blown bishop.

23d August.

The picture of the Queen has just come home: it appears to me very like her, but no one can tell how likenesses strike other people.

D. W.

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TO MISS WILKIE.

Raith, Kirkcaldy, 13th Sept. 1839.

The week after the meeting I passed in and about the Lakes of Cumberland, visiting some friends, who took me to see Mr. Wordsworth and his family. In passing through Keswick, I called on Mr. Southey, but did not see him.

Crossing the Ettrick and the Tweed, all seemed to take an interest in the handsome though deserted mansion of Abbotsford. From this, as if the road had chosen its course on purpose through a land of poetry, we continued for many miles by the meandering course of the Gala, till reaching almost its source it at last bursts out upon the hills which overlook Edinburgh and the Forth, and the whole of the Lothians and Fifeshire.

Edinburgh I found rather empty, but still have seen many friends. Allan, whom I had written to from the Lakes, remained in town with his niece, and made up a party most kindly, at a day's notice, consisting of divers artists, surgeons, and men of taste, and, above all, Patrick Robertson, who was hearty, kind, and brilliant beyond all example.

Another party was at Rickerton, near Millburn, the seat of Sir James Gibson Craig, where I went with Tom Young and Mr. M'Culloch, the political economist.

Mrs. Ferguson has asked for you very particularly. Mr. Ferguson is well: we only regret Sir Ronald has been but indifferent. With a large party of English

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visiters and neighbours, the time has passed very agreeably.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE, ESQ.

Newliston, 27th Sept. 1839.

At Cults the minister, Mr. Anderson, his wife, and his mother, were most civil. I saw our father's monument: it is very well lighted, seems to fit and greatly adorn the place. Many come to see the marble, and lately Sir David Brewster had seen and liked it much.

After leaving Melville, where Lord and Lady Leven were most kind, I arrived again at Raith, being particularly requested to revisit them by Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson. Here a letter arrived from Lord Arbuthnot, inviting me to Arbuthnot to make a drawing of the house for his portrait.

D. W.

TO —— ——.

Dear Madam, Vicarage Place, Kensington, 30th Oct. 1839.

Your obliging letter of the 10th August, from St. Germains, was delivered here by your excellent friend; but being myself in Scotland, I could not see her while she was in London, otherwise I would have had much to ask and inquire about you. Dr. Sommers's considerate present of his Statistical History of Mid-Calder came most opportunely for my

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labours in hand, and I beg you will express to him how much I feel beholden to him for his mindfulness of me, for the advantage of which I feel I am indebted to your kind influence and recommendation.

You naturally remark upon the circuit this interchange of obligation has made; first from Calder to St. Germains, and from St. Germains to London,—recalling, as it does, a less happy period of our national history, when correspondence so directed and transmitted would have subjected all concerned to the suspicion at least, if not to the penalties, of treason. One point of resemblance there is between the present and former occupants of St. Germains, namely, with respect to their native friends, they are in *exile;* still with this difference, that whenever ——, with those around her, choose to return, there will be no difference of opinion between the liege subjects, Whig or Jacobite, in receiving them with a cordial and hearty welcome.

When you passed through London twelve months ago, you did me the favour to write to me; but, being out of town, I did not get your note till you had gone, and I had no address by which to write to you in Paris. For the present I may be equally at a loss, as you have no doubt returned to Paris; still your obliging attention in helping me with the interesting material I was in search of, requires an effort to be made to put three lines expressive of obligation in the way of reaching you.

The engraving already published, of John Knox preaching, requires, I am informed at all hands, a

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companion. This was accordingly announced; and, as a warning to interlopers, the Sacrament at Calder House was stated as the subject for the companion; but as this has set a rival publisher to work, to get up a similar subject of Knox administering the sacrament in the Castle of St. Andrew's, I feel now required to begin and proceed with the picture. I have therefore made a sketch, with an arrangement of the figures, and I am now drawing in the characters in the picture. In doing this, local circumstances are a great help: having seen the Hall is, to a certain degree, a guide; but even the localities of the neighbourhood, as well as the history, may suggest something; and Dr. Sommers's statement is, with this view, one of the best accounts that could come in my way. His antiquities — History of Calder House and Family, and of Knights Hospitallers, are all most excellent and useful; but his chapter on Witchcraft — on Calder witches, confessed witches, and family infested with witchcraft, is of extreme interest; and even to the most cursory reader the proceedings of the Linlithgow Prysbetery held thereanent, with the very appropriate sermon preached before the witches by my namesake, and probably collateral ancestor, Mr. John Wilkie, minister of Uphill, are matters of serious reflection, giving us all just cause of congratulation that we live in an age when the mental aberrations of the aged and poor are consigned to medical instead of judicial or clerical treatment. Be assured I feel the arrival of this work of Dr. Sommers's as quite a treat. I appreciate highly the information he has

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embodied in it, and I am most sensible of your kindness in forwarding it to me. I am,

My dear Madam,

Your very faithful and obliged Servant,

D. W.

TO MRS. NASMYTH.

My dear Madam, Kensington, 13th April, 1840.

After much anxiety from what I had heard, I was this morning extremely concerned to receive your announcement of the loss yourself and family have met with in the death of my most esteemed friend Alexander Nasmyth.

I hasten to assure you of my most sincere condolence in your severe affliction, feeling that I can sympathize in the privation you suffer from losing one who was one of my earliest professional friends, whose art I at all times admired, and whose society and conversation were perhaps the most agreeable of any friend I ever met with. He was the founder of the landscape painting of Scotland, and by his taste and talents took the lead for many years in the patriotic aim of enriching his native land with the representations of her romantic scenery. As the friend and contemporary of Allan Ramsay, of Gavin Hamilton, and the Runcimans, Mr. Nasmyth may be said to have been the last remaining link that united the present with the early school of Scottish art.

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With every sentiment of regard to yourself, and to all the members of your family, I am,

My dear Madam,

Your most faithful and obliged Servant,

D. W.

In the following letter, Wilkie alludes to a portrait of himself commissioned from his own hand by his kind and constant friend, Sir Robert Peel.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART. M.P.

Dear Sir Robert, Kensington, 20th April, 1840.

You are most kind in giving a thought to the portrait, which I feel so much honoured in painting for you. For some days I have been proceeding with it, and do not see any difficulty in finding space for the hand in the present size; the introduction of the doctor's cap being one reason why a hand may be desired. I hope shortly to have it advanced so far as to submit it for your obliging counsel in this as well as the likeness, which I find I can only judge of by its impression on others.

With every sentiment of respect, &c.

D. W.

Wilkie did not live to complete this portrait; nor was it over-like;—but it has all the air, the mind, and genius of the original.

The Academy annual Exhibition Wilkie was always unwilling to let pass without contributing something; to miss an Exhibition was like losing a whole year, and

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really dropping a link or two in the chain of public approbation. In the first outset of life it was a labour with him to produce above one great work a year. Latterly, through the fruitful aid of portraiture he was enabled to exhibit the allowed number of eight. In 1840 he had eight: — 1. Benvenuto Cellini presenting for the approval of Pope Paul III. a silver vase of his own workmanship. 2. Queen Victoria in her Robes of State. 3. Portrait of Viscount Arbuthnot, Lord Lieutenant of Kincardineshire, for the County Hall in Stonehaven. 4. Scene from The Gentle Shepherd. 5. Portrait of Mrs. Ferguson, of Raith. 6. The Irish Whiskey Still. 7. The Hookabadar. 8. The Disabled Commodore in his retirement at Greenwich Hospital, 1800.

Of these eight, three make claim to especial notice. The Benvenuto Cellini, a picture which Reynolds would have loved to praise — a complete Sir Joshua all over. The Irish Whiskey Still, as a moral lesson pictorially told — true in parts to Irish character, and yet an attempt, and an able one, to graft the spiritual school of Correggio upon scenes of a less lofty nature. The Mrs. Ferguson, as the best female portrait of its painter — rich in colour, well harmonised, very like, and well painted.

In the following letter Wilkie enumerates some of the characters and accessories which he was to work into his picture of John Knox administering the Sacrament.

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TO —— ——.

Dear Madam, Kensington, 25th May, 1840.

You are kind in inquiring about my labours on the subject of Knox. The picture proceeds, and, as it advances, improves by details and incidents casting up to add to the apparent reality of the scene. I find, however, that a good deal of contrivance is required to fill up the expected material of such an event. I had a call lately from Dr. Sommers, who expressed much interest about it, and about the circumstances attendant upon that early celebration of the sacrament. I had, however, to request him to make due allowance for what was necessary to make up a picture. With a certain class of subjects it is necessary to put in much that is imaginary, or without authority, and to leave out much unadapted for painting. The hall, which you have stated as modernised, I am obliged to restore to what will recal an ancient hall of that period: the chimney I ornament; decorate the walls with the pilasters now there to suit; and I must try to renew the carved screen which you say divided the room, in old times, from the entrance. I also put in more people, and those more varied in rank than could well have been there. I mean to put in the Lord and Lady Lorn, the Regent Murray, perhaps also Morton, and the aged Earl of Argyll. I also wish to introduce, in a prominent place, the knight of St. John (Sir James Sandilands), and, whether right or wrong, in *armour*. A large wine-cooler is also made prominent; and, as suggested by Dr. Sommers's account of the

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parish, a Calder witch is to be placed conspicuous. This, you will doubtless say, *is* a mixture; but it is of that sort which, whether consistent with truth or not, is certainly required to make up that kind of compound that goes to the formation of what we call a picture.

Allow me to repeat how much I feel gratified by the interest you have upon all occasions taken in this work; and that I would feel delighted if I had the pleasure of seeing you, and of hearing you pronounce upon its merits.

I am, &c.

D. W.

At the public auction of Wilkie's works after his death, a highly-finished sketch of this fine picture was sold for eighty-four pounds; the picture itself, or all that was ever painted of it, for one hundred and eighty-nine pounds. The latter purchase was made by the Royal Scottish Academy; and no portion of their funds was ever better spent in the purchase of a work of art.

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CHAPTER VIII.

WILKIE AT THE HAGUE, COLOGNE, MUNICH, VIENNA, AND CONSTANTINOPLE.—EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.—PAINTS "THE LETTER-WRITER," AND "THE TARTAR RELATING THE NEWS OF THE CAPTURE OF ACRE."—LETTERS TO MR. AND MISS WILKIE, MR. MOON, MR. YOUNG, MR. COLLINS, R.A., AND SIR PETER LAURIE.

In the autumn of 1840 Sir David set out suddenly on his journey to the East: for this, rumour assigned sundry reasons, some of them probable, and few of them true. It was said that he went charged with royal commissions from home to paint for the palace galleries portraits of the young ruler of Turkey and the old ruler of Egypt. This was in its turn contradicted, by the assurance that this great painter was regarded but coldly in the high places of the land, and was, on court authority, held deficient in that grace of style which captivates the high bred and the polished. This gave way to a third rumour, that he longed for "fresh fields and pastures new," and desired to merit the applause of the multitude by pictures of remote scenes and strange manners and employments. The devout had a rumour of their own, that Wilkie was on a visit to the Holy Land, to realise those visions present to his mind when he first opened the Bible in the village of Cults, and behold Jerusalem as it came in glory from the hand of Solomon, or sunk in sorrow under the sword of Titus. While a fifth party, who were intimate with the state

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of his health, whispered that he went on a tour to the warmer regions of the East in the hope that their sunnier shores and more odorous vales would do for him what they had done for some who less deserved the mercy of health. That truth claimed a share in these rumours it would be idle to deny: we may say with certainty that he went with enlarging notions of his art; that he was not encumbered with royal commissions, and hoped amendment to his health by a visit to a land endeared to his heart by a thousand associations, and all of them devout. He was accompanied by William Woodburn, of St. Martin's Lane, a gentleman of agreeable manners and conversant with the art in which Wilkie himself excelled. They first made their way to Holland; visited the Galleries of Rotterdam and Amsterdam, and then turned their steps to Munich, resolved to penetrate to Constantinople, by following the course of the Danube, and from thence, if war and plague permitted, to waft themselves to Syria, and conclude their tour by dropping down into Egypt, with memory and sketch-book full of Jerusalem, its holy hills, and memorable valleys.

JOURNAL.

1840, 15th *August.* Went on board the Batavier steamer, at 7 o'clock, with Mr. William Woodburn, and next day sailed down the Thames; dined at Margate Point, and at 6 o'clock in the following morning reached Rotterdam without absolute sea-sickness.

17th. Started for the Hague; spoke with the Hon. W. Liddel and his family, and went to the hotel of Marshal Turenne. Saw the pictures in the Museum;

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they were nearly as I saw them in 1816, with the addition of The Anatomist by Rembrandt,—a splendid picture, in the manner of The Ship Builder. Saw the pictures of M. Verstolk Van Soelen; some fine Dutch pictures: Hobbima, Cuyp, Ruysdael, Vandervelde, and others. But what pleased me above all was an Old Woman's Head by Rembrandt, possessed formerly by Lord Charles Townshend. Afternoon went to the palace of the Prince of Orange, whose splendid rooms, most richly furnished, were filled—three of them at least—with the drawings of Michael Angelo and Raphael, which, though in plain oak frames, yet gave an interest to the suite of apartments highly creditable to the taste of the Prince for the high class of art. These drawings were collected by Sir Thomas Lawrence. One feels wearied with the perfections of the minor Dutch paintings, and finds relief in contemplating even the imperfect sketches and incomplete thoughts of those great Italians. My friend Woodburn used to say when we were in Italy that all collectors begin with Dutch pictures, but end with Italian.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

The Hague, 17th August, 1840.

On reaching Rotterdam at 6 o'clock this morning I got on shore without any attendant derangements, such as on former occasions I have so often suffered from after a sea-voyage. I find Mr. Woodburn most thoughtful and obliging, and, knowing

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his experience, my rule is to do what he does. At the Hague he is quite at home.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

18th. Left the Hague at 10 o'clock, and passing through Leyden and Haarlem reached Amsterdam at 3 o'clock, and went to look at the house said to be that of Rembrandt. It is in the Jews' quarter; is now a china shop, kept by a Jew; and on the front of the house "Rembrandt" is inscribed. I confess, however, that the house disappointed me. The shop, looking to the north-east, would have made a painting-room; but the back room, to which you ascend by a flight of steps, is small, and low in the ceiling, perhaps about fourteen feet square. Unless we can suppose the house extended with back premises, which no longer exist, this domicile, with two rooms on a floor, of three or four stories, and with party-walls not square, but strongly inclined from the front wall, seems a most unsuitable residence for this great master, leaving still the mystery unravelled of how he was esteemed and rewarded, and in what station he lived. Whatever may be said of the difference in the style of houses or mode of living, a certain space is wanting for the production of the larger pictures painted by Rembrandt, or even for full occupation in his smaller ones; and this house will, in its appearance and dimensions, bear no comparison with the house of Titian in Venice, the Casa Buonarotti in Florence, or the mansion of Rubens at Antwerp.

19th. Went to the Trippenhuis; were particularly

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pleased with The Night Watch, which, if it had been a fine subject, like The Christ before Pontius Pilate, which Rembrandt has etched, would be one of the finest pictures he ever produced. We were greatly struck with The Syndics, for the gusto and freedom with which it is painted. Called at the Laprona; saw a Ferdinand Bol, very fine; portraits of the founders or supporters of the charity. In the evening saw two whole lengths of Rembrandt, most superb, and were taken to the house of the family of Six, where was a very fine portrait, half-length, of the Burgomaster, by Rembrandt, painted with great power and effect, but which I think was unfinished; saw also, at the same house, pictures by Ostade, Metzu, Ruysdael, and Maes, in black frames that had hung in these frames, and on the same walls, ever since they were painted.

20th. Left Amsterdam in the diligence at 8 o'clock; proceeded to Utrecht, through a flat district on the banks of canals, enlivened by very beautiful villas; after leaving Utrecht, the ground ran to a higher level, to a kind of moorland, from whence we descended to the Rhine. We were reminded of Cuyp, by the sight of Nymegen, and all the circumstances of trees, houses, and cattle of the surrounding country. Here we found the steamer from Rotterdam, waiting to sail to-morrow morning; crossed to Nymegen by the bridge of boats.

21st. Left Nymegen by the steam-boat; found this mode of travelling most agreeable; and though against the current, and the distance prolonged by the windings of the river, yet the progress is rapid enough to

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satisfy any traveller. We soon joined the Rhine, and ascending left Cleves on our right, at a distance from the river. Early in the day we came to the Prussian frontier at Emmerich, where the officers examined our luggage, but without appearing disposed to be very searching. One of my portmanteaus I opened, and they requested me to turn up some of my apparel, but when they asked Mr. Woodburn to turn up his, he said it was for them to do this; but the officer still persisting on the things being turned up for him, Mr. Woodburn took the handle of his large portmanteau, and absolutely overturned the whole of its contents upon the deck, telling him to examine them now if he pleased. This reproof had the happy effect of preventing any further search, which, from the plague of my numerous materials for drawing and painting, I was most glad of. We dined at the table-d'hôte on board, which we found most agreeable. The banks of the Rhine continue flat, but, from the fine weather, very beautiful.

Memorandum of Dates on Pictures. — Night Watch (Rembrandt) 1642. Syndics (ditto) 1661.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Cologne, 22d August, 1840.

From the Hague I wrote to Thomas to let him know our progress up to our arrival at that capital. We there saw a number of fine pictures, many of which I had seen before, and in the evening we were admitted into the palace of the Prince of Orange, where in very superb rooms we saw hung round the

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drawings of Rubens, Raphael, and Michael Angelo, which the Prince had purchased of Mr. Samuel Woodburn, and which to us had of course more interest than any furniture with which they could have been adorned. The Prince was made acquainted with our visit, and sent a message to know how we liked the works of art, the house, &c.

At the Hague we were delayed with rain, which continued nearly the whole of our way through Leyden and Haarlem to Amsterdam. Wherever we went our great subject of interest was seeing the native places of the great Dutch painters, and the models and materials which they have immortalised. At Amsterdam we sallied forth in the evening in search of the house of Rembrandt; it is in what is now the Jews' quarter, and is, in short, a Jew's old china shop. It is well built, four stories high, but, unless it had been once larger, which behind there is now no room to enlarge, it greatly disappointed me. The shop is high in the ceiling, but all the other rooms are low and little, and, compared with the house of Titian at Venice, of Claude in Rome, and of Rubens in Antwerp, is quite unworthy the house of the great master of the school of Holland. Even if stuffed as it now is with every description of the pottery of Canton, it could not have held even a sixth part of the inventory Nieuwenhuys found as the distrained effects of Rembrandt; and the only solution is that he may have once lived there; but as his will, still extant, is dated in another street, and as several of the pictures he painted could not be contained in the rooms we were in, we must conclude that, like the

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shell which encloses the caterpillar, it was only a temporary abode for the winged genius to whom art owes so much of its brilliancy.

Mr. Woodburn, both at the Hague and at Amsterdam, in regard to hotels and acquaintance, seems quite at home. He found out a friend, who took us to the houses of several old aristocratic families, where were pictures painted by Ostade, Metzu, and other worthies, for the houses, frames and places they now occupy, and for which they retain a regard no power can displace, and a value no money can purchase. We here revisited also what I had seen in 1816, the celebrated Trippenhuis, where is The Night Watch of Rembrandt*, and The Deputies of Vanderhelst. We also visited the noble mansion of the family of Six, where there is a fine half-length by Rembrandt, of the magnificent Burgomaster Six. We have seen as well numerous splendid specimens of Cuyp, Hobbima, and what are called the minor Dutch masters.

On Thursday, the 20th we left Amsterdam by the diligence for Utrecht and Arnheim. In the evening we were at Nymegen on the river Waal, so celebrated in the pictures of Cuyp.

We have found the bread, the meat, and of all things the garden vegetables, as fine or finer than in England; every thing too is cheaper. We have been troubled with the examination of our luggage: Woodburn in a rage emptied the whole contents of a

* With The Night Watch, he says in a letter to Sir William Knighton, I was greatly struck, regretting only that the painter had not a better subject.

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portmanteau upon the deck. They did not ask to examine any thing more of ours.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

22d *August.* At Cologne our chief object was to see the picture which Rubens presented to the church of St. Peter, the place of his birth. It is the Crucifixion of St. Peter: it is placed over the altar, and what is absurd is that a copy, painted on the back of it, is the first thing you see, and it is only on payment of two francs that the original is turned round upon a pivot. The composition is the best part of this picture: the bringing of the figures together is most original and skilful, and presents the difficulty of a bad subject overcome. Still the painting, except in the left shoulder and breast of the saint, and in the general hue of colour is below the usual run of this great master,—though done, indeed, with great power, yet in the drawing of the figures, the indication of anatomy is far from good. Went next to the Modern Exhibition, where, amid much ingenuity and a variety of talent, was one great work by Caiser of Berlin, of great power; a subject of the middle ages, Clemency of a Conqueror. I wished there had been more effect of light and shadow, and more transparency, but I must say the knowledge and talent it displayed was vast.

23d. Started early on board the steam-boat; passed the Drachenfels, and at 2 o'clock the strong fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, with the city of Coblentz on the right. Saw a number of beautiful castles on the tops

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of the rocky hills on both sides, and in the villages and towns many beautiful churches, but, although it was Sunday, did not see any indications of going to church, nor hear the usual ringing of bells attendant on such meetings. The weather continues beautiful; the warmth greater than at this season in England; and proved to be so by the numerous vine plantations upon every sandy space the rocky precipice will allow for cultivation. The Rhine, which, with the district it passes through, has gained so much by the improved mode of navigation the steam-engine has afforded, brings its towns and villages, with their produce and their wants, in immediate contact with the whole world, yet shows upon its rapid stream specimens of that early style of movement upon the wave, of all others the most primitive kind of adventure in the sailor's art. The wood in raft and the steam-boat here meet—the earliest and the latest invention in seamanship. We have met with several; the logs of wood seem curiously attached to make a body of great length as well as sufficient width; about six or eight people are maintained in the service of conducting it, with a small boat in attendance, and a sort of hut of deals for their occasional dwelling: at the stern is a paddle or rudder, and at the head another paddle, which all the hands we saw were working to direct the raft in the proper channel.

Monday, 24th. Reached Mayence by eleven last night, after being much delighted with the appointments of the steam-boat, and with the splendid scenes the river presented. Put up at the Hôtel de Hesse,

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and this forenoon at eleven got to the railway, which in less than an hour and a half brought us to Frankfort. Dined at the table-d'hôte.

25th. Went with various friends to the public gallery. Saw a variety of Dutch pictures, with a considerable number of early German masters, curious for the costumes as well as for the mechanism. Saw also a large fresco by Fight of Dusseldorf, surrounded with what is called Byzantine patterns as a frame work, the subject, Christianity introducing the Arts into Germany — showing great ability, but cold and allegorical, — avoiding all the inventions of modern art, and giving rise to many questions on that account. Saw a picture by Lessing, and one by a young artist of Daniel in the Lion's Den, both nearer what is now doing with us, adding only a little mixture of the French. Went to the Cemetery, where we saw some sculptures by Thorwaldsen.

27th. Reached Nuremburg. Saw the Cathedral, the Hôtel de Ville, and the statue of Albert Durer by Rauch, and visited the house of Albert Durer, in the Albert Durer Street; saw what is said to have been his painting-room. The house has four rooms on a floor; has not been altered; and is even now a respectable-looking house. The chief inhabitants are Protestants: the Jews were expelled, and live at a distance.

28th. Went to see the gallery of early German pictures: very numerous, but want variety; still they furnish fine material for the artist to build upon. Went to the Gallery or Museum: saw a fine specimen of De Hooge, and of Berghem: was greatly struck

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with two pictures of Apostles by Albert Durer; a fine style of drawing and composition, reminding one of Fra Bartolomeo.

29th. Reached Munich at 11 o'clock. We were introduced to Mr. Cornelius, who was at work in fresco, upon his very great and splendid undertaking. Called on Mr. Dillis. Saw the statue of the Elector Maximilian, by Thorwaldsen; very masterly, the colour of the bronze very beautiful; it was like silver: would be glad to know how this is produced.

TO THOMAS WILKIE, ESQ.

Munich, 29th August, 1840.

From Cologne Mr. Woodburn and myself had to start early on the 23d; and in a most superb steamer, we saw the most beautiful parts of the Rhine, reaching Mayence late at night; here we found a railway to Frankfort.

At Frankfort we remained a day to see the gallery and the sights.

Our journey has been most agreeable, some days very hot, though we have found the evenings cool. Mr. Woodburn seems a most experienced traveller, never in a hurry, foresees every thing, provides for every thing, has been greatly interested in the pictures we have seen, and seems to enjoy the journey extremely.

At Frankfort a difficulty was made about our luggage, and we were obliged to leave my large

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packet and one of my portmanteaus to come next day by another conveyance. For living, we choose that of the country, often superb. The claret is most excellent.

We are told here of the horrors of mosquitos, German smoking, quarantine, &c.; but if we can only escape without much sea-sickness, and without much cold or heat, we are resolved to see no difficulty till it actually comes.

At Frankfort Mr. Koch took us to the Jews' quarter. We saw in this most remarkable place a better sort of house, they say, actually inhabited by Mrs. Rothschild, the mother of the dynasty, who has an impression she never should leave it. The same evening Mr. Koch went with us to the German Theatre, attracted by the name of the play—Coreggio! The great painter was represented in his troubles of obscurity and poverty, discovered and relieved by Giulio Romano and Michael Angelo. We all agreed there was no sort of play could so engross and interest us under all circumstances.

Our French helps us through, wherever it is known. My German I find revives greatly, and with the help of Mr. Woodburn's Dutch, we can at least ask for all we want.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Munich, Aug. 30th. To see the Royal Chapel of Byzantine architecture, decorated with paintings on gold of devotional character, the effect most imposing. Went thence to see the Pinacothek; saw there our excel-

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lent friend, Mr. Dillis; our meeting most joyous and hearty, eighty-one years of age and in good health. He showed us the Italian, Spanish, French and Flemish pictures, all arranged in the new building. Rubens impressed us as much as ever. Returned to dinner, joined by Mr. Dillis and Mr. Cornelius; had a most agreeable dinner, delighted with the generous enthusiam of Cornelius. Joined by Mr. Arthabur of Vienna, who possesses my picture of The Toilette of the Bride; was much pleased with his reception of me. He is a fine looking man, in middle life, and in full health.

31st. Went to see the works in encaustic which Schnorr is engaged in; was surprised at the extent and the talent of the work on which he is employed: it is from the history of Barbarossa; the encaustic is made by oil paint, used with wax, turpentine, and rosin, and afterwards warmed with fire; the colours are brighter than in fresco, more easily done, and appear to answer many of the purposes of that mode of painting. Went again to the Gallery; the Rembrandts disappointed me; Rubens was again as great as ever.

Sept. 1st. Started at nine o'clock for Schleisheim, arrived there at eleven; the Palace looked large, but desolate; we walked over the apartments, which are vast, and took us nearly two hours; found a De Hooge, a Van Huysum, two Claudes, and two Gaspar Poussins, worthy of any gallery. We also saw the large Tintoretto, The Crucifixion; its height is enormous—it is in the Chapel; a fine tone and surface, but for composition and contrivance it disappointed me.

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Saw in the rooms set apart for the modern school my own picture, painted for Maximilian, late King of Bavaria, of The Reading of the Will; it was in an excellent place: the colours had become more mellow, looked deep and rich, and except a chip from a nail, and slight crack, might be said to be in excellent condition. As it appeared, however, to have been varnished, once, or perhaps twice (which I had abstained from doing), I examined it with Mr. Woodburn, with much care, and found over many parts of the surface the usual crack, though very small, that is inevitably produced by varnish. The colours appeared to stand well, but the pink or lake seemed less bright than I could have wished; still, if the cracks do not increase, it bids fair for a perfect durability. Evening — went to the house of Cornelius to supper, saw his wife (an Italian) and daughter; had discussions about his mode of study for fresco, and about the drawings and cartoons of Raphael.

2d. Went to see Glyptothek; very much struck with the bronzes, the Ægina marbles, as well as the celebrated Barberini Faun. The fitting up and building of this gallery is most splendid. Saw two rooms by Cornelius; the first showed in his Aurora great tact and ability, but the second room looked less successful. From this went to see a church opposite to St. Boniface; sculpture for pediment; statues fitted for space of artificers of elegant arts — a most happy thought. In the church found Henry Hesse the younger, the son of the Hesse I saw here fourteen years ago, engaged, with his friends and assistants, on most extensive frescoes from the life of St. Boniface;

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admired his talent, and his plan of working and of colour. Afternoon—went to see the Palace,—filled with ornamental frescoes and arabesques,—thought it crowded, and wanting in the variety, which makes one remember works of art from one another. Find the assistance artists derive from their pupils so great, that many of the works are composed and produced by the pupils, merely under the direction of the masters. Found much confusion from my passport being given to some other person, who has started for the Tyrol. Director of police office to supply a passport direct for Vienna, but wrote to Lord Erskine on the subject.

TO SIR WILLIAM W. KNIGHTON, BART.

Munich, 1st Sept. 1840.

From Frankfort we went to Nuremburg, where the statue of Albert Durer by Rauch, and also his house and street, were seen and visited with interest. The public gallery was also attractive, and the town, for its magnificence and style, presented fresh subjects for thought at every turn.

But the great subject of speculation, after the pictures of the old school, is the school now rising with so much talent and eclat in this city. I was here with Woodburn fourteen years ago, and, since then, a whole street of palaces has arisen, a new school encouraged into maturity, and galleries formed of ancient sculpture and painting. Whatever this may lead to, our wonder is excited at the taste and enterprise both of the kingly employer and the talented

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artists entrusted with his commands. Can old England, young as she is, ever be stimulated by any such work?

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Munich, 3d Sept. 1840.

Our chief object in this city has been to see what we saw before, and the objects of renovation the present King has added since we were here. We found our excellent friend Mr. Dillis, eighty-one years of age, still fresh, and most glad to see us. Works of art are going on by wholesale: Cornelius, the chief painter, is painting an entire church; Schnorr is painting several halls of the House of Assembly; and Hesse has painted one church, and is now painting another.

Sculpture and building are also going on at a great pace, and every sort of ornament in bronze, stained glass, and marble, are applied in profusion for their decoration. The opportunity for talent is, in consequence, very great, and the talent called out and displayed is no doubt most satisfactory; but to a standerby the question is, whether the demands of the King are not beyond what the artists can supply, or the people at large can appreciate; and whether too much has not been done in the time? Our friend, Woodburn, has upon this subject less patience than I; but we are both most glad to have seen the great works in progress.

We devoted one of the days to go to the old palace,

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where, besides a multitude of old pictures, are the works of the modern school, and where, in consequence, is my picture of The Reading of the Will. It appeared in good condition, and looked strong and well, much finished, and with a sobriety and richness of colour which I liked. It was a little mellower than when painted, but in no other respect changed. They told us that many people, particularly the English, make the journey, nine miles, to the palace to see it.

We had Mr. Cornelius, Mr. Dillis, and Mr. Bogliano, to dine with us, and were most merry. Woodburn scarcely seems to relish what the German masters are now doing.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Sept. 3d. Saw the bronzes of the Electors of Germany, designed by Schwanhaller with great power; and the whole operation of making moulds, and casting, finishing, and gilding, &c., done by Lighmyre, whom we saw, a most intelligent person, and whom we found constructing the model of a statue of Bavaria, on the stupendous scale of 40 or 50 feet, in a wooden house built on purpose — the figure to be cast in five parts. Went to see the gallery of the Duc de Leuchtenberg — much the same as we had seen it before — no pictures very remarkable, though many desirable specimens of the minor Venetian and Dutch masters: among the modern school, the Belisarius of Gerard I thought the finest. Evening — went to the German opera: the piece, Guido and Ginevra; scene, Florence;

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3d act, most remarkable — showing the church and the vaults underneath, where Ginevra, supposed to have died of the plague, is deposited, and where, after the requiem is sung, she recovers; and where a most striking situation occurs, from the entry of brigands into the vaults, but who are so paralysed, supposing her a spirit, that she makes her escape. Music fine, costumes remarkable, and scenes most ingeniously contrived — last act very indifferent.

4th. After much plague about my passport, carried off in mistake by a Mr. Whyte and family, Lord Erskine, on being applied to, sent me one of his, which, with difficulty and delay, I got *viséd* by the police and the Austrian minister. Started for Vienna at 3 o'clock.

5th. Travel all night, and enter the Austrian frontier, near Salzburg, at 10 o'clock. Castle like that of Edinburgh, but remarkable for the rocks, with wood and mountains, by which it is surrounded.

6th. Salzburg, for a tourist admiring the romantic and picturesque, is one of the finest places I have seen; it brings all within the smallest space; it is Edinburgh Castle and the old town brought within the cliffs of the Trosachs, watered by a river like the Tay, and having for an entrance a tunnel through a rock. These, with the snow-covered Alps of the Tyrol in the distance, make a combination no where else to be met with. This city has also its traditions and its history, ecclesiastical and civil. In the castle there are prisons and instruments of torture — a trap-doored vault, called the bed of roses. It has a splendid bishop's palace, near the cathedral,

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with a covered way to it: it has a gate with a portcullis. To a lover of music it has the attraction of being the birth-place of Mozart; and to the speculator on the eccentric pursuits of the human mind, it contains still, in a street close to the bridge, the domicile of Paracelsus, who, in less enlightened times, was a searcher after the *elixir vitæ* and the philosopher's stone. I have often wished my friend Captain Basil Hall to write a German novel; indeed, as to the effect, his Schloss Hainfeldt might have been a novel, instead of a true history. Salzburg would be the *locale* for the best material and scenery for such an undertaking.

7th. Left Salzburg at 10 o'clock yesterday, and reached Linz this morning at 5 o'clock. Houses and people between this and Salzburg much like those of the Tyrol. The steam-boat not having arrived, spent the day in admiration of this inconsiderable town. In the evening went to the theatre.

8th. Rose at 5 o'clock—got on board, and started at ½ past 9, with current of stream immensely in our favour, urging us forward with the power of steam like an arrow; weather beautiful, and the range of the banks of the Danube, with the hills and mountains, most delightful. In this navigation of the Danube, the only thing that gave uneasiness was that the steam-boat repeatedly rubbed against the sand-banks in the bed of the river: this was, however, not enough to run the boat aground, which it would have required many hours to get off again. Passed the Castle of Durrenstein, noted in history as the prison of King Richard I. on his return from the

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crusades. Its situation was finer than we expected—both wild and beautiful; the castle on the top of a lofty rock, showing in its ruin its former strength, and the little village, with its church at the water's edge, giving a marked contrast of the peaceful security of modern times. Found this day's voyage most interesting, and reached Vienna at 8 o'clock.

9th. Sallied forth about passport, and to call at the British Embassy; called on M. Arteria, and went to the Belvidere; saw Italian collection, collection of the Flemish schools, also the old German masters, and the modern school; were joined in this visit by the Directeur Herr Graff, who seemed most friendly and kind. We were greatly struck by the Rubens's and Vandykes, and also by a Ruysdael; one or two heads by Rembrandt also very fine. Saw two pictures of Herr Graff's, Volunteer departing to the Wars, and his Return, painted size of life. In this visit were greatly impressed by two large pictures of Rubens, St. Ignatius, and St. Francis Xavier. In the evening went to the theatre with Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael, of Dublin.

10th. Went to see the collection of Baron Porthon, lately dead, whom I had visited in 1826; found pictures much the same; one fine example of Wouvermans. Went next to Palace of Lichtenstein; here Rubens is in the ascendent: a series of large pictures from Roman history—most striking, bold, vigorous, and rapid; though wanting in delicacy, they yet have such freshness of colour and tone as appears to outshine all other masters. Here are also some fine portraits, by Vandyke, with the superb portraits of

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the two sons of Rubens, which, for the character of youth, appear unequalled among all his works. The quantity of pictures, and of high excellence, quite overwhelms one—Dutch, German, and French; the number of rooms thus filled is extraordinary. In the room of modern art I was pleased to see a work of Directeur Kraaft, of Ossian, that pleased us greatly. Went also to the gallery of Count Schoenbrun; saw the Samson of Rembrandt, but found it a disagreeable picture.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Vienna, 10th Sept. 1840.

At Munich we did not see any of the grandees: the King was absent, the nobility also, and Lord Erskine at such a distance, his summer residence, that we had no means of waiting upon him. Most of the artists, however, we saw, and they were most kind.

We proceeded to Salzburg, travelling all night; attracted to this route by the romantic site of that place. It justified all we expected. From Salzburg, by another journey of a day and night, we reached Linz, the capital of Upper Austria, here to meet, and to be taken up by the steamer for Vienna. We reached at five in the morning; but at six, the time of starting, no steamer had arrived. We were thus detained an entire day at Linz; but the hotel was so good, and the town so superb in its buildings, with the German Opera into the bargain, that we had no reason to regret our detention. Next morning, the 8th, the steamer arrived, after three days' heavy voyage up the rapid stream of

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the Danube, from Vienna; and at nine, after taking in coals, started with the current, and with her steaming impulse seemed to dart like an arrow, passing the hills, and dales, and towers of this romantic river in rapid succession. In eight or ten hours we were at Vienna, and in the Stadt London, the same hotel I had been at in my former visit. Here we are most comfortable, with every appointment adapted to the English.

Your letter of the 24th of August made me quite comfortable about all doing at home. The chief subject is the engraving of Lady Baird's picture, in regard to which I made particular arrangements with Mr. Moon that the moment Mr. Denning has finished the drawing, the picture is to be removed from Dulwich to the studio of Mr. Burnet, that he may etch the principal parts of it at once. Mr. Moon, who shows a proper zeal in the matter, proposes to go to Edinburgh in person, to be present at the showing of the picture there.

The letter of Lady Baird is most kind. Her offer is most generous. You state you were to see Mr. Moon on the subject; if so, do press him to make every exertion as we arranged.

We have just had the Director of the Gallery of the Belvedere to dine with us, Krafft, whom I knew before. He was much rejoiced to see us.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Sept. 12th. Went to the mansion of Mr. Arthaber, in the outskirts of the town, and saw numbers of modern

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pictures, of which the following pleased us much: a Neapolitan Girl, with Tambourine, looking at Two Pigeons, by A. Riedel, 1836; a Cathedral, by Ainmiller, 1839; a Raphael and Fornarina, by Schavoni; and a Ferry Boat in a Storm, by Ganermann. My own picture of The Toilette of a Bride, I saw with much interest: at first it looks slighter than I expected after the many objects of the minor Dutch we had been seeing, but it had gained in its appearance of detail: it had gained in tone, as the whites being mellow, and the shadows full of transparent colour, with here and there the red ochres and yellows coming in their right places. I was satisfied it would tell with advantage beside works of that class we look to as guides in the great objects of art: being, however, most sensible of its defects, I felt only the more grateful for the honour paid to my humble labours by so distinguished a person as Mr. Arthaber in its having a place in so important a situation, where art and nature seem to combine to render all around beautiful.

TO FRANCIS GRAHAM MOON, ESQ.

My dear Sir, Vienna, 14th Sept. 1840.

Thus far on my journey to the east, I must beg you to excuse my reverting to the subject we discussed so fully when I last had the pleasure of seeing you, to assure you that Lady Baird continues anxious about all that relates to the engraving of the picture of her late husband. I must write in a day or two to her Ladyship, and shall assure her, as I

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have already done, and which I hear you will fully bear me out in, of your zeal and heartiness in the cause; that the etching, particularly of the head of Sir David Baird, will be proceeded in from the picture by Mr. Burnet; and that by the close of the year, when the picture goes to Scotland, you will yourself repair also to Scotland, a proceeding I judge so necessary for the interest of the engraving in that place.

Perhaps I should apologise for troubling you on business at a time when you, probably, after the late most active season, require relaxation as well as myself; and as to saying any thing of the objects a traveller may have to see, I am not yet far enough from home, nor on sufficiently new ground, to hope to interest you. I was much surprised with the great works produced by the single effort of patronage of the King of Bavaria at Munich, in the building and decoration of churches, a great library, with a museum of sculpture, and a picture gallery: these, with the streets and houses added since I was there, fourteen years ago, are most astonishing; and, great as the enterprise of our country is, they put to shame, in the departments of architecture with decorative sculpture and painting, all that our system of economy and reform is ever likely to lead to. At Vienna there seems little patronage, except as with us, by the public spirit of individuals, and also as with us by art unions. I see but little doing here in engraving, except in lithography, and the same at Munich.

D. W.

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JOURNAL, *continued.*

Sept. 14th. Went with Mr. Arteria to look over the drawings of the Archduke Charles : began with the Raphaels and Michael Angelos; found a great number, but few to be really attributed to these masters. Looked over the Correggios, one of which was very fine. Looked at the Rembrandts—four fine; but a large drawing of a battle by Rubens was shown of the finest quality—the most masterly drawing I ever saw of Rubens.

15th. Went again to the Belvedere, and in this visit was struck more than ever with the vast power in invention and in manual dexterity of Rubens; two large pictures, one—St. Ignatius curing the Sick, and St. Xavier, for power of expression and force of painting quite beyond himself. In one was a fore-shortened figure of a maniac on the ground—quite extraordinary. In both these pictures were large portions so heavy that he scarcely could have touched them; yet, for impressive effect, I have seldom seen finer works of the master.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Vienna, 16th Sept. 1840.

We are much occupied in seeing pictures. In the Palace of the Belvedere, and in the Palace of Prince Lichtenstein, there are many to interest, particularly by Rubens. We have also seen some of the living painters; who, as the court is not occupied with art, say that they are doing nothing. One house we

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desired to see — that of Mr. Arthaber, whom we met at Munich, and who, as he possesses my picture of The Toilette of the Bride, gave me letters that I might see it. The house stands on an eminence overlooking a fine view of the Danube, and surrounded by a most beautiful garden, with conservatories for foreign plants. Here we were received with great politeness by the mother of Mr. Arthabur, an elderly but handsome lady, who had much to tell us about the house, about her son, and about the pictures. She led us all over the house: the rooms are very fine; and, as she said, purposely took us to see every picture before she came to mine. I found it placed up stairs, in one of the inner rooms of the suite. She was pleased to compliment me upon it, and said that many people, particularly the artists of Vienna, had come to see it. Beside it were a number of the works of the living artists, some of great merit, and considered the best collection of the sort in Vienna, such as any picture might be honoured in being associated with. My own picture looked well: appears unchanged, except in more mellowness of tone: the shadows looked transparent, the colours in their right places; and, though not so highly finished as The Will at Munich, was yet bright and attractive in its appearance. Both Mr. Woodburn and myself were much pleased with this visit. The kindness of the lady, and the good sense and splendour all around, pleased us greatly.

To-morrow we proceed to Presburg, and thence to Pest. With the German language we make no progress; in French and Italian we do greatly better.

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Vienna appears empty, and how opposite in government and policy from London!

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Sept. 16th. M. Krafft called, with a distinguished artist from Berlin. Called on Mr. Arteria, who obtained us admission to see a room in the Emperor's Palace, on the walls of which in encaustic were painted three large pictures by Herr Krafft, showing great power. The subjects, though unfavourable, were so managed with the modern costume, that a very real and pleasing effect was produced, which does great credit to the talent of Mr. Krafft.

17th. Got every thing packed up, and having settled all accounts, started from Vienna to the banks of the Danube, where the steamer was waiting. Sailed at 3 o'clock: voyage down the Danube very pleasant, and the banks highly interesting as we reached Presburg, which we did about 6 o'clock. Had a walk to the ruined castle on the high rock: most interesting for situation and prospect.

18th. Awakened at 4 o'clock: got on board the same steamer for Pest, with many of the same passengers: joined by Mr. and Mrs. Colville, from Gala Water; dined at *table-d'hôte* on board; weather agreeable, and the Danube most beautiful. The country thinly peopled, though the towns and buildings beautiful. Reached Pest in the evening: very surprising as a city. Pest, on one side, is splendid for its new buildings.

19th. Saw the works going on—driving piles for

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the cofferdam; the forge, and the models and plans for the bridge to be constructed across the Danube.

23d. Went to see the public baths of men and women: like the infernal regions; like the river Styx, sulphureous and dark: the most remarkable sight I ever saw.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Pest, in Hungary, 24th Sept. 1840.

Our journey becomes at every stage more interesting. We are now breaking new ground, for both Mr. Woodburn and myself. Till we left Vienna works of art were our chief pursuit; and a most luxurious treat we had of the wonders of former times in the German capitals: here we neither see nor hear of pictures; but, in exchange, we at every turn contemplate the sort of life and nature that has scarcely yet been the subject of art. The dresses we see are still European, but verging strongly on the Turkish or Asiatic: the jacket becomes short, the trowsers more ample, and the hat more turban-like.

On reaching Pest by the steamer, we repaired to the Königinn von England, a large palace-like hotel, just set up, with very fine rooms and appointments, but irregular attendance. I immediately sent to Mr. Tierney Clerk. Our meeting was most cordial. He took us to see the great work—the bridge on the Danube. The cofferdam itself, from the model we saw of it, is a great, though only a temporary, work. Mr. Woodburn and I invited Mr. Clerk to dine with us at our hotel, where we had a handsome entertain-

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ment; Tokay, the native wine of Pest, being one of our treats. You may believe that we had, with this, with champagne, and other Hungarian wines, a complete jollification.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

On the Danube, Sunday, 27th Sept. 1840.

From Pest we started, on the 25th, by the steam-boat Francis I., to proceed on our route down the Danube, to the extent of the Austrian frontier. The bridge of iron Mr. Clerk is engaged upon will be greater in span than any bridge over the Thames. Mr. Clerk introduced us to a very leading and patriotic noble, the Count Sycheny, who is united with other enterprising parties, in trying to improve the commerce of the vast, but neglected, Danube. The bridge, as well as the steam-boats, form the great means of this improvement. The Hungarians seem to desire alliance and commerce with the English. Hungary and Servia, being frontier provinces, have, at all times, been the theatres of turmoil and war — sacrificed, as a barrier, to repel the inroads of the Turk.

From Pest we sailed, with an overflowing number of passengers, crowded to a degree that would have been intolerable, but that as we proceeded our cargo thinned out by dozens. In this way we hurried along with the current for three days, passing a wild, and often dull, prospect on both sides. Among the Hungarian passengers we found some,

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both ladies and gentlemen, who seemed to take to us extremely, and the time glided on, even in the crowd, agreeably. On the third day we stopped at a town called Semlin, from which we saw on the other side the Danube a town and fortress celebrated in history, in opera, and song — Belgrade. Here Braham, as well as the wars of Eugene, were recalled. Here, for the first time, we saw, in one quarter, the mosque of the Turks; on another, within the high citadel, the palace of the Pacha; and close to it a range of dull buildings, the seraglio, we were told, of his highness the Pacha. On our way from Semlin, the right bank of the river was Turkish, the left Servian. On the fourth day we reached a pass of mountains, Tracova, where we left the steam-boat, and embarked in the little boats, with our luggage and about thirty passengers. Each boat had a cabin, like a barge, and in this way, with the help of oars, we were impelled along the rapids, which, for near fifty miles, attend the passage of the river through the Alpine range, that divides the Austrian from the Ottoman territory. Among these mountains we stopt for a night, at a beautiful village Orsova, from whence, next morning, we were conveyed by boat to join the Argus steamer, which lay at anchor within the Turkish territory, and where our luggage, on landing, had to be hauled over a hedge, the boatmen not daring to touch the Turks, for fear of being lodged in quarantine before returning to their homes. In this distant land we entered our new steamer with anxiety; but were no sooner on board than we found a most excellent breakfast, servants speaking Italian,

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and the captain English. We soon got therefore reconciled to every thing. Of our company on board were two young gentlemen, Mr. Miles, one of the sons of Mr. Miles, of Leigh Court, near Bristol, who has the fine collection of pictures; and Mr. Repton, grandson of the late Lord Chancellor Eldon. Both have been most friendly, and, with their English courier, have shown us every attention.

The Turks on board are civil and silent, and remain on deck: their character and dresses are the most splendid to be imagined. This, of course, is felt as new ground — as new life, and as subject-matter every hour of the day for the pen and the pencil. The first night we anchored at the Turkish town of Widdin, and, when sitting at tea and coffee in our cabin, were told to listen to a voice of a man on the minaret of a mosque hard by, who was busy calling the faithful to prayers. It was a sort of chant, sometimes fine, but not very musical, — it continued — then ceased; and, in the interval, we heard a more distant voice on a further minaret, repeating the same religious call to the surrounding moslems. As the night was dark, the weather fine and still, and the mosque lighted, it was a novel and impressive scene.

I can remember my first impression when landing at Dieppe, I first saw France; and when, in passing the Bidassoa, I first saw Spain: but at Rustchuk, where we landed on the 1st of October, the wonder of the first sight of the first town, city or village, I have seen of the Moslem empire, has far exceeded either.

D. W.

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JOURNAL, *continued.*

28th *Sept.* In the progress of the navigation of this vast river saw much cause to lament that so little has been done to help it either in improving the accommodation of the steamers or the course of the river by which they move.

29th. Left Orsova in a row-boat, which carried us down a very strong rapid called the Iron Gate; below this we came to the frontier town, where, among the precautions taken to prevent intercourse, the boatmen were not allowed to meet or touch any thing on the Turkish side. Found here at Kladown the steamer Argus waiting; got on board; found but few passengers; and the appointments and attendance most excellent. The captain we also found perfect in his station, speaking all languages we could desire. At night reached Widdin, a large town with mosques; the gates being shut, we were not permitted to land; we were struck with several circumstances that showed us we were among an Asiatic people: one was that, while sitting in the cabin, we heard a voice at a distance calling from the top of the minarets to the people to come to prayers. We went on deck to hear it; it was dark; a mosque was near to the landing-place all lighted; the voice that proceeded from its spire was loud, and heard distinctly; it continued a kind of song at least twenty minutes; at times it stopped, and we then heard one from a more distant mosque: it was then recommenced, and, though a kind of chant or song, was any thing but harmonious. The effect was strange upon all of us,

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as the first marked sign of another faith, which, until we return to a Christian land, is to replace the sound of the church-going bell. Was unwell from a cold, and obliged to remain below deck. The Turkish passengers most interesting from their dresses.

30th. Sailed on the whole day, but from cold and rheumatic feeling could not go upon deck; was obliged to stay below making such drawings as I could. At night anchored at Nicopolis.

1st *Oct.* To-day felt somewhat better, though still inactive; but about 11 o'clock, coming to Rustchuk, where the steamer had to stay an hour to take in coals, went ashore with Mr. Woodburn, Mr. Repton, and others. Saw numbers of people; splendid costumes—splendid even when in dirt and rags; looked to see if these were women; saw one or two, and female children still but few. Went up a winding lane into the town; and when I remember the wonder a new place and people presents, yet I must allow this exceeded in wonder all I had seen; but it was greatly the wonder of disappointment—that the domicile of the Turk should be so inferior to the splendour of his attire. We came to what appeared an inn, through which we walked to a street, or bazaar, roofed over, with shops on each side: they were open, without windows. At first it seemed as if all were deserted; but on looking, each shop had an attendant, sometimes at work, and sometimes asleep; but nothing could be more homely; the booths at a fair could not be less fitted than they were; nothing could be more untidy than the shop, even where the articles, such as shoes, slippers, or stockings, were excellent. The

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haberdashery goods looked showy, and, as I thought, English. We went into a coffee-house and had a cup of coffee: it was good, but the appointments of the room were singular and homely at the entrance.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Constantinople, 2d Oct. 1840.

No one can see the Turks, an Asiatic people, without being more struck with them than with the sight of any people merely foreign. Their dress and appearance are not so new to me as their towns, villages, and houses: these are far inferior to their dresses, and, with their mosques and towns, are not worthy of them. On passing through their territory on the Danube, we saw the town and fortress of Illistria, celebrated for resisting the whole Russian army in the last invasion. Illistria seems, both in buildings and walls, a most inferior town, commanded by the heights all round; and on one of the outer bastions we saw that the cannon was absolutely upheld by wicker-work. They allege that the Russians were most inexpert, or it could not have resisted at all. The Argus steamer did not bring us lower on the Danube than Charnevoda, a point far short of Gallatz, but which is made a station, because it comes within forty miles of the Black Sea, at Constantia,—a passage indeed that would be most favourable for a canal. We sallied forth into the village, where the only passable house was one built for the Navigation Company. We were five in number; and as we sauntered among the houses, we tried to enter,

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but found no encouragement; on the contrary, were assailed by a number of wolf-like dogs, barking most intolerably. A shower coming on, we took shelter under the thatch-awning of a cottage; but we found that an alarm was given from within, by a Turkish woman running and screaming for assistance, upon which the dogs became more furious than ever; and as the panic seemed to spread, by some more of the secluded ladies coming forth, we were compelled to make a retreat. In our retreat we were followed by a bevy of dogs until, getting provided with large stones, we drew off by pelting them back to their homes. One of our party made another inroad, but with the same result, for the secluded maids were seen flying from the unhallowed gaze of the intruders. This shutting up of the women from all intercourse with the world, and the muffled up appearance of their dress, make a repulsive feature in the character of this remarkable people. On our way to Konstanjez we were agreeably surprised by seeing a Turkish fair — an encampment of at least 2000 people, in booths and tents, away from all houses, and where every kind of manufacture was to be sold to buyers apparently of all nations — as striking an assemblage as any stranger could witness.

On the evening of Sunday, the 4th, we entered the Bosphorus, and cast anchor opposite the palace of the Sultan, and next morning saw Constantinople by daylight, in all her glory.

Our party, on landing, were conducted up an eminence to Pera, to the hotel of Madame Vitali — a lodging-house. Mr. Woodburn and Mr. Miles were

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accommodated in the hotel, whilst Mr. Repton and I were lodged in a quiet dwelling hard by — all of us dining at the hotel. Of course every thing we saw was a wonder — the streets, houses, and roads, dilapidated, yet crowded with people; nothing clean or tidy, all bustle, hurry, and business; yet no appearance of wealth, all living as if from hand to mouth, with dresses splendid and dwellings wretched, still recalling, in all their doings, a race and a time from which civilisation had sprung.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Oct. 5th. Went with Mr. Miles and Mr. Repton, and had a Turkish bath, but did not like it at all.

6th. Walked through the suburb below Pera, Tophanna. Saw at the outer court of a mosque a scribe of most venerable appearance. He was reading a letter or paper he had been writing for two Turkish young women — one very handsome: the way they were placed made an excellent composition for a picture.*

7th. Went to Constantinople — saw the Bazaar — mean in condition, though rich in material for study: walked to the market of slaves — was much interested with their appearance; the chief were young black women; some whites were shut up.

* Wilkie's fine, though unfinished, picture of this interesting little group was bought at the Wilkie sale, by Lord Charles Townshend, for 425 guineas. As a piece of colour, it is as rich as Rembrandt or Correggio. The price that Sir David put upon it at Constantinople was, as Mr. Woodburn informs me, 350 guineas.

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TO GEORGE YOUNG, ESQ.

My dear Mr. Young, Constantinople, 7th Oct. 1840.

By a letter waiting me here from Helen, I was much shocked and grieved to learn of the great affliction that has befallen you in the unexpected demise of your most dear and excellent lady, Mrs. Young. There are many circumstances that must give to this dispensation a character of extreme severity, both to yourself and to her own most esteemed family. These it will indeed require an effort to sustain, which even the sympathy of friends can but little help you in. To us, who have known her so long, and have also had the gratification of her friendship and society, the loss is great; while, with me, there is this additional cause of sorrow, that one of my recent occupations was undertaken as a work that might have contributed to her pleasure and satisfaction.

In this change to all your thoughts and ideas, let me advise you to take care particularly of your health. The claims left upon you, especially the infant girl that has survived, demand this. Accept my sincere sympathy, and also offer my most respectful condolence to Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, and to the ladies and gentlemen of that family, who have so much cause to grieve for this irreparable loss.

In this most strange, passing strange, land, Mr. Woodburn and myself often recur with pleasure to the feelings and sympathies of the kind friends we

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have left at home; and you were one of the last we spoke with before starting.

My dear Mr. Young,

Your most faithful friend,

And obliged servant,

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

12th. Started in a native carriage and four — went over a wild and neglected country with very rough roads; got to Therapia at 3 o'clock; found an excellent French hotel; called for Mr. Bankhead, saw him with his lady, most excellent people; made a drawing at the hotel; dressed, and went to the palace of the ambassador at half-past seven. Met Mr. Bankhead; M. de Cordova, the Spanish minister; Captain Lyons; Mr. Drummond Hope. Most kindly received by his Lordship and by Lady Ponsonby. Received much information respecting the court, and even the seraglio, and found his Lordship disposed to take great interest in the object of our journey.

13th. Returned by a boat, stopped to see the Sweet Waters of Asia. Dined with Mr. Cartwright.

14th. Called on Sir Moses Montefiore, whom we saw with his lady; had a most interesting account from Sir Moses, both of his present journey to Alexandria, and his former one to Syria. His account of his visit to the Mosque, which contains the tomb of David, was very striking.

16th. Went by land to Therapia, made a drawing of three young ladies, friends of Mrs. Bankhead.

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TO THOMAS WILKIE.

14th Oct. 1840.

We dined two days ago at the house of Lord Ponsonby. Mr. Woodburn had a letter as well as myself: it was at Therapia on the shore of the Bosphorus, about twelve miles off. We went by land, slept all night at an hotel, and returned next day by water. We were extremely well received both by his Lordship and Lady Ponsonby. His Lordship entered particularly into the object of our journey, at present so doubtful from public affairs, but seemed disposed, should events take a favourable turn, to assist us by his influence in every way. Yesterday we dined with Mr. Cartwright, the British consul — a complete English dinner, and very merry.

We have encountered John Lewis—from Greece and Smyrna. He is making numbers of drawings. I said I was sure he would cast up in our route.

D. W.

TO WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ. R. A.

My dear Collins, Pera, Constantinople, 15th Oct. 1840.

I have had great pleasure in hearing from my sister the best accounts of you and of Mrs. Collins, and that you had resolved on taking the house you had been in treaty for when I left London. While your house is getting ready, if mine can be of any use to you and to Mrs. Collins, it will give me great pleasure.

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As we had to land in Holland, we found the attraction of works of art in that country quite irresistible, and therefore made a *detour* to see the great towns of the old republic. At the Hague, in the palace of the Prince of Orange, we saw the chief part of what had formed the collection of drawings of Sir Thomas Lawrence—the Raphaels, M. Angelos, and Rubenses. They were hung in frames round the rooms, and formed to us at least most attractive objects of observation. At Amsterdam we were refreshed with the fine work of The Syndics and The Night Watch by Rembrandt, and by means of Mr. Woodburn's friends, were led to the hotels of old families, for whose rooms, and for the places where they now hang, some of the fine old pictures of the best times were painted.

On leaving the Low Countries our next object was Munich; and since I was last there (only fourteen years ago), a new city, new monuments, new churches, and a new school of art, have arisen up, putting to shame all that other nations have been attempting. This enterprise of the sovereign has brought forward great talent and zeal, whole churches are filled, and are filling, every legend and allegory is brought up, and every painter, either as designer or assistant, pressed into the service to supply the demand which this most munificent King of Bavaria hath set up. Munich of course occupied much of our attention, and the works of art there were seen with much interest and admiration. But to speculate in what beneficial way their art can be applied to our own calls forth the negative. Great works and

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public buildings we certainly want; but in their decoration the imitation of an art of an early age, almost to the exclusion of the attainments of art in modern times, certainly would not lead to any good. Our people, even from their backwardness in their knowledge of art, must have it directly from nature and from life.

At Vienna we found various painters of knowledge and talent, but very few occasions for their exercise. The great works of Rubens, both at Munich and Vienna, from their vigorous imagination and power of detail, raised, if any thing could, both in Mr. Woodburn and myself, our impression of so great a master.

In leaving Vienna, we seemed to have left all art and pictures behind us; but in lieu thereof we have passed through districts and now have reached a capital where all is full of objects adapted for art. We have before us an Eastern and Asiatic people,— a people who possess neither art nor the feeling for art; and who eschew all idea of picturesque representation, but who in every respect, and at every turn, in every combination of raiment or dwelling, present that appearance the most suited of all to the painter's art. As a proof of this, the painter, Mr. Woodburn and myself are the most frequent in referring to as the one who has most truly given such an eastern people, is Rembrandt. The Scripture subjects of Rembrandt are recalled to us at every turn by what we see before us; and this anticipating power of rendering what he never could have seen, raises the

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great painter of Amsterdam even higher than we had thought him.

Every thing that meets the eye is imposing; the colours light up the picture, and while they illuminate, as it were, even the darkness, they are prevented being tinselly and gaudy by the deep greasy richness of tone which use and wont never fail to convey to the most discordant materials. One however looks here for what is somewhat wanting,—the interest of subject and event such as our feelings at home can sympathise with; but this, as we get farther on in our journey, if war and rumours of war do not impede us, we hope will be amply supplied by those districts of the east where all bear the stamp of those characters and events the most interesting in the history of man.

After we reached this, we were surprised by the arrival of John Lewis, from Italy, Corfu, Athens, and Symrna. He has been making most clever drawings, as usual. There are some artists settled here; one Purser, a landscape draughtsman, and one Worthington, aged, an engraver.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Constantinople, 17th. Remained at hotel till four o'clock, weather very stormy.

18th. From inflammation in the eye, stopped at home all day.

19th. Mr. Woodburn proposed I should make a drawing of Mr. Cartwright for him. In the evening Mr. Woodburn called with a letter from Lord Pon-

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sonby, giving a most favourable answer to a request I had made to be allowed to paint the Grand Sultan. It is as follows:—"17th *Oct.* 1840. Dear Sir, In pursuance of Sir David Wilkie's wishes, I asked his Excellency Redschid Pacha if the Sultan would do Sir David the honour to sit to him for his picture; and the Pacha said the Sultan would do so, and that, too, immediately. This being the case, I think Sir David would do well to beg of his Excellency to appoint some day and some hour when Sir David may have the honour of presenting himself to begin the portrait of His Imperial Majesty. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, Your faithful humble servant, (signed) PONSONBY."

20th. Had an easel made by a French carpenter; looked out all my boards, palettes, and oil-colours, to serve for this remarkable occasion. Had a request made through Mr. Colquhoun that I would paint a portrait of Lady Ponsonby for his Lordship the British Ambassador. Answered, that what his Lordship had asked, I should be most happy to comply with.

21st. Called on Mr. Pisani; was told by him that he had delivered my letter to Redschid Pacha, who stated to him that a Prussian artist was now painting the Sultan, and that after this, the Ramazan would begin next Sunday and last for a month, so that the Sultan would not give me sittings till this was over. Wrote to Lord Ponsonby to mention this, and to express my doubt whether my stay at Constantinople would admit of my having the esteemed honour of painting the portrait of the Sultan, though I am now

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prepared with colours, easels, and all the materials for the purpose.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Pera, Constantinople, 21st Oct. 1840.

We have now had time to see a good deal of this place, and its remarkable inhabitants. This vast city is divided into districts, rising precipitous from its shores, as if Highgate and Hampstead were planted close to the Thames on one side, and Greenwich and Richmond hills on the other; at the same time the heights here rise far higher than these, and the suburbs are so extended, as to appear the largest city I have ever seen, except London. The quarter we live in, Pera, is allotted to Europeans of all sorts; Galata next it is the place for bankers and merchants, while Stamboul or Constantinople, divided from us by an arm of the sea, is the real Turkish quarter, where the Bazaars, the Market for Slaves, the ancient Hippodrome, the Mosque of St. Sophia, and the Seraglio of the Sultan are situated. On the other side, the Southwark side, and the only part Asiatic, is Scutari, all of which, extending for miles along the Bosphorus, give to this city its celebrated character for magnificence of situation.

With all this the houses are little and mean, and the streets narrow, muddy, dirty, crowded and ill-paved to a degree that they look more like a dried-up watercourse, than the channel or promenade for civilised men.

Soon after our arrival in this city, we heard of Sir

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Moses Montefiore and his party being here. I called for him, and finding his card left here, I again went to the house of an Israelite in Galata to see him. It was a sort of day of reception: Sir Peter Laurie would have been interested to have seen his brother sheriff surrounded by a sort of Asiatic court. In the outer hall I was met by turbaned attendants. I was introduced by Mr. Wire into the Saloon of Audience, where I was received in the most hearty manner by Sir Moses Montefiore. I was placed on the same divan with Lady Montefiore and Sir Moses, while all around were seated various personages in turbans, all bearing the appearance of ambassadors or dignitaries. Here long hookahs or pipes were brought in, and a tray served with sherbet with sweetmeats. Sir Moses has so far succeeded in his object as to obtain the release of the Jews imprisoned in Damascus, and had heard of their actual liberation. On his former visit to Jerusalem he was admitted, he told me, to the tomb or mausoleum of David, where he and his party chanted a psalm, suited to so solemn a situation.

I was spoken to yesterday by Lady Canning; Viscount Canning was with her; they are living on board a yacht. Lord and Lady Londonderry are expected, and have taken a whole hotel, though in a most crowded and dirty part of Pera. I have got out my oil colours and boards, and am to try to begin something.

D. W.

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JOURNAL, *continued.*

22d. Mr. Woodburn received letter from Lord Ponsonby, upon the subject of the portrait of the Sultan, which he answered, by stating the obstacle that had arisen. Began a drawing of Mr. Cartwright for Mr. Woodburn.

23d. Made drawing of a horse, to accompany the study of a Turkish boy. Had a carpenter to make an easel, looked out oil colours, and set my palette.

24th. Went with Mr. Woodburn, and had a walk of first-rate interest over all the Bazaars, the Slave-market, the Hippodrome, the Mosque of St. Sophia, the Gate of the Seraglio, with other remarkable sights; returned to Pera, and at three o'clock had a sitting of Mr. Cartwright.

26th. Got panel prepared; began picture of the Scribe of Constantinople.*

27th. Went to the Prince Hallicoo Mirza in a carriage; found him at home at ten; after a time was led through the garden into a street, to a distance, then to a house, and on going up stairs he showed me into a room with a divan, where was a little girl very young; she was placed on the ottoman, — I made two drawings from her, one for the Prince and one for myself. She was a white, but had a little colour, full eye and lip, very long hair, and rich dress; she had no expression and was perfectly silent; it was not explained what she was; perhaps she might be a slave — a Circassian slave: there was an elderly black in the house, who looked much like an eunuch; there

* The Letter Writer.

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was a young black girl, a slave, and a white woman, a Turk, in the house: it was a singular and characteristic scene.

28th. Received barometer to take to Syria, from John Harvey, Esq. Dined with Sir Moses Montefiore.

29th. Painted on picture of The Scribe. Made drawing of Mustapha, the Albanian servant of Mr. Cartwright.

30th. Had a call from Mr. Samuel, who took me to a family hard by, where was a Lady, a Jewess, dressed with the Smyrna cap, who gave me a sitting: she was a handsome and elegant person. Began drawing of the Dragoman of Mr. Colquhoun. Dined with Mr. Cartwright.

31st. Went on with drawing of Dragoman and of Mustapha. Lady Canning called.

Nov. 1st. Went to church: called afterwards on Sir Moses Montefiore with Mr. Woodburn. Heard the account of his reception by the Sultan. This visit in the highest degree interesting.

3d. Went on with picture, and with drawings. Had a sitting from Mr. Cartwright.

4th. Finished drawing of Hallicoo Mirza.*

TO SIR PETER LAURIE.

My dear Sir Peter Laurie,

Pera, Constantinople, 6th Nov. 1840.

The undeviating kindness of yourself and Lady Laurie to me and those around me leaves me no

* In the possession of William Woodburn, Esq., and engraved as one of Sir David Wilkie's Oriental Sketches. (*London, Graves and Warmsley.*) A very beautiful publication.

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doubt of the interest and indulgence you will be willing to accord to such ideas as I may try to convey to you of the wonders that now surround me in this distant land, which both Mr. Woodburn and I often wish we could view with your eyes, and judge of by your judgment, in comparing them with the far different state of affairs we look back to, as the envy and pride of our own country.

A considerable portion of our route you have yourself, with Lady Laurie, travelled, upon the Rhine, amidst scenes of romantic beauty, inhabited by a people who, with all their differences, are yet a kindred race to our own. It was not till we had proceeded far eastward that the spirit of inquiry and speculation was brought fairly into play; and as we approached the quarter whence wisdom and civilisation had originally come, that we were staggered with the impression of their present retrograde movement.

We have been strangely reminded of the theories of some of our own ruthless innovators at home. The kingdom of Hungary, as a frontier territory between the Turk and his Christian neighbours, has been long desolated by war, yet in all her sufferings she has completely realised the darling project of Joseph Hume, being to this day a country without taxation! which we are assured, by one of her nobles, is the present bar to any comprehensive improvement. The iron bridge at Pest, now constructing by my Hammersmith neighbour, Mr. Tierney Clerk, requiring when finished the establishment of a toll, being considered there, by the strictness of no

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taxation, such an innovation as may lead to a serious inroad upon the constitution.

By that noble but as yet almost useless river, the Danube, we, by the steam-boat, for days glided through wide wastes and wildness, till we came upon the Turkish frontier, where the towns we touched at, and the passengers we took up, made familiar to our eyes the strange dwellings and characters of an Asiatic people. Still every previous cause of wonder was outdone by Constantinople itself. To you this capital would recal in many things, particularly its vast size, London; but in how many things what a contrast! What you, as a civilian, would think indispensable to keep together so large a community has never been known. The houses are not numbered; the streets have no names; the coaches are very few, many of them dragged by oxen, and can only pass through a few of the streets. There is no post-office; the town is not lighted by night; many of the streets are unpaved, and those that are, so ill, that by the mud with which they are encumbered it is quite an adventure to get along. Sweeping or cleaning the streets is never thought of; and the only scavengers are an innumerable host of dogs, whom nobody owns, that snarl and fight by day, and howl by night. The houses are nearly all of wood, and so closely huddled together as to make the devastation of fire, when it occurs, most alarming. We even wonder the more at all this, remembering that it was once built by the Romans; once the seat of arts, and the preserver of arts; with a situation on heights, divided by the Bosphorus, more splendid than any

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city; with many palaces and mosques, large, compared to our public buildings; and with the great mosque of St. Sophia nearly as large as St. Paul's. So uncouth, unexpected, and strange was every object, in the first week of our arrival, that I could not help exclaiming to my English companions, what Dandie Dinmont said on his first view of Pleydel in the chair of High Jinks, "Diel the like o' this I ever saw."

Still, our surprise should be moderated by reverence for what, after all, are the remains of an early stage of the civilisation of man. But the degraded state of woman here is less of an ancient state of society than of a Mussulman innovation; and is precisely what the worst class of our reformers at home would bring us to. The complete Utopia of our Owenites may here be found realised in the whole circumstances of a Turkish seraglio.

Among the varied objects of interest here presented to us, whether of Greek, Frank, Mahometan, or Armenian character, one delightful source of satisfaction is the society we find of our own countrymen. Lord Ponsonby has been kind and hospitable, and so has our most excellent Consul-General, Mr. Cartwright. I have also been much gratified in meeting here with one of your city friends, Sir Moses Montefiore, whose mission, so much noticed, has been of the most interesting kind. He was so obliging as to invite me to dine with him on the day on which he was to have an audience of the Sultan. He resides in a house commanding a splendid view of Constantinople, where he is sought out by all the chief of the

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chosen people; the poorer of whom, indeed, I see daily crowding round his doors. Lady Montefiore is a favourite with every body. Sir Moses kindly offered to take me in his suite to the Sultan, but, as I found difficulty in getting a dress, and it was thought not regular in me to be presented here except by Lord Ponsonby, I was obliged reluctantly to decline it. After dinner, about half-past seven, they all got ready; Sir Moses looking splendid in his lieutenancy uniform, rows of servants with torches, and a crowd waiting out of doors. I sallied out with them; and as the dark, narrow, and steep lanes would not allow the carriages to come within a quarter of a mile, we with lights descended on foot down steep muddy precipices, crowds of faces looking from the windows to see the unwonted spectacle which the flaming lights we bore alone illuminated. We at last got to the carriages in a crowded narrow lane, and saw them start in procession, after which I returned as I best could with my lanthorn to my own dwelling. The reception they met with from the Grand Signor was most flattering. Sir Moses read an address; and the young Sultan with much propriety spoke in answer, promising protection to the scattered tribes in Syria, and expressing his conviction of the innocence of the accused. All this is remarkable. Our excellent friend, Sir Moses, will not claim a comparison with the great son of Amram, nor can the Sultan be compared with Pharaoh, but he has the satisfaction here, as well as in Egypt, to have accomplished the relief of a persecuted remnant of Israel

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from oppression, and from the house of bondage; and I truly envy Sir Moses his feelings.

This letter has extended beyond what I intended; and, though hurried and desultory, will you please to keep it, that I may refer to it at a future time. We have not yet settled our movements; but I have got out my colours, and am collecting what I can in sketches.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Nov. 10th. Went to Constantinople with Captain Leigh. Much struck with the beauty of the Turkish women.

11th. Had a call from a young Turk of rank, secretary to Redschid Pacha, brought by Dr. Dixon; he sat for a head. Heard of the taking by assault of St. Jean d'Acre. Had a dinner; invited Captain Leigh and Mr. Worthington upon the great occasion; passed with the friends in the house a jolly evening.

13th. Painted nearly the whole day: was called on by Dr. Forbes, who has travelled with Lord and Lady Londonderry.

14th. Lord and Lady Canning having a firman to see the mosques and the palace, we proceeded on board their yacht, when we went over first the mosque of Soleiman, and then to the great mosque of St. Sophia, with the size and taste of which, in its interior contrivance, we were greatly struck. Went then to the palace: saw there a number of beautiful apartments.

Sunday, 15th. Went to church. Made a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Redhouse to an Armenian family: was

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interested beyond measure with the whole appearance of the house, the lady and family, and visiters; a most remarkable sight. Were received with the greatest kindness.

17th. Attended Lord and Lady Canning to the new palace of the Sultan: returned home, and painted. Mr. and Mrs. Redhouse, and the Effendi, their friend, dined with us: had a pleasant day with them.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Constantinople, 17th Nov. 1840.

We are generally informed here of what passes in England, and have to lament the death of Lord Holland, to me unexpected, as I had seen him just before I left. I have written, through the Foreign Office, a letter of condolence to Lady Holland. I lose in him a most kind, steady, and powerful friend. To Lady Holland this event will be a great affliction.

Mr. Woodburn and I continue on here in the house of Madame Giuseppini, surrounded by other travellers, and most kindly entertained by the English residents in this place. The active and splendid warfare now waging in the East has delayed our movement in that direction, and we are daily watching events in expectation of a favourable opening to our progress. At first, affairs seemed adverse to us, and Mr. Woodburn got impatient, and almost broached the idea of a homeward course; but the good feeling and hospitality of all around us have reconciled us both to continue our stay. Indeed, having myself got out my colours, and had additional panels prepared, I am hard at

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work both painting and drawing from such selection as can be made from the exuberance of paintable matter every day presents us with. Mr. Woodburn also finds us ample occupation, making occasional sketches, hunting out sights, and collecting curiosities. He is so much liked in the society we visit, for his good humour, politeness, and, I might say, wit in conversation, that he has been styled the governor, the padrona, and the chairman of our sittings.

Amidst the weeks we have passed in anxious expectation of news from England, from France, and from Syria, our desires have been gratified in a remarkable manner by the glorious account of the siege and conquest of St. Jean d'Acre. This spread over Constantinople like wild-fire, gladdening every one, Turk, Jew, and Christian, and even, it is said, exciting the young Sultan to a kind of frenzy of joy. Woodburn, of course, was by no means behind in the universal hilarity, and we had a royal feast to celebrate the event. We had an Austrian, a Russian, and an English naval officer, in the service of the Turks; we had the toasts of the Emperor of Austria, Queen Victoria, and the Sultan. Our countrymen continued the jollity when the others had left, and I could still hear, after I had retired, the merriment kept up by the resounding cadences of the song of "The good old English Gentleman."

Having the advantage of a firman, which Lord Canning had procured, we attended his Lordship and Lady Canning to the mosque of the Sultan. We took Turkish slippers with us, and found people waiting with baskets filled with slippers should we have

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wanted them. We put the slippers over our boots. We were pleased with the mosques; but the impression made by the interior of the mosque of St. Sophia was indeed great. We found, on entering, a number of wild Egyptians, who had been bivouacking in the vestibule; they looked like Bedouins, Ethiopians, or dwellers in Mesopotamia, and seemed to regard us, with our privilege of the firman, as intruders in the sanctuary of the faithful. We next went to the palace of the Seraglio which, with gardens, baths, stables, and numerous suites of apartments, occupies a large portion of ground on which stood the ancient Byzantium. Yours and Helen's letters always interest me, and equally Mr. Woodburn.

D. W.

18th. Called on Lewis; saw his sketches; advised him to begin a Paul Veronese subject. Began a new subject. Admiral Walker called. Dined at 7 o'clock with the Baron Behir: found him most intelligent on the subject of the scenes of the Iliad and Odyssey: a most pleasant evening. Recollected at night that this is my birthday — completing my fifty-fifth year: many circumstances to rejoice at and be thankful for; good health being one.

19th. Mr. Alison called with miniature of Mehemet Ali, which he left for me to copy. Began picture of A Tartar narrating in a Turkish Café the Victory of the taking St. Jean d'Acre.*

* Sold at the Wilkie sale, for 175 guineas, and engraved as one of the Oriental Sketches.

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20th. Painted all day.

21st. Made sketch of an Egyptian servant of Mr. Alison. From a letter Mr. Woodburn received from Lord Ponsonby we decided on leaving Constantinople for Smyrna; there to determine on our further movements.

23d. Called on Mr. Pisani to know if I could see the Secretary of State, Redschid Pacha, at 1 o'clock. A young gentleman came from Mr. Pisani, and went with me over to Constantinople to the palace of the Pacha. Waited some time; at last we were beckoned into an adjoining room by a person in a nightgown: this was the Pacha. I stated my wish to paint the Sultan. He said there was no doubt his Majesty would sit. I stated it was my intention to leave on Tuesday week. He said, if I did stop, I was to let him know. Dined to-day with Admiral Walker, with Mr. and Mrs. Redhouse: came home by water late at night.

25th. Had a sitting of Admiral Walker for a drawing.

26th. Went to Galata for parts of a dress and coffee utensils.

27th. Had a sitting of Admiral Walker; finished drawing; dined with Mr. Cartwright.

30th. St. Andrew's Day. Dined with Admiral Walker to meet Colonel Hodges, Captain Codrington, Captain Lyons, &c. Came home by man-of-war's boat late at night with Colonel Hodges. Mrs. Walker told us of her presentation to the Sultan with Lady Londerry.

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CHAPTER IX.

WILKIE AT CONSTANTINOPLE, SMYRNA, AND BEYROUT.—JOURNAL CONTINUED.—LETTERS TO MR. AND MISS WILKIE, SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, MR. ROGERS, THE COUNTESS OF MULGRAVE, AND MR. YOUNG.

THE sketches made by Wilkie between Munich and Constantinople present little for description: they were mere hasty indications of what struck him most,—hints or pictorial memoranda for future use,—but all rife in every touch of the master hand that had made them. Constantinople offered a new field in art to our great artist; and his detention there was fruitful in sketches. He made fifty-three in the city itself, and six in the suburb of Pera, representing persons, single and grouped, on which the grave and suspicious character of the people is stamped in the artist's clear and decided way. From the fulness of his journals, the length of his letters, the number of his sketches, and the finish of his oil pictures, the pen and pencil would seem never to have been out of his hand; but our illustrious painter appears to have had time for every thing; when weary of the pencil, he took to the pen, and when tired of writing, his active mind was in quest of fresh incident, fresh character, and fresh costumes—the materials of to-morrow's use. Nor was he, with all his study, without an idle evening to

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spend at the tables of Lord Ponsonby, Mr. Cartwright, or Admiral Walker.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Constantinople, 1st Dec. 1840.

The war in Syria, brilliant and successful as you will now hear it has been to the allied powers engaged in it, has detained us here nearly two months instead of the two weeks we should have devoted to this place. Still our time has not been unpleasantly or idly spent; the kindness we have met with has been extreme; we both have enjoyed excellent health; and, although sometimes fretted with the unexpected delay, we are in great spirits in the hope of prosecuting our journey.

Our lengthened stay has made us more acquainted with this portion of the Asiatic people. With the Turks we find a difficulty of access, and their women, except when they walk the streets in a kind of domino, we have no means of seeing at all. The English ladies here are freely admitted to the recesses of the harem, from which male visitors of all sorts are strictly excluded. With regard to this, however, we have found favour in their eyes. I was admitted to the hidden domicile of a great Persian, to make a drawing of a Circassian lady; and a Mrs. Redhouse, with her husband, who, from his learning, holds the office of Interpreter under the Turkish government, procured for us an invitation to visit the seraglio of a wealthy Armenian, who having a son who had received great kindness on a visit in

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London, was well disposed to see any compatriot they might recommend. This Armenian is a great contractor for the manufacture of gunpowder for the state. The house is out of town, overlooking the Sultan's palace, and the Bosphorus. It is surrounded by a high wall in a garden. We were at once admitted. The Armenian, from mistaking the hour, was from home; but the lady, with four daughters and three sons, was ready to bid us welcome. This harem being Christian, there was only one wife. She was a lady of fifty, very stout, but comely, and had been very handsome. They all received Mrs. Redhouse with the greatest affection: handed us through a suite of rooms on the first floor, to a stately room, where we were made to sit by them on the same divan. Their dresses were entirely Turkish. One of the daughters, about fifteen, had put on her handsomest dress, that we might see it, and looked beautiful. There were two Greek girls, with the Smyrna cap on; one spoke French — a sort of governess; the other had a bunch of keys at her waist — a sort of housekeeper — (very handsome); both treated as companions. Long Turkish pipes were brought us — first by servants, then handed to us by the young ladies. Coffee was then brought in by the domestic on a tray; and, to pay us compliment, helped to us by the family. We expressed, by the interpretation of Mr. and Mrs. Redhouse, to the lady of the house, how much we were delighted in being presented to so amiable and handsome a family, and and in seeing so fine an establishment. Mr. Woodburn went even so far as requesting it to be intimated to

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Madame—that he courted an alliance with such a house, and begged to have her youngest daughter in marriage; adding, that as she was about eleven years old, he would only have to wait three. The hilarity with which this was received was extreme. They next brought us, on a tray, a dish of a kind of citron marmalade, of which we each had a spoonful to take. Some of this sweet compound was observed to run down upon my waistcoat. Mr. Woodburn created great merriment by placing his handkerchief like a bib up to his chin, and in being fed by one of the daughters.

We were taken up stairs to another large suite of rooms, where the eldest daughter, who is married, opened a large chest, and took great pride in showing us her wedding dresses, of the most costly and superb kind. She showed jewels, such as would be thought splendid for a lady of high rank in England. We also saw the bath, a large building attached to the house—all this being what strangers never see; the gentleman and sons having a distinct part of the house for seeing visiters.

During our stay in Constantinople we have regarded, with great interest, all the transactions passing in the East. We heard of the fall of St. Jean d'Acre, and looked with great expectation to its consequences in the evacuation of Syria by Ibrahim Pacha, and the submission of Mehemet Ali unconditionally to the Sultan. We are assured that, in a short time, Palestine will be restored to its usual state; and we just hear that Judah is already set free, and Jerusalem delivered. In the whole of these proceedings there is to us a

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satisfaction — that these countries will, after the late brilliant campaigns, have far more than their usual interest. Constantinople itself shows far more than common excitement. We see daily both prisoners and successful warriors fresh from the scene of action. We have made among the latter a most excellent acquaintance in Admiral Walker, who was commander of the Turkish fleet, and bore an important part in the taking of Acre, and brought here to the Sultan the news of the victory. He is a fine-looking man, becomes the Turkish dress well, and his wife is a most lady-like woman. They have a house here, and we see them frequently.

Lady Londonderry continues here. She was, with Mrs. Walker, presented to the Sultan yesterday. She was covered with jewels. She sent a message, inviting me to go with them with Lord Londonderry's firman to see the mosques and palaces; but as I had already seen them with Lady Canning, I declined it.

We have had some heavy falls of snow of late. Dr. Davy is here, with four other medical gentlemen, to set an hospital on foot — a matter of some difficulty. I was delighted to meet Davy again.

D. W.

JOURNAL.

December 1st. To-day a heavy fall of snow—scarcely got out — painted all day. Lady Londonderry sent to have some of my pictures to look at; sent her The Scribe, to be brought back, which it was, with a civil message from her Ladyship.

4th. Expecting every day to receive the commands

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of the Sultan to paint the portrait of his imperial majesty. Mr. Pisani appointed by Lord Ponsonby to attend me.

5th. At dinner were favoured with the company of Mr. Pisani and Dr. M'Guffog. Dr. Dixon having found two bottles of whisky, two sheep's heads, and the soup being green kail, we had a most national entertainment; concluded by a merry bowl of punch. Was told by Mr. Pisani that he was to see Redschid Pacha on Monday, and that he probably might receive commands to go with me to the Sultan on Tuesday, and that he was remaining in town on purpose.

6th. Wrote to Redschid Pacha to remind him, and to say how glad I should be to make a likeness of the Pacha himself to take to England.

7th. Was occupied to-day in making a drawing of the child of Admiral Walker, in the Turkish dress*, Mrs. Redhouse and the Greek governess having come to attend the young lady. Had a note from Mr. Pisani to say the Sultan would sit to me on Thursday morning.

10th. Went early, with Mr. Pisani, to the Pacha. Had a sitting, then an interruption; then again a sitting, attended by a number of Armenians: when alone, I found him most agreeable. This is the night of meeting at the Royal Academy, London, for the distribution of premiums and election of officers.

11th. Prepared colours, with panel, to take to the Palace.

12th. Drove with Mr. Pisani to the Winter Palace

* Engraved as one of the Oriental Sketches, published by Graves and Warmsley.

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of the Sultan; were received inside the gate, in a room where we had pipes; after waiting some time, were conducted, through a beautiful garden, to the palace, changed shoes, and were ushered up a staircase, to a most splendid and comfortable room: here I put out the colours, easel, and placed chairs; and having the windows all but one darkened, stated that all was right. After a time, his imperial majesty the Sultan arrived; his style was simple and gentlemanly, and his reception of me very gracious. On taking his seat, his Majesty addressed me a few words, which Mr. Pisani interpreted to be, — that he was most happy, at the request of a distinguished artist from England, to sit for his portrait, considering that doing so might show his consideration for the Queen of Great Britain, who was so powerful an ally of Turkey. I bowed. Then being told by his Majesty to be seated, I began the head. He came and looked at it several times; I understood he remarked I was making it too little, then asked if it was to be standing. I assured him no, but sitting on the throne as Sultan, receiving people presented. At another time he said, Might not the uniform with the epaulettes be seen? but I urged, that for this picture the cloak of the Sultan would be better, and that the hands and sword would be seen; this seemed to please him, and I went on, and I think he thought it like and pleasing. The Marshal of the Household attended him, and said I had some drawings to show his Majesty. He looked them over, as I thought, with much attention and slowly — appeared pleased with that of Admiral Walker. He asked when I

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should come again; I said whenever his Majesty would command. He said Monday, at the same time. He sat about an hour and a half; got the face nearly painted in; returned — both Mr. Pisani and I, highly satisfied; left the panel and colours in the room.

14th. Went at 11 to the Winter Palace: after the same ceremony of pipes and coffee, we were led to the room of the Sultan, where we got the colours ready. His Majesty came with his cloak, with splendid jewels in front and magnificent sword; and in sitting upon the sofa, requested that I would place his hands and sword in the position I desired. I painted in the dress as well as I could at once, with the figure, as his Majesty sat, in hopes of making out the details afterwards. He desired to be painted in white gloves, and that a sofa should be brought from the other room which he preferred. Such, however, was the interest he took, or condescension he exhibited, that the sitting lasted for nearly three hours. He conversed much with Mr. Pisani, whose conduct and tact I thought extremely good. We were appointed for next day.

15th. Mr. Stephen Pisani sent to say the Pacha could not sit to-day, and he afterwards came to say the Sultan was going out, and could not sit. Went to Constantinople: saw a public auction of the effects of a Pacha retired; came back by Galata; got some colours in the lump; took them to a coachmaker's to be ground. Heard yesterday of the birth of a princess royal. Mr. Woodburn went to Therapia; found that Lord Ponsonby had, in a private letter, announced to Lord Palmerston that the Sultan was sitting to me

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for his portrait, and that his Excellency would take upon himself to excuse my lengthened absence from England beyond the period of leave.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Constantinople, 16th Dec. 1840.

On first arriving here we found our advance to Syria completely delayed: this suggested to me the being occupied with what could be done in Constantinople. One object that occurred both to Mr. Woodburn and myself, I may now tell you, was to paint the portrait of the Sultan. This, on first seeing Lord Ponsonby, Mr. Woodburn undertook to propose to his Lordship. Lord Ponsonby at once agreed to make the request, and to do all in his power to bring it to bear. The answer was favourable from the Sultan; but as the Ramazan, the Turkish Lent, was coming on, it could not be done till that was over. At the conclusion of this, which lasted four weeks, he agreed again to make the request; and I waited on the Redschid Pacha, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, on the subject; and being pleased with the reception I met from this great man, the mover of every thing here, Lord Ponsonby was again applied to; and as I stated that, being here, I wished to paint a portrait of his Imperial Majesty to take home and present to the Queen of England, the Pacha was so obliging as to appoint me to come to the palace on Saturday last, the 12th instant, with panel, easel, colours, and with an excellent young gentleman, *attaché* to our embassy, to assist as interpreter. On reaching the outer court, we were

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received in a waiting-room, where, when seated on a divan, long Turkish pipes were brought to us, then coffee. We were afterwards led through a garden to the palace, where we waited in a handsome room, where pipes were again brought; at last we were ushered up stairs, where I put my colours to rights, and the great Sultan was announced. His manner was most courteous; he sat on a chair I had placed for him, and made me a handsome speech on his willingness to do what might be pleasing to the Queen; then pointed to me to sit down. He looked frequently at what progress I had made, which, I have reason to believe, he is pleased with, as well as are the officers of state around him. Since then I have had a second sitting; and I reckon that with four sittings I shall advance it sufficiently to be able to finish it in London. I may add, that Mr. Woodburn is highly gratified with this, and says, that it makes up for all the time we have waited. Our friends here too have been most warm both in urging this forward and in their congratulations on the condescension of his Imperial Majesty.

We have been so fêted by friends, that Mr. Woodburn suggested last week our giving a fête in return. He issued cards to Mr. Cartwright, Consul-General, Admiral Walker, Colonel Hodges, Captain Codrington of the Talbot, and others, to dine at the table-d'hôte of Signora Giuseppini. Thursday, the 10th, was the day; on the approach of which Signora and the whole house were in a bustle with the note of preparation. With the indwellers of the house, the party amounted to seventeen. The whole went off

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with high *éclat*. The Signora did wonders. And what helped was a large Westphalia ham Mr. Woodburn himself brought, and a bottle of whiskey as a liqueur. Dr. Davy, and others of the medical mission, being in the house, helped to make up the party. Woodburn himself and Cartwright were in great glee; and nothing could be more happy or merrier than the whole party was together.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Dec. 19th. Attended Mr. Stephen Pisani to the Winter Palace; had, on entering, pipes and coffee, and, on reaching the palace, had pipes and tea; on putting my colours out, the sword was brought; painted in the diamond hilt, and raised it with the hands higher in the picture; when the Sultan came, resumed the head. His Highness was most particular about the likeness, which, in the course of sitting, I had to alter variously, the Sultan taking sometimes the brush with colours, and indicating the alteration he wished made. The sitting was, however, continued very long — three hours, at least: worked greatly on the head, to try to make it young and lively. His Majesty conversed with Mr. Pisani with great familiarity, and upon subjects, from the names mentioned, relating to public affairs. He seemed at times greatly amused, showed complete relaxation, and displayed that expression most favourable to a portrait. Tuesday was appointed for next sitting. Told Mr. Pisani I was lucky in being attended by a gentleman on such

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terms as he was with the Sultan; and that it was lucky for Lord Ponsonby to have one of his embassy in such favour.

22d. Went with Mr. S. Pisani to the Palace; waited in the lower room near the gate till three o'clock; sent messages several times, but at last a reply came that the Sultan could not sit.

23d. Waited all day, but no commands from the Sultan.

TO SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, P. R. A.

My dear Sir, Constantinople, 23d Dec. 1840.

Feeling as I do, in common with every one of her Majesty's most loyal subjects, whether at home or at a distance, the highest gratification on hearing that our most gracious sovereign the Queen Victoria has given birth to a daughter and heiress presumptive to the throne; and, considering this an event upon which you will most likely judge it the duty of the Royal Academy to approach the Throne with our loyal congratulations, may I hope that my humble name has, in such case, been added at the bottom of the Address to the Queen, and also, if judged proper, to that of Prince Albert, which you yourself and my brother officers and members may think right to have voted upon this most gladdening and propitious occasion?

Indeed, though thus far from yourself and those friends by whom you are surrounded, the duties and labours of my brother members have not been unthought of. The anniversaries of the first Monday in

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November and the tenth of December, each as they occurred, recalled to me the assemblies then sitting; and I hope shortly to hear of the elections of the first, and of the prizes awarded on the second, of these meetings, with the appropriate discourses to professors and students you so ably deliver upon that exciting event.

It is with these recollections that I am desirous of adverting to a duty which belongs to myself, as one of the visiters for the life for the ensuing year, to request that, if my month is drawn and comes before the Exhibition, that you will be so kind as induce my brother visiters to make such arrangements or exchange as may allow me one of the later months instead, that I may have the honour and pleasure of serving in turn the duties of that office.

It was my intention by this time to have been on my way homewards; but the war in Syria, so glorious for the arms of her Majesty, while it delays the progress of Mr. Woodburn and myself, gives even new calls for a visit to that remarkable and sacred land. During our sojourn in this renowned capital of the empire, you may believe how much to the observer of life, and to the artist, the review of an Asiatic and Mussulman people naturally present as an object of research. We have this advantage, that we see the Grand Turk now, as he always has been disposed to be, our national ally: he wages war in the same field, shares in the same victory, and is, with our co-operation, cheered by a new triumph in the ancient city of Justinian: still to Franks and Europeans he is reserved, and does not readily assimilate to the

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habits of those so heartily leagued with him in the same cause. His people are said to be most honourable and high-minded in their conduct, honest in their dealings, and never forgetful of a service rendered to them; but professing a faith strangely adverse to those arts of imitation we so eagerly cultivate, from taste far more than from necessity, he becomes defective in that ingenuity and contrivance by which his most ordinary wants would be supplied. Here, where Greek art once flourished, Mr. Woodburn and myself have not been able to find either connoisseur, picture, nor ancient statue.

With high esteem and regard,

I am, &c.

D. W.

JOURNAL—*continued.*

Dec. 24th. Saw Mr. Pisani, but no order from the palace. Wrote a letter to Lord Ponsonby to report progress, and to state that, should a copy be wanted, it might be begun here, but could only be finished in London.

25th. Christmas-day. Went to church. Dined with Mr. Cartwright: a most excellent party.

26th. Was told the Sultan had appointed to-morrow for a sitting.

27th. Went with Mr. Pisani through the snow to the palace. After the ceremony of pipes, coffee, and tea, we were ushered up stairs; found the Sultan waiting in the room: had to hurry my colours, but had an excellent sitting of two hours, at the conclusion of which the Sultan made known to me that he desired

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to have a copy of the picture, which I agreed to begin now, but to finish it in London. Made drawings of the sword and canopy; brought home the picture.

28th. Wrote to Lord Uxbridge, the Lord Chamberlain, to ask for an extension of leave of absence for four months.

29th. Painted in the head of the copy ordered by the Sultan. Had a call from Admiral Walker, with Captain Fanshawe and others: they appeared to like the portrait of the Sultan extremely.

30th. Painted the hand and sword of the Sultan.

TO SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

My dear Sir, Constantinople, 30th Dec. 1840.

Without any claim for this invasion upon your valuable time, other than being in this distant capital in presence of so many objects which your knowledge of life and materials for art would so enable you to appreciate and put upon record, you will yet perhaps excuse the few ideas I try to put together, wishing only that I had had your eyes to see, with your taste and judgment to select what were best to note down, and what most worthy to remember.

But in the exchange of thought with such a friend as yourself, the first duty is condolence in that dispensation which has since we last met deprived us of our most esteemed, and, in many senses of the word, one of our greatest friends, by the death of Lord Holland; being aware how long you have known his Lordship, I shall touch upon such a loss with caution and delicacy, were it not that to myself even, it is an inter-

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ruption of an acquaintance, since I was first introduced to his Lordship and his esteemed and noble Lady, of twenty-five years. The last time I saw his Lordship I was proud to be at the same table with those he most loved; you were present, with Mr. Moore; and never was he in better spirits, nor his conversation (always most delightful and most instructive) more brilliant. I feel anxious to know how Lady Holland is. I could not resist writing to her Ladyship: but what consolation could I suggest? and how her Ladyship is under the affliction, I can only ascertain through some such obliging friend as yourself.

Could I see you in quiet, as in Brighton and in St. James's Place, and in a suitable frame of mind for lighter subjects, what a deal the journey we have made would suggest for discussion! Mr. William Woodburn, who is with me, frequently speaks of you; and your name was often mentioned, as we passed in review, at the Hague, Amsterdam, at Munich, and at Vienna, the richest stores of European art; among which we saw in those places two great masters almost in their greatest triumphs—Rubens and Rembrandt; and we scarcely know any one who could better judge of their splendours than yourself. As we passed from the Austrian to the Turkish frontier, works of art were no longer seen; but, in lieu of them, man, and all that surrounds him, became at every step more according to the art of pictures. And here, in the city of Constantinople, once the seat, and long the preserver of art, though not a statue nor a picture, after all the search we have made, is to be found, yet all we look upon—in form, colour, and in texture—

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seem fashioned and disposed only as if it were made to be painted. There is a want of something in the whole Turkish system as an object for painting (as perhaps it may also be for poetry), in which we Giaours cannot at all sympathise. No stranger can, without a firman of the Sultan, enter his Mahometan temple, and scarcely a friend or kinsman his harem or dwelling. The wife of his bosom cannot, by law or custom, claim his undivided affection; is shut up and watched, never eats with him, nor can she enjoy his society at home, or appear with him in public, either on business or amusement: even her liberty with her attendants to walk through the streets is under an incognito. She is screened by a headdress, which conceals every beauty except that of eyes and nose, and in which she is not permitted to be recognised even by her husband. With all this, to judge of the working of the system, a longer and better acquaintance would perhaps show how these glaring infringements upon the rights of women are compensated: whether the Turk himself be not the most punished by the harshness of his rule, or whether the power and amiability of women may not so come round him as to confer happiness upon him, in spite of himself.

As a subject for poetical narrative or description, you would find means of firing the imagination with the dimly seen form and sequence of events; but to us, what is to be done in painting by the face that is not seen, or with the heroes and heroines that cannot with propriety be shown in the same picture?

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May I beg to offer my most kind regards to Miss Rogers?

With high esteem, &c.,

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Constantinople, 30th Dec. 1840.

In my last letter to Thomas I mentioned having had two sittings of the Sultan; a few days ago I had the fourth sitting. It was a day of deep snow. In the room where the picture was we found the Sultan already waiting, and I was greatly hurried to get my palette set, and brushes and easel in order. I went on so far as to finish entirely the head. The Sultan talked and laughed, and was most cheerful with young Pisani, the attaché who accompanied me, who shows much tact and ability. The Sultan looked at times at what I was doing, and as he could not explain to me in words, would take a brush with colour, and touch himself where he wanted an alteration. At last he said that, if I wanted it, he would sit again; but I made Mr. Pisani explain that I had already trespassed too much, and could now finish the picture in London. He then desired Pisani to say that he wished to have a copy of the picture for himself. I replied I should be most happy; that I would begin the copy here and paint in the head if his Highness would grant me another sitting, but that I could only finish it in London, as I was now upon a journey. This he agreed to, and that I should send the copy from London. On this I left, brought home the pic-

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ture, and have already begun the copy. All who have seen it think it very like, and very agreeably so. The Sultan has good eyes and mouth, about eighteen years old, and marked with the small pox. Every body seems to think it a handsome picture; and we suppose he must be pleased with it himself. He is seated, and the picture is about the size I painted the Duke of York.

I have made a drawing of Admiral Walker, in his Turkish dress, which every body thinks very like, and which I showed to the Sultan. We had a most merry Christmas at Mr. Cartwright's.

I have written to Lord Uxbridge for an extension of leave, owing to our delay here, as the leave mentioned extends only to the middle of February.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Dec. 31st. Dined with the usual party. Dragoman of the Consul-General, &c. called for gifts on the last night of the year. Reminded our party of the dinner of the Old and New Council now held on the conclusion of the year.

Jan. 1st, 1841. Had a call from Admiral Walker; he goes to Alexandria to reclaim the Turkish fleet; expects to have it given up at once. Had cards of congratulation sent from many of our friends on the coming of the new year; we were also much gratified by a letter from his Excellency, Lord Ponsonby, expressive of his satisfaction in the assurance that the Sultan was highly pleased with the portrait I had made of his Highness. His Lordship encourages us

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in our news from Syria, and offers letters to the authorities most capable of forwarding our journey. He also states he had written to Lord Palmerston to say that I had been unavoidably delayed, but that he had encouraged me in prosecuting the journey. This, for a new year's arrival, has gratified me extremely. Lewis called, and encouraged me greatly with the prospects of the news from Syria.

3d. Went with Mr. S. Pisani to the Palace. The Sultan seemed pleased with the beginning of the copy; had an effective sitting. I thought it became more like than the first; at close of sitting, a parcel was brought in and handed to Mr. Pisani, who held out to me a snuff-box, and said that it was presented to me by the Sultan, in testimony of his esteem. I was very much overcome with this. I knelt down before his Highness, and requested Mr. Pisani to assure His Imperial Majesty how unexpected this was, and yet how highly gratified I felt by his munificence. I made drawings of the badge and collar, then came away with picture, colours, &c. Found that Mr. Pisani had also received a snuff-box from the Sultan. We agreed that the condescending kindness of his Highness should be mentioned first to Lord Ponsonby.

4th. Wrote to Lord Ponsonby. Find one of my panels, that of the Turkish Café, split; apprehend the same with the others. Woodburn says it can be repaired.

5th. Called with Mr. Woodburn on Mrs. Walker; found the Admiral had sailed yesterday for Alexandria. Presented to Mrs. Walker a copy of the drawing of the Admiral.

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6th. Started before 9 o'clock to Therapia, where we sent for a Jew doctor and got some medicine. Took the picture of the Sultan to Lord Ponsonby's. His Lordship and Lady Ponsonby thought it very like him, and seemed greatly pleased with the appearance of the work. The Prussian minister and his lady called and saw it; remained more than an hour with his Lordship, who, with his lady, and the gentlemen of the embassy, seemed highly satisfied that the work had been done. Dined with Lord and Lady Ponsonby: had much talk about the objects of our journey.

9th. Unwell: Dr. Dawson gave me some magnesia, which did good. Packed up portmanteau, colours, and pictures, to be ready for voyage to Smyrna.

10th. Sent off letter, through the embassy, to the Baroness Lehzen, to state that I had painted the Sultan, that I might have the distinction of presenting the picture to my sovereign, Queen Victoria; stating also that the Sultan had ordered a copy.

11th. Went to Redschid Pacha. He seemed pleased with the picture of the Sultan. Gave sitting for drawing of himself. On taking leave, told him I wanted to get to Syria, if the war would allow. He said the war would soon be over.

12th. Having brought labours to a close, and got pictures packed up, took to-day our departure from Constantinople. I took two packing cases, one containing picture of the Sultan, and on the lid that of the Tartar; the other case containing the copy of the Sultan, and on the lid the Scribe; and delivered them to Mr. Sarell to be sent to England, each case to go

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by a separate ship. We took affectionate leave of the Signora Giuseppina, and the whole house.

TO THOMAS WILKIE, ESQ.

Constantinople, 12th Jan. 1841.

I had a sitting eight days ago of the Sultan for the copy of his portrait, when his Majesty expressed himself highly satisfied with it.

Lord Ponsonby wrote to me the other day to say he was assured the Sultan was much pleased, and that he (Lord Ponsonby) had written to Lord Palmerston to state, that my delay here was unavoidable, and that he had encouraged me to remain to accomplish the object of my journey. At the last sitting the Sultan was graciously pleased to present me with a splendid snuff-box of gold, covered with enamel, with a flower of diamonds in high relief on the lid, one (a brilliant) of a large size. It is greatly admired. Mr. Pisani, who attended me, has also a snuff-box.

Mr. Woodburn and I have been out by invitation to Lord Ponsonby's with the picture, where we had a most splendid dinner. The picture, I find, is a great favourite. I do not think I ever painted a portrait that has excited more attention. I have made a drawing also of Redschid Pacha.

In this way we have tried to bring our residence here to a close, and are now packing up to go by the steamer to Smyrna.

D. W.

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P. S. The picture of the Sultan I am now packing in one case, with the copy in another; and on the lid of each case is screwed a picture I have also advanced here. One is a public Scribe (a Dervise) writing, or rather reading, a love-letter he has been employed to write for a young Turkish and Greek girl, who are listening to the contents: the other is a Tartar Messenger telling the news in a café of the taking of St. Jean d'Acre. This last has a variety of figures listening—a Turk, a Greek, an Armenian, and a Jew; but has this disadvantage, that, as a Turkish subject, no female could be introduced.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MULGRAVE.

Dear Lady Mulgrave, Constantinople, 12th Jan. 1841.

Although separated by distance, and the snow of winter, from those whose friendship makes so great a part of the attraction of home, I am yet happy, among the strange objects of this place, to recall the scenes, and with those scenes, the kind friends who, like your Ladyship and family, are identified with my first acquaintance with the happy patrician society of our favoured island.

It is by comparison with the customs and friendships of our native land that we estimate, perhaps unfairly, those of the less advanced race that surround us here, forgetting that the Eastern people were earlier in the advance of civilisation than we, and though now far behind, supplied much of that from which our civilisation has sprung. They are seen now, however,

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with this advantage, that they are friends and allies of our nation, waging the same warfare, sharing in the same victories, and though unlike in every habit, yet, with our co-operation, renewing the triumphs of their happier days.

Yet our excellent allies are a reserved and exclusive people, and it is said regard the conquest of Syria rather as the vindication of a just cause, than as a support of the faith to which they are devoted; and with all their hostility to the rebellious Pacha of Egypt, are grieved that St. Jean d'Acre should have fallen in three hours, which, if assailed only by the faithful, might have held out for as many months.

They are, however, in national policy, a brave and a generous people, true to their word, and mindful of service rendered. It is in the arts of peace and domestic habits they are most opposed to our preconceived feelings. The mosque of their devotion cannot be entered by a stranger, except with a firman of the Sultan, and their domestic dwelling is shut even against the nearest male relatives and friends. But it is in the condition of the ladies their system appears to the greatest disadvantage: they appear excluded from all intercourse with the world; at home, their windows are guarded by a closed lattice work, through which no one can see, either from within or from without; many, they say, are distinguished for beauty and for the splendour of the jewels and dresses they wear, but when they walk the streets it is in a species of covering, through which neither beauty nor dress can be seen, and in which they are not permitted to be recognised even by their own husbands; indeed

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they never can be seen out of doors with their husbands either upon business or amusement.

It is yet possible the influence and amiability of women may overcome all the trials to which they are here exposed. The attachment of their children, should these rise to eminence, is a means of power, in which way the mother of the present Sultan is said to be one of the most influential persons in the state; but whatever power such a personage, or a favourite Sultana may possess, there is here no such assemblage as we call a court — none of their own ladies can have been seen at court; and though there is the anomaly of English and other Frank ladies being presented to the Sultan, it seems an honour never desired nor accorded to their own people.

The customs, strange as they are here, have this, that they have continued from an earlier time than our own; that of being seated on the ground must have preceded our stately mode of sitting upon chairs, — and eating with the fingers, our improved use of knives and forks. In the anteroom of ministers of state, you find official persons settling important affairs seated on the floor, and others upon divans, who are served with long pipes and coffee until the moment of audience is announced. The privileged jester is, I am told, still a personage retained in the great houses, and I myself have seen a mute (a deaf and dumb person) as the domestic of a secretary of state, a useful attendant even now at interviews where nothing must be heard, and no tales repeated; but the presence of the mute to the lovers of romance, recalls some of those dire periods of Eastern history,

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when, by his want of speech, he was chosen as the fit instrument to execute decrees too dark to be trusted to any one who had a tongue to divulge them.

For the capital of Turkey this is a stirring time; a whole kingdom (once that of Solomon in all his glory) acquired; a whole navy restored, makes this a great era for these Ottomans, and for us Europeans who have assisted them. Never had a young Queen of England a more romantic detail of glories achieved by her people, than our Queen Victoria will have to give to her Parliament now about to assemble. We travellers and strangers here feel most grateful, both to her Majesty, and to those distinguished advisers who have counselled her Majesty in these affairs.

Your Ladyship's very devoted Servant,

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Jan. 13th. This morning got up as we were leaving the Sea of Marmora to enter the Dardanelles; found the coast all barren and desolate; was shown the place in the Hellespont where Lord Byron swam across, slanting with the current from the European to the Asiatic side; but in his transit, it is stated the noble poet was accompanied by a boat, which, if it takes away a little of the adventurous character of the effort, yet gives a little of that discretion his Lordship rather boasted of as being beneath his consideration. Saw the tower of Dardanelles, with the battery, and passed on till we came to the site of Troy, a miserable place. There was here a jetty of earth into the sea, that may have anciently been a landing-place;

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near it was a mound or cairn, and about a mile off was another; the first called the tomb of Hector, the second that of Achilles. There was no vestige of city or inhabitants; still there were studded about a number of bushes, indicating where cultivation once had been. We proceeded on, till we came to Mitylene, when the wind began to rise, and continued throughout the evening, when we had to land passengers at the town of Mitylene about nine at night, after which the wind continued strong and adverse; we were several hours delayed, and did not reach Smyrna till seven o'clock on the 14th.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Smyrna, 15th Jan. 1841.

On Tuesday the 12th our numerous packages were ready, and having taken leave of Mr. Cartwright and Dr. Davy, and of the Signora Giuseppina, who was almost affected to tears at parting, and of her Greek servants, we sallied forth through Pera and Galata with four heavy-loaded faquinos, for the Smyrna steam-boat. Here we had to take leave of our dragoman, Gregoria, who for more than three months has attended us as interpreter, and who had gone with me to all the sittings at the Palace, and every journey or shopping we had made, and which we concluded by giving him written certificates of recommendation for future employers.

On thus settling all in this great city, we started at half past four, and by help of steam soon turned the Seraglio point, and both wind, current, and fine

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weather serving, stretched out into the Sea of Marmora, and had at parting (lighted by the setting sun) a most splendid view of Constantinople, with all her mosques, minarets, palaces and towers—all fair as city can be at a distance, and containing many kind friends; but who could suppose the rubbishy confusion and wretchedness of her streets, concealed under so fair an exterior? Our host, Captain Florio of the Ferdinand, received us most heartily. His deck was crowded to excess with Turks, Armenians, and Jews; but we two, with the captain, were the only cabin passengers. At six o'clock dinner was served in a handsome style; and as we got merry with our seafaring companion, I was persuaded to forget all ideas of being sick, and to eat and drink with them. In this way the time passed most agreeably; Woodburn and I sat on each side of a cheerful coal fire the whole evening, thinking only on the delights of steam navigation. Next morning we passed the Hellespont where Lord Byron swam across; then the poetic mount Ida covered with snow, with the plains of Troy close to the shore, leaving room to wonder that all trace of what history and Homer have handed down to us should so completely have disappeared from this dreary waste. At the island of Mitylene the wind rose greatly, and became most adverse; the darkness and rain of the night which followed, delayed us about six or eight hours behind our time in getting to Smyrna.

What surprised me through all this was, that, though in rough weather, I got on in the voyage without being sick. It is true that these are but narrow

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seas, but still it is possible, with fine weather, that I may get over a long voyage better than I expected. At seven in the morning, Thursday, 14th January, we anchored in the Gulf of Smyrna. We proceeded to a little Dutch-looking hotel, called the Naval Hotel, which, though inferior as a dwelling to the Pension Suisse higher up, we were assured would afford us more civility and comfort. One thing apparent here more than at Constantinople, is the prevalence of English people, of English furniture, English appointments of the table, chimneys, and Newcastle coals.

In regard to our voyage to Syria, the great causes of delay have been, first, the war, and then the backwardness of the Eastern authorities to bring it to a close. To the Turks the successes in Syria have been most unexpected; at the same time so elated have they been by them, as to fancy that Mehemet Ali could and ought to be crushed altogether. Some friends connected with the Turkish government we found perfectly frantic on this head; and it is only the news of the more moderated feeling in England that has made them more reasonable. Now we wait with anxiety the result of the mission of Admiral Walker, who indeed was to try and inform us whether we could not at once go to Alexandria.

D. W.

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JOURNAL, *continued.*

Jan. 16th. To-day and last night felt unwell; and having taken a foot-bath, kept within doors. Finding Dr. Wood recommended, sent for him. He gave me medicines for cold, but seemed to apprehend much inconvenience from the state of my eyes. I told him they had been absurdly neglected. He sent several things to be used with much precision.

Sunday, 17th. Consul sent to say that church service would be held at Consulate at half-past ten. Could not go. Weather fine, but chilly. Dr. Wood called again, and afterwards came back and lanced an abscess in my gum, which gave much relief.

18th. Obliged to keep in all day with cold, which is, however, abating. Eyes felt better towards night.

19th. Dr. Wood called; cold abating, and eyes, for the first time, feel better, having been ill for three months. Dined with the British Consul—met Mr. Whittall, Mr. Abbott, Mr. Perkins, and other friends. Passed a pleasant evening.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Smyrna, 20th Jan. 1841.

We find here no direct communication with Syria, and are therefore looking about, in hopes some steamer may pass that may be on its way thither, or that may take us to some port whence we could find a conveyance. The weather here has been fine, but

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cold — all but frost; but it gets milder, and the season is on the advance.

Smyrna is the first city we have reached on our journey that is mentioned in Scripture — in conjunction with Ephesus, Pergamus, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea. We may therefore be said to have reached the outskirts of the Holy Land. We find a part of this city more European than Constantinople; while the quarters of the Turks, Armenians, and Jews, are, in other respects, more eastern and Asiatic than the capital.

Your letter in regard to all that is doing is most satisfactory. Mr. Moon's activity about the engraving of the Sir David Baird I may mention is particularly so, and relieves my mind from much anxiety on that subject, knowing his judgment in matters of this kind.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Jan. 20th, 1841. — Mr. Moon has obtained permission of the East India Company to dedicate the print of Sir David Baird to the Court of Directors, with subscription for forty copies. Prospectus by Allan Cunningham, very fairly done. Collins gives account of what the Royal Academy and the artists are doing. Election of Barry, Redgrave, and Webster.

21st. Mr. James Whittall called — walked with us to the river Meles, said to be the native river of Homer. Saw a mill on the river of most ancient and curious construction; the water-wheel was horizontal, and

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close under the millstone, to which it is connected by the same axis. Saw the same kind of mill in Connemara, in Ireland. Made sketch of the Caravan Bridge. Had a most interesting walk home.

22d. After making a drawing of an Armenian broker in his costume, was taken by Mr. James Whittall to call on Mr. Borrell to see his collection of gems, bronzes, &c. Among others, saw a small group in marble, or alabaster, said to have been found in the ruins of a Christian church in Cyprus, destroyed as early as the 5th or 6th century, therefore an earlier work than that time: it represented Christ crowned with thorns by Roman soldiers, who are mocking and deriding. It is not in a fine style of sculpture, but done with much feeling and expression; and if of the early period stated, is, for the likeness and figure of Christ, and for the costume and armour of the soldiers, one of the most curious relics of art that can any where be seen. The hands putting on the thorns are represented with gauntlets upon them. It would be curious if any such sculpture can be found remaining in the Holy Land. Mr. Borrell showed us one or two beautiful antique coins; the relief always high, but remarkable for the softness and delicacy of outline.

23d. Went with Mr. Whittall in a boat to the head of the Gulf of Smyrna; then walked about two miles; then mounted donkeys, on which we reached the village of Bonobat. Found it a beautiful specimen of a Turkish village. Went to see a corn-mill, with horizontal water-wheel; came to the magnificent villa of Mr. Whittall; greatly pleased with it; had

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lunch in superb style. After this two camels were brought; made drawing of them and the man who brought them *; afterwards returned with Mr. Whittall to Smyrna. Saw Mrs. Whittall at the villa, whom we left there. There is scarcely any object more striking on arriving in this city of Asia Minor than the use made to so great an extent of camels for the transport of merchandise. Their appearance is most poetic and picturesque, recalling the weary journey over the arid hill and sandy wilderness: they seem very docile, but when out of temper are furious in their resentment, either in biting with their teeth, or giving a blow with their foot. Their value is said to be from about 3*l.* to 15*l.* sterling; their pace is a continued walk, three miles an hour; but at this pace they can make most lengthened journeys, even to thirty days. They eat but little and of most ordinary food, and are well known to go long without drink; but this quality is not put to the test here, as water is to be found on every road. Their resemblance to the ostrich and the turkey is remarkable, and is even more apparent when they drink, when they turn up their heads and look up in the air precisely like a fowl.

25th. Observed in the newspaper the death of Mr. Standish, who had commissioned me to paint The School.

26th. Called on Mr. Borrell with his group, which I had made a drawing of.

27th. Called on Mr. Whittall. Mr. James and his dragoman went with us to the bazaar. Made draw-

* No. 16. of Sir David Wilkie's Oriental Sketches, published by Graves and Warmsley.

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ing of Abram, and also copy for himself; made a drawing of a Jew Boy.

28th. Made a drawing of a Child of Mr. James Whittall, and Nurse.

29th. Made drawing besides that already begun of Mr. James Whittall's little Boy in Turkish dress for himself.

30th. Observed about the bureau of the steamer a number of persons of remarkable appearance. These were grave and elderly individuals in robes and long beards, belonging to the scattered remnant of Israel, come from the distant parts of Germany and Poland on their way to the land of their forefathers, and who we were told were to be our fellow-passengers. This is the first symptom that our journey is more than a mere travelling excursion; but though made with a different aim, is yet made with those who, from age, pursuit, and family descent, give to this wayfaring progress the most sacred character. They have but a part of the interest that we have, but have reason to feel it more intensely; they return from a land of strangers to their ancient home, and, like their ancestors, from bondage and captivity, return to the same land of promise which, in happier times, was the possession and portion of the chosen race. We again, who make the same pilgrimage, do not attach so much importance to time and place, except in their power of fixing the attention upon higher objects, yet we cannot help being struck with the feeling of attachment, which, under many circumstances of privation, makes so distant a country, and a glory departed, so eager an object of contemplation. The

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question, then, is, whether an interest, both with Jew and Gentile, so deep-rooted and so universal, may not be helped by the faculties of art being pressed into the service; and while the pursuits of learning and of war have, in former times, been so familiar with the sacred land, it seems but reasonable that the powers of art should try, from the localities now existing, to revive indeed the impression of those events that have, in so lively a manner, been handed down to us from former ages. In such a study and aim as may be thus presented to art, one thing the visiters to these regions will observe, that hill, and dale, and sky, sea and atmosphere, are even more similar to that of our northern climes than we expect; and for the purpose of removing the mind from the quaint familiarity of our every-day appearances, an art must be resorted to, that whatever difference is to be seen in these objects must be seized and even forced into stronger effect, to serve the purpose of removal from what is common, that distance in place and antiquity in regard to the time of these events may be attained. But while so many of the localities disappoint, from their similarity to our recollections of home, there are multitudes of habits and appearances these Asiatic countries afford, that with the same taste and discretion must be subdued. It would require a good deal of reasoning to reconcile this sort of contradiction; but that all works of art, as of poetry, however universal the language may be in which they are embodied, are yet only understood by people of previously-conceived notions making use of that language; a disregard, therefore, of this might render

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the whole matter to be represented quite unintelligible. In Scripture we read often of a party when they sat at meat; now, as it is not explained how they sat at meat, we of the western countries naturally suppose they sat at meat as we do, at a table, and upon chairs. In seeing the customs, however, of these districts, we find this, to our disappointment, entirely different. When the Asiatics sit at meat, it is either upon the ground, or upon very low seats, and the table is a board placed upon a low stool. To introduce this at once in sacred subjects would scarcely be possible, perhaps better not introduce it at all, if the imposing character of the picture should be diminished by it. This is, however, one of those examples, of which there may be hundreds, to show that it is not the actual custom we now see that will help us, but that a change must be made, not only to suit our previous ideas, but to remove a sacred or historical subject to a former time; and it is, by witnessing the present appearance, to consider what will serve, and what will not serve, that this journey has been undertaken, and that professors of art are thus recommended to direct their attention to the important objects of information a visit to this Holy Land may present. Smyrna, laying claim to being the birth-place of Homer, with the Meles hard by, said to be his native river, being at all times an important Greek city and harbour, with a castle built by Alexander, and possessing one of the earliest Christian churches, thus the seat of poetry, of art, of war, of devotion, yet in this time of ever-increasing wealth, seems to retain no ves-

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tige of that art which, like other Greek cities, it must have once possessed. It is greater in its commerce and its population than ever it was, but, like Constantinople, without art, and without artists. May the enigma not be explained in this way, that without living art and living artists how can the relish for ancient art be kept alive? Is not the art of former times most prized in those cities where the practice of art is most active in the invention of new examples? Every successful work in painting, in sculpture, or in poetry, must necessarily be brought into comparison with some former ancient work.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Smyrna, 30th Jan. 1841.

A young friend informed me here, the other day, that he had just seen the death of Mrs. Woodburn of Hendon, announced in Galignani, and asked if she was a relative of Mr. Woodburn. This, you may suppose, gave me much uneasiness. Next day I consulted with Mr. Abbott the banker, who sent for the paper, and agreed to come with me and speak to Mr. Woodburn. We asked his mother's name, and finding it agreed with that mentioned, announced the melancholy intelligence, and showed him the paper. It seemed to depress him much, though he said it did not surprise him, as his last letter from his brother led him but too truly to expect such an event.

I have thought it proper to keep Mr. Woodburn's attention fixed upon what we see around us; and as we have just heard that a steamer will pass this way

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from Constantinople, for Rhodes, Cyprus, and Beyrout, he seems gratified at so near an approach to the Holy Land. We have been reading books, and purchasing objects useful for a journey in that country; and by the 30th hope to be off from this place.

We have been most kindly and hospitably entertained here. We have dined twice, with superb parties, at Mr. Brandt's, the British consul here; also with Mr. Abbott, the banker; and with Charlton Whittall, Esq., and his family.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Jan. 31st. Went to church; at four we dined. Went on board: the sea was very rough, but towards evening the weather grew milder, and promised to be most favourable for our voyage. Found on board upon deck numerous Jews, giving to this part of our journey a new interest, reminding us of the land we are going to visit; and should they not furnish us information, will, at least, by their company, give a kindred feeling of zeal to us, who are bent on the same adventurous journey as themselves.

Feb. 1st. Found, on awaking, the steamer had got out of the Gulf of Smyrna, and was pursuing her course to the south among the Greek islands: passed Scio, and Samos, and Nicaria. A most promiscuous assemblage upon deck, men, women, and children; many from the north, yet of strong Hebrew caste; many again seem Asiatic, perhaps also pilgrims, and if so, on their way to Mecca. Among the latter, a considerable party, including a Bey seated amongst them,

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were most eagerly playing at cards, and, for their condition, at pretty high play.

2d. Was awakened by hearing we were approaching Rhodes, and about 8 o'clock entered the harbour: were greatly pleased with the rocky situation and strong massive buildings of this chivalrous city and fortress. Landed, and walked to the British consul's (Mr. Wilkinson) house, outside the walls; sat with him and his family some time; returned by upper part of the city; greatly struck with the triple walls and fosses, built with more than European strength; streets clean, and well-paved; strong stone-built houses, with many knights' coats of arms on the walls, the whole bearing a strong contrast to any city we have seen since we entered the confines of Turkey. Were shown a small harbour, at the entrance of which, tradition says, close to a fort, was placed the famous Colossus; and if upon pedestals approaching one another, has every appearance of being its station, where, each foot being fixed upon opposite sides of the harbour, several of the small ships would sail in and out between the separated legs of the figure. This remarkable statue, so renowned among the ancients, has been so long destroyed that there is no tradition of any vestige being preserved within the range of modern times.

3d. Delayed by the steamer's taking in coals until 2 o'clock: looked again at where the Colossus is said to have stood; saw two points where it may have been placed, with face looking to the south-east, which, considering that it was in the time when navigation was on a small scale, makes the whole most probable

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as an historical event. Sailed at 2, and at 5 reached Marmorice, a most splendid harbour and roadstead. Was greatly struck with the appearance of the line of battle ships and frigates of the combined fleet of the Allies. Sent a note of congratulation to Admiral Walker, who has just arrived with the Turkish fleet from Alexandria: received a verbal answer from the Admiral, requesting us to come and see him.

4th. This morning took boat, went to Admiral Walker's ship: found he had gone to call for us; came back. After breakfast, found the Admiral in his boat alongside; he said he was glad to see us on our journey, and had no doubt we could now accomplish it. He had left Mehemet Ali in high spirits, and willing to give up the fleet. He said Mr. Wood would assist us much at Beyrout, and requested us to use his name. He then drew off and left us. The captain heaved anchor; and as we passed the Turkish Admiral's ship found all the men looking out for us, and the band playing one of Strauss's waltzes. The Admiral waved his hand to us, as wishing success to our journey.

6th. This morning, at my request, awakened by the mate at 2 o'clock, to see an eclipse of the moon: it was then beginning, and went on gradually till it covered the whole surface of the moon, which remained totally eclipsed for more than an hour, and it was not till near 5 o'clock that it was over. The striking peculiarity was this, that while totally eclipsed and in shadow, the moon was still most distinct and visible. It was of a beautiful orange colour, with even the spots on its surface remaining perceptible. The edge

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coming against the sky was generally lighter than the centre, which came out dark in full relief. In the progress of this long-continued immersion, the change that was going on in the shadow was this: the shadow of the earth appeared about three times the diameter of the moon in its progress through: thus it was observed, that the side of the moon nearest the edge of the shadow had, towards that edge, the greatest mass of reflected light upon it. It was one of the most remarkable sights I ever saw.

8th. Was called by the mate to come on deck at ½ past 6 o'clock: dressed in haste, and, on mounting the cabin stairs, found the Holy Land in sight, extended right and left, far and wide, with Mount Lebanon and its extended range right ahead. What added yet more to the splendour and cheering aspect of the sacred district was, that the sun, which I can scarcely remember to have seen rise but once before, was just beginning to dart his rays, and mount his glorious orb over the southern summit of the hallowed mountain—I hope a happy omen to all on board of a successful journey.

On deck all was stir and preparation: the various aged persons of the chosen people were decorating themselves with the sacerdotal robes of the sacred office, and though tranquil, were yet apparently deeply moved. Some with the Bible in hand, with a black strap twisted round their naked left arm, and with a small ark or tabernacle tied round their brow, were, with an oscillating movement of the head, repeating some appropriate prayers or thanksgiving upon the near accomplishment of the object of their voyage.

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Their appearance, though they were meanly dressed, was imposing in the extreme. I observed they looked not exactly in the direction of Lebanon, to which the head and course of the ship was pointed, but their faces were turned far along the coast of Sidon and Tyre to the right, leaving little doubt that, in memory of the consecration of Solomon upon the building of the Temple, they were, upon the present, as upon so many other occasions, bending their hopes and desires upon the holy hill of Zion.

Beyrout, 9th. Much impressed with the appearance of the town. Buildings substantial, and ground and people more historic than any we have yet seen.

TO GEORGE YOUNG, ESQ.

Beyrout, 9th Feb. 1841.

Your most kind letter of the 6th of November did not reach me till the 20th of January, after my arrival at Smyrna; but after this delay, and at this distance, I was yet much gratified, by being brought in presence of many recollections of home, by the vivid impression you give me of one so dear to you, to whom I and all around me looked with so much affectionate regard. Your accounts of the state this unexpected bereavement has left you in give a forcible idea of the happiness her attachment has conferred: it seems a severe reflection, to think this is all gone; but the memory of a joy departed, however poignant, may yet, in your case, by degrees, be soothed by the companionship of those your young charges she has left behind, in the care and watchfulness over whom so

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much of her happiness with your own was concentrated.

Perhaps it is the facility of travelling has suggested the distant voyage my companion and I are now engaged in; but that the very country and cities we wished to visit were, since we started, to become the theatre of war, is what we scarcely could have counted on: this has retarded us three months; still a war, by which Great Britain has gained so high a character, now that it appears so happily terminated, is not to be regretted by any of her Majesty's loyal subjects.

Now that we have entered the Levant, a new class of objects present themselves, that seem to leave the business and occupations of Europe far behind. We have passed Smyrna and Ephesus, where were two of the seven churches founded by St. John; we have also passed the rocky island of Patmos, where that evangelist, in his old age and in exile, saw and described his vision of the Apocalypse, and probably wrote his Gospel, the iron-bound coast and elevated cliffs being in every way suited to such an effort of the workings of Revelation.

The island of Rhodes we have also passed; the famed Colossus is gone, leaving only a vague tradition of its extended footing across the entrance of a small harbour, where it is possible it may have been placed. The Christian knights who once possessed Rhodes have, on the contrary, left strong indications of their presence: the vast walls and fosses, drawbridges, gates, and towers, with stone-built churches and

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streets, give it, after 300 years, all the strength and durability of a European fortress.

Leaving Rhodes, we were in three hours brought in sight of a scene most striking, as a consequence of the happy termination of the Syrian war. Our steamer put into the Gulf of Marmorice, a romantic recess in the mountainous coast of Pamphilia, precisely as if Loch Katrine and the Trosachs were united by a small strait with the sea: it is a harbour capable of containing all the navies of Europe, but which never before contained such an assemblage as we now witnessed — the combined fleets of Great Britain and Austria, with the addition, just arrived, of a splendid trophy of the late war — the very golden fleece of victory — eighteen sail of the Turkish fleet, just brought back from Alexandria!!

Perhaps I only tire you by recounting the events of such a voyage; but as we now advanced towards the East, new expectation was raised by our approach to the sacred land. We stopped a day at the island of Cyprus, but were now all eagerness, being within fifteen hours' sail of Beyrout. We sailed again towards evening; weather fine, sea smooth, bright moonlight; but all wishing for the day-break, to bring us in sight of the great object of our journey. At half past six I was awoke by the cry of "Land!" On getting on deck, found the sacred territory extended right and left, with Mount Lebanon and its snowy summit right a-head, the sun just rising, and darting its rays from behind it. The sensation such an object called forth was remarkable. Our ship was crowded

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with Jews from Poland and Germany in pilgrimage to the land of their forefathers.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Holy Land. Beyrout, 10th Feb. 1841.

We found Smyrna, in point of society, most agreeable. We were hospitably entertained, and every one seemed desirous to help us in the object of our journey. Here, however, the weather broke up in a severe manner, with storms of hail and rain for three or four days, to a degree I had never seen before, giving a forcible idea of what we have heard of tropical rains.

We had to wait at Smyrna more than a fortnight for a conveyance; and when the Austrian steamer did arrive, we were delayed another day with the torrents of rain. At last, on the evening of the 31st, we set sail, with every symptom of improving weather, and in a vessel, though crowded upon deck, yet in the captain's cabin the most comfortable we have yet seen. With me the great object was, of course, to avoid sea-sickness. I began by eating little; but the weather continuing fine, I found, to my surprise, that I could get on like other people, and enjoy it like a new style of life; the islands we passed, with the modes of life and the beauties of the climate, being of the most interesting kind. Of course we were attracted with the island or rock of Patmos, where St. John in exile wrote the Revelations.

From Rhodes, where we had to wait for thirty

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hours to take in a complete supply of Newcastle coal, we had next to call in the gulf or harbour of Marmorice. Here was a sight the most striking that could be conceived. In a recess of the range of hills, completely land-locked, like Inverary, is a roadstead large enough, in still water, to contain all the navies of Europe. This is Marmorice, lately so celebrated. Here, as we entered by moonlight, we found, quietly anchored, the combined fleets of England and Austria. The great three-deckers were lighted, and we heard the band of one playing "God save the Queen." But what added greatly to the interest of the scene was the arrival of eighteen of the Turkish fleet from Alexandria, just brought over from Mehemet Ali by our friend Admiral Walker. Knowing this, I had written a note to send to the Admiral's ship; but, as the Turkish fleet was then in quarantine, we were not allowed to go on board. Next morning the Admiral came alongside of the steamer in his long-boat of sixteen oars. He wore his Turkish uniform and sabre. He said how hard it was he could not touch or shake hands with us, but how glad he was to see us on our way to Syria, where he was sure we should meet no obstacle to our journey. That he had seen Mehemet Ali, who was in great glee, and had given up the fleet without reserve. He took leave of us in the kindest manner, and his boat drew off. Our captain next weighed anchor, to leave this romantic and magnificent harbour. As we passed through the fleet, our course lay close by the Turkish admiral's great three-decker. We found the whole crew looking out, while the band was playing one of Strauss's waltzes. As

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we passed the officers' cabins, we observed Admiral Walker waving his handkerchief to us, in token of his good wishes for our journey.

We next proceeded by a voyage of forty-eight hours to the port of Larneca, in the Island of Cyprus. But before we reached the place we were called on deck to witness the eclipse of the moon. We saw it most beautifully; and being a total eclipse, it was one of the most remarkable sights I ever saw. At Larnaca our ship was declared to be in quarantine, from having touched at Rhodes and Marmorice. This gave us much uneasiness about our reception at Beyrout; but on our arrival here, by Mr. Woodburn's writing to the American consul, and by my writing to Mr. Moore, the British consul, the captain at the same time undertaking to stir up his own Austrian consul, our battery of interest had the effect we wanted. The consuls took the responsibility upon themselves, and gave an order to the quarantine officers to let us land.

On getting on shore we were impressed with a scene and a people greatly different from any thing we had yet seen. The Arab character prevails. The streets were crowded and narrow, but most varied in the dresses of the inhabitants. The houses of stone, massive, and lofty, recalling at times some of the steep lanes in the old town of Edinburgh. The district around is very fine—mountainous to the very shore. The town is surrounded by numerous houses in gardens, and even the hills are thickly peopled by the producers of silk. But what adds greatly to the splendour and interest of the view is, that the rugged

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hills are crowned by the more distant and more lofty range of Mount Lebanon, forty miles distant. The great mass of its extended summit covered with snow makes it rise into the heavens with the most imposing effect.

Since we left Smyrna the weather has been remarkably fine, mild, and beautiful, like the summer in England, and, though too early to be yet settled, has added extremely to the agreeableness of our journey, and to the favourable impression of our first entrance into the Holy Land.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Feb. 11th. Made drawing of the janizary of Mr. Moore. Made drawing of Mount Lebanon.

12th. Made drawing of handsome girl, daughter of the janizary. Mr. Moore called. Began drawing of Mrs. Moore in a Bedouin dress.*

15th. Went on with drawing of The Janizary. Went to make drawing of Mrs. Moore; completed both drawings; Greek lady and two French gentlemen present. Much discussion which to prefer; at last Mr. Moore chose the one on white paper; left it; and brought home the one on coloured paper. This being the 15th of February, makes it six months since I left Kensington.

16th. Walked with Mr. Watson to see the ruin supposed to be the site of the combat between St. George and the Dragon.

* Sold in the Wilkie Sale for 37*l.* 16*s.*, and engraved as No. 13. of the Oriental Sketches.

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TO MISS WILKIE.

Beyrout, 17th Feb. 1841.

On landing here, we were met by the janizary of Mr. Niven Moore, the British consul, in his rich uniform, who had been sent to conduct us, with our luggage, to an hotel. The hotel was somewhat uncouth; but finding each a room, we have contrived to make ourselves comfortable. We called on the consul with my letter—he was most obliging. He had with him Captain Elliot of the Hazard (son of Lord Minto), who at once offered us a passage in his ship to Jaffa, if we could be ready next morning. This we could not be, and declined it; but if we had known that he was to wait for two days more (which he did), we would have made every effort to sail with him. This has led to our detention here longer than a week, waiting for a passage; but having numerous letters, we have been handsomely welcomed by many friends: by Mr. Chasse, the American consul; and by Mr. Black, and by Mr. Watson, of the house of Lancaster, Watson, and Co., agents for Messrs. Coutts; by Mr. Helby, and also by the American missionaries; so that the time has passed pleasantly enough.

One letter I was desirous of presenting was to Mr. T. Young, the British consul at Jerusalem, whom I found here. He was at a house out of town, where we saw him with Mrs. Young, a handsome, excellent person. They gave us much information, and are to assist us in every way in the holy city.

We dined on board the line-of-battle ship Benbow,

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by the invitation of Captain Hall. We were most handsomely entertained at their mess — all English, and every article, except the meat, supplied from England.

We have been much pleased with Mrs. Moore, the consul's lady, who is very handsome. Mr. Moore wished me to engage to paint a portrait of her for him. This I could not do, but told him that if she had a native dress, I would be happy to make two drawings of her — one for myself, as well as one for him. Accordingly, two drawings have been made of her, in the dress of a Bedouin lady; both are so much liked, that they scarcely know which to retain. Mrs. Moore and family lived on board Commodore Napier's ship during the bombardment of Beyrout. Many of the houses have been battered to pieces by shells and shot, and bricklayers and carpenters are now busy with reparations and rebuildings.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Beyrout, 20th Feb. 1841.

We have been here twelve days, waiting with much impatience for a chance to Acre or Jaffa; and in that time have even lost one or two chances that would have served, partly through fastidiousness, and partly through the conviviality of friends. We have now, however, the prospect of a passage by a Corsican brig along the coast, freighted with stores for the Turkish government. We have also tried to get a firman from the Seraskier, through the influence of

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Mr. Wood and the British Consul, to provide for horses and an escort from Jaffa to Jerusalem. As the weather is fine, we hope, without much difficulty, to reach the Holy City.

Mr. Young, the British Consul at Jerusalem, has left this; and we hope to find him and his lady in the Holy City. We have several letters, and have met friends who are gone before. Indeed we have seen several naval officers, who have, upon short leave, made the journey.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Feb. 20th. A curious question has arisen with the learned how the ancient Jews lived, whether like the Persians and Turks of our times, or like the Egyptians and Greeks of ancient times; whether they sat upon the floor, or upright upon seats and chairs? This is a question that involves many others, whether they ate when at meat from a stool or from a table, or whether they slept upon mats or upon bedsteads? Several texts may be given to show that the latter of these, rather than the former, was their habit; but, to settle the question, it has been suggested that the original Hebrew must be looked at. It is quite true, in early times, when the children of Israel dwelt in tents, they, and perhaps the Greeks and Egyptians, may have lived in the style of their eastern neighbours; but from the time of Solomon to that of the Messiah and Apostles, when granite columns and stately architecture adorned their tem-

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ples and palaces, it may fairly be urged, in absence of proof to the contrary, that they may have lived in similar habits with those of their neighbours, to whom they approached in their knowledge of civilisation and the arts.

22d. Passed in view of Sidon.

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CHAPTER X.

WILKIE AT JAFFA AND JERUSALEM. — JOURNAL CONTINUED. — LETTERS TO MR. JOHN HARVEY, SIR ROBERT PEEL, MR. COLLINS, R. A., LORD LEVEN, AND PROFESSOR BUCKLAND.

WHEN Wilkie set foot on the Holy Land, it was with the spiritual feelings of one familiar with his Bible from his youth, one on the eve of realizing the pilgrim wish of a long life, and about to people the hills, and vales, and streams of Judea, with the fine creations of his own fancy, and the rich embodiments of scriptural story, as rendered in oil or fresco by the great masters of his art, from Giotto to Giorgione. "When I went," says his friend Collins, "to bid Sir David Wilkie farewell, a day or two before he left home for his last journey, I found him in high spirits, enlarging with all his early enthusiasm on the immense advantage he might derive from painting upon holy land, on the very ground on which the event he was to embody had actually occurred. To make a study at Bethlehem from some young female and child seemed to me one great incentive to his journey. I asked him if he had any guide-book; he said, 'Yes, and the very best,' and then unlocking his travelling box, he showed me a pocket Bible. I never saw him again; but the Bible throughout Judea was, I am assured, his best, and only handbook."

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TO MISS WILKIE.

Jaffa, 25th Feb. 1841.

From Beyrout we hired a passage on board a brig, the Candido, Captain Grimaldi, from Corsica. On getting on board, we found her anchored close to the great line of battle ship, the Benbow, and that our friend Captain Houstoun Stewart (brother to the late Sir Michael Shaw Stewart) had been giving an entertainment on board to the Turkish Seraskier of Syria. As the Benbow was then weighing anchor, I determined on sending a letter of good-by to her gallant captain. The letter I wrote our captain offered to take on board the Benbow in his own boat. Captain Stewart's answer was most kind.

"My dear Sir David, Sunday.

"One hurried word of adieu, and thanks *cordial* for your kind note. Had I known you were so near, I should have sent and begged you to come and join the Turks. I wish I could have done any thing for you and Telemachus.* Perhaps I may get recalled. My ship at Malta is *yours* when you come. Adieu! Sincerely yours, with every good wish to Mr. Woodburn.

(Signed) "HOUSTOUN STEWART."

With this kind of stirrup-cup we weighed anchor, and stretched to the southward with light winds along the coast of the Holy Land. Mount Lebanon

* Mr. Woodburn.

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was glowing behind us in the light of a setting sun. Our berths were snug and comfortable, and our captain with plain eating not ill provided. Our brig recalled the Old Berwick Smack of former years, and brought back the days of youth.

There has been this comfort in the whole of the voyages we have made, that, except for a forenoon in the Black Sea, I have, from care in the way of eating, not experienced any of the discomforts of sea-sickness. We have provided a servant at Beyrout as an interpreter, and have laid in stocks of various eatables, so that, with the simple fare the country affords, with plenty of covering and a tent (should that be wanted) we hope to be able to fend off every other evil. I may mention that we have only now begun the canister of tea you provided us with, which, with the yolk of egg they beat up here, is most rich and delicious. In this way we have got over the voyage from Beyrout in four days, and are now in Jaffa, where, by the assistance of the English Arabic consular agent, we have been lodged close to his house, and been supplied with such things as are required for our accommodation.

We have waited on the governor with our firman, and orders have been given to provide horses and mules to-morrow for the journey. We also hope to see the house of Simon the tanner, where St. Peter saw the vision which was so influential on the whole system of the Christian faith. We may now say we are in the Holy Land and in Syria, and the objects we see are of the most striking kind—picturesque beyond belief. One only wishes to be all eye and all

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ear, and with the full power to record what impresses the mind in such a country.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Feb. 27th. Left Jaffa yesterday about 3 o'clock, our luggage being tied on the backs of one mule and four donkeys; besides this, we had one horse and two mules, and a janizary armed on horseback. We sallied forth through the city gate, and were soon in an open country, with meadows and sand hills. Found the heat of the sun severe upon my head. Towards nightfall we got to Ramla, *i. e.* ancient Arimathea; were received at the American convent; a vaulted chamber was allotted to us. Here milk and honey of the finest quality were brought us, which, with eggs and dried fish, made a good supper. Up this morning at 4 o'clock; called the muleteers and janizary; hastened preparations, and about six started. We travelled some hours through wide wastes, patches of cultivation and villages, till we reached the defiles of the hills of Judea, where the close valleys we entered to ascend the highlands were most beautiful, though savage and wild. We were, however, armed; so that the chance of interruption was greatly diminished. In this way we proceeded up hill and down dale, through places verifying the expression in Scripture of a land that was a splendid possession and an inheritance. After stopping at a well, we descended through valleys, when, to our surprise, we had to ascend again to a height, which, on reaching, was a kind of table-land, from which we yet saw nothing;

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and it was not till after we had travelled a minute or two that, on turning a corner, we saw—and, oh, what a sight!—the splendid walled city of Jerusalem. This struck me as unlike all other cities; it recalled the imaginations of Nicolas Poussin—a city not for every day, not for the present, but for all time,—as if built for an eternal sabbath; the buildings, the walls, the gates, so strong, and so solid, as if made to survive all other cities. We were greatly pleased with the city gate, quite European; also with the clean and substantial look of the interior of the city. We were conducted to the Latin Convent; were received most kindly by the superior and monks, who allotted us apartments, where, for the present, we find ourselves very comfortable. Both Mr. Woodburn and myself are delighted beyond expression, that, after a journey of six months and twelve days, with many interruptions, we have at last reached the most interesting city in the world—Jerusalem.

28th. After breakfast waited upon the British consul, William T. Young, Esq. Found church service performing in his room; in the course of which the Second Lesson was remarkable in this city, giving, as it does, the form of our Lord's Prayer in the place where it was first uttered.

Mr. and Mrs. Young expressed much satisfaction at seeing us; showed us from their house the site of Solomon's Temple, with the Mosque of Omar upon it. Mr. Young then offered us a house, with two rooms, a cooking-place, and room for servant; which we accepted, and shall enter to-morrow. Made drawing of Janizary. We then returned to our hosts at the Con-

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vent; were received by Brother M'Lauchlan, whom we found most intelligent and enthusiastic; were presented to the Lord Abbot, who, with the others, walked with us to the Church of the Sepulchre, which, with all the circumstances connected with it, interested me beyond measure. Found the pictures very indifferent: the details of the localities of the different stages of the crucifixion somewhat doubtful; yet, taken altogether, the identity of Mount Calvary seems undoubted, incapable of being effaced, or forgotten. Were told that last night a violent dispute took place between the Latin and Greek priests in this sacred place, and that the British consul was sent for. Found our Irish friend, Brother M'Lauchlan, had had his own share in the disturbance, and in vindicating the rights of his church.

March 1st. Called with letters on Rev. Mr. Whiting; saw Mr. Beadle, who proposes going to the Dead Sea. Called on Mr. Young, who took us to the pacha, and then to the governor. Had a perfect view of the Temple of Solomon; walked round the whole of the outside of it, and also by the wall of Zion; saw the valley of Jehoshaphat, and the brook Kedron, Siloam, and the Mount of Olives.

2d. Removed from the Convent to the house Mr. Young has so obligingly provided. Unpacked colours and boards. Found two engineers at work, making a military survey of Jerusalem. Find no kind of trade or commerce: silk is not cultivated; the vine is grown only for home use, and for dried raisins; and the olive, so abundant, seems only for their own consumption.

3d. Made drawing of an arch, said to have been

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part of the palace of Pontius Pilate, over which took place the Ecce Homo*; walked over some of the old parts of the city—ruinous, but very magnificent. Mr. Young went with me to the Temple; went to Mount Zion; visited the Synagogue; much struck.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Jerusalem, 4th March, 1841.

Having got all our luggage tied on our animals, one mule and four donkies, (it was quite miraculous to us how they got so much to stick on, or how the beasts could bear it all,) and Mr. Woodburn on one horse, our servant on another, I on a third (the largest and stoutest of the party), and our janizary, a lank lean Arab, such as Salvator Rosa used to paint, upon a fourth, and riding in advance, we sallied forth through the gates of Jaffa, all armed, and making a lengthened, varied, and most picturesque procession. We had a very agreeable ride for nearly four hours, when we arrived at Ramla, ancient Arimathea. Here we drew up, at the door of the Latin convent, and were shown into a room, while our whole party of animals were put in the court to bivouac, to our no small disturbance during the night.

Next morning we awoke before four o'clock, stirred up our servant Stephano to sound the note of preparation, and to prepare from the fare of the convent

* Wilkie afterwards made a sketch on millboard of this picture sold at the sale of Sir David's effects, to Alexander Colvin, Esq. for the sum of 42*l.*, and engraved as No. 21. of the Oriental Sketches.

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something for breakfast. With hue and cry, and noise, we were all in movement by six o'clock, before sunrise, recalling to me strongly the preparations for the journey we used to make in early life, to be in time for the tide at Petticur, on our way to Edinburgh. We now, once started, proceeded with that alacrity inseparable from the consciousness that we were within a few hours' journey of Jerusalem. Onward we went; some travellers joined us in front, and we were soon overtaken by Albanians and others, all armed, who followed in a sort of line that gave the party the look of a caravan; an appearance that seemed the more desirable, as we began to ascend into the recesses of the mountains of Judea. Here the wildness of rock and hill was extreme; yet, after hours of fatigue in getting to the summit of the range, we found olive trees growing in great luxuriance. About two o'clock we entered a sort of valley, where was a natural spring of the purest water. Here men and beasts, with one consent, made a halt to enjoy the luxurious refreshment. Still this was not long: all was activity to push on. We again descended, then mounted to the summit of what seemed an extended table-land, but still no city in view; and every turn of the rugged and stony path was only another hope deferred, without any descent to the habitation of man: when, lo! the advanced post of our party came to a stand, and, like the crusaders in Tasso, we were excited by the cheering cry of Jerusalem, Jerusalem! the Holy City is in sight!

On actually viewing with one's own eyes the ever-

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lasting city, I had this surprise: it was nearer than I expected; was on higher land than I had been led to suppose; and though we saw it from the least imposing side, its stupendous walls, its elevated site, its domes and minarets, still rising in their greatness, after all the city has suffered, I was impressed with the idea that ancient Jerusalem may still, physically as well as morally, remain the most enduring city in the world.

We entered by the gate, close to the palace of David (27th Feb.), and rode to the Latin convent, where we were received with much courtesy by a superior, who ordered a lodging for us and for our servant. We were supplied with meat and drink, and all we wanted, by the convent.

We have been received with much kindness by Mr. Young, the British Consul here, who has found a house for us, in which we have begun housekeeping. He has also taken us to the Turkish pacha, and to the governor, from whose house we had a superb view of the Mosque of Omar, on the site of the Temple of Solomon. He also walked with us round the walls of the temple, by the Valley of Jehoshaphat, till we came to the hill of Zion; every step and every view in this place presenting something of extreme interest.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

March 4th. Started at 3 o'clock for Bethlehem; much pleased with the *locale;* found there the sheikh who was to act as our escort; travelled on, came to the

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brow of mountains, which we descended by precipices the most dreadful that could be imagined: at last, by moonlight, reached the Greek convent; and having a letter, were received with much courtesy; were led down a number of steps in a stupendous ravine, and were conducted to a very handsome reception-room, where we were served with refreshments and supper. Much satisfied with the romantic situation of our quarters.

5th. Got ready, and took leave of the monks an hour before day; traversed most difficult precipices, still descending lower and lower: at last came in sight of the long-expected sea, about which we found herbage growing, and shrubs taking root even in the water. On reaching the banks, took out the barometer entrusted to me by Mr. Harvey for the purpose, placed it upright in the sand, and at once was astounded to find, by its elevation to an unwonted height, the striking confirmation of the supposed depression of the Dead Sea below every other sea in the world. This remarkable question, previously imagined, but most stoutly opposed and denied, is now effectually settled; and by notes made at Beyrout, at Jaffa, and Jerusalem, is now reduced to the point that a calculation from the data I am prepared to give will fix the difference of the altitude *or level* of these seas, making the Dead Sea below the Mediterranean, not merely by one or two hundred, but by several hundred feet. From the Dead Sea came to the Jordan—rapid, deep, and muddy. Found here barometer falling; proceeded on for several hours to the once far-famed Jericho, now but a village, and by the

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depredations of Ibrahim Pacha and his army on their retreat, a heap of ruins,—a part of it yet smoking with fire. Here we found no refuge, but by the advice of the sheikhs proceeded towards the mountains on the way to the Holy City, to a river of the purest water. In this beautiful sequestered spot we, with our Arab escort, pitched our tents for the night. A fire was lighted, refreshments cooked, and as night came on, the strange appearance of our companions, and newness of the situation, gave completely the air and impression of romance. Made an observation with the barometer; found it had descended greatly at this place above what it had done at Jericho and the Jordan, but still giving proof that both this position, almost in the mountains, and the neighbouring plains, are considerably below the level of the Mediterranean.

6th. Passed a restless but warm, and otherwise uncomfortable, night in our encampment—our repose interrupted by the cricket, the stamping and neighing of the horses, and the ejaculations of our armed guard. Awoke at four o'clock: found the men outside, with a blazing fire, and all preparing to start: they were enjoying some refreshments, and, with their dress, arms, and horses, relieved by the extreme darkness of the night, produced the wildest effect. We started at five, and, having found our way out of the little dell with the running brook, we mounted, and made considerable way over the mountains before dawn. We rose to a great height, by a rapid ascent of two hours, when we came to a khan, where I made another observation, with the barometer now gra-

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dually falling. We ascended still: rested at a fountain, where we met numbers of Moslems, on their way from the city, who halted to refresh with us. The barometer rose still higher. At last came in sight of the Mount of Olives, on our way to which, passed the beautiful though ruined city of Bethany—picturesque in the extreme. From this proceeded by a turn round the Mount of Olives, that brought us in sight of the splendid view of Jerusalem in all her glory, from whence it is said Jesus Christ wept over her intractable spirit, and foretold her approaching fall; a view whence, including the Temple of Solomon, Mount Zion, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the Mount of Olives, and the more distant range of the city, is, after all the destruction and rebuilding she has gone through, the most solemn and splendid I have ever seen. Attended Mr. and Mrs. Young to the synagogue on Mount Zion; much struck with ceremonies so ancient, in a locality so devoted to the chosen people; was conducted to two families, where we saw the females all assembled, and admired much the taste of their dress.

7th. Went over the chapel of the Latin convent, in which we found six or eight pictures of Solimeni, the same master whose works we had seen in the Holy Sepulchre. Attended divine service at the British Consul's. Went to call on Mr. Beadle, whom we saw, with his wife, now preparing to go, by Tiberius and Nazareth, to take up their station at Beyrout.

8th. Got all my colours ready, and went on with various subjects in oil; wrote to Helen; feeling ill of a cold, took remedies in the evening.

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9th. Despatched letter to Mr. Harvey, to mention the detail of my observations with his barometer on the Dead Sea, the Mediterranean, and at Jerusalem.

TO JOHN HARVEY, ESQ.

Dear Mr. Harvey, Jerusalem, 8th March, 1841.

At Constantinople, on the 28th of October, last year, you did me the honour to entrust to me your beautiful barometer, with a request, which I have never lost sight of, namely, that in the event of my reaching Syria, I would make an observation of its altitude when placed on the level of the surface of the Dead Sea.

The war in Syria detained me, with my fellow-traveller, Mr. Woodburn, at Pera, till the close of the year. After some delay we reached Beyrout on the 8th of February; and there, on the coast of the Mediterranean, the barometer in perfect order, and the weather fine, I made the following observations:—

	Barometer.	Thermometer.
Feb. 16. — Morning	30·186	56
Evening	30·260	58
17. — Morning	30·198	57
Evening	30·216	59
18. — Morning	30·176	58
Evening	30·108	60½
19. — Morning	30·038	59
Evening	30·008	61
20. — Morning	30·008	60

On reaching Jaffa, I made, on the 26th of February, another observation, also in very fine weather:—

Barom. 29·968 Therm. 59½

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At Jerusalem I continued observations:—

	Barometer.		Thermometer.
March 1. — Morning	27·490		56
Evening	27·460		56
2. — Morning	27·432	fine weather	56
3. — Morning	27·386	grey morning	55½
Evening	27·400		56
4. — Morning	27·438	fine morning	55½

Evening, in the convent of St. Saba, rain threatening, on the way to the Dead Sea:—

Barom. 29·352 Therm. 68

5th. On reaching the Dead Sea, about 11 o'clock, sky overcast and threatening rain, instrument inserted in the shingle close to the salt water, in the open air:—

Barom. 31·372 Therm. 68

Evening, in a tent pitched at the entrance to the mountains, a little above Jericho, during rain and wind:—

Barom. 30·575 Therm. 76

6th. After two hours' ascent in the mountains, foggy, open air:—

Barom. 29·106 Therm. 67½

At another stage of the ascent, open air, sun shining:—

Barom. 28·406 Therm. 70

On again reaching Jerusalem:—

Barom. 27·278 Therm. 66½

Being greatly impressed, with the party around me, with the elevation of the barometer on the shore of the Dead Sea, so great that the mark attached to the veneer could not be pushed up within a quarter of an inch of the summit of the mercury, I made a

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hasty drawing of its exact appearance, to which the following attestation in my note-book was subjoined.

"On the banks of the Dead Sea, this 5th day of March, 1841, weather cloudy, and threatening rain, we, the undersigned, attest the above representation of the state of the barometer, unwonted as its elevation is, to be correct. The thermometer being at 68° Fahrenheit.

(Signed) "William Samuel Woodburn.
"E. R. Beadle.
"David Wilkie, R. A."

I may add, that Mr. Beadle is a man of science, and is here engaged as an American missionary. The opinion here is, that no barometer has ever been carried before to the Dead Sea; when, therefore, you have made your calculations from the above to ascertain the comparative elevation of the Dead Sea with the Mediterranean, you will perhaps judge it right to make the result known to some scientific authority, to establish your claim to the priority of this observation. The barometer I take particular care of, and I hope to get it brought safe to England. I shall be most happy to hear this reaches you, with the result of your calculation, addressed to me, care of Messrs. James Bell and Co., Malta.

With high esteem,
Your very faithful Servant,
D. W.

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TO MISS WILKIE.

Jerusalem, 9th March, 1841.

Since reaching this interesting place, which we did on the afternoon of the 27th of February, I wrote to Thomas to mention our arrival, and the particulars of our previous voyage and journey.

Of course, sights, and those of the most striking kind, have taken up our whole time. We were at first lodged in the Latin convent, but have since moved to a house belonging to Mr. Young, the British consul, who, with his lady, have been most kind, and who have lent and supplied us with various things for housekeeping. On our first waiting on the superior of the convent, we asked for one of the brethren, who was an *Irishman*, Father M'Lauchlan. We were told that his duty for that night required him to be all night in the Holy Sepulchre. Next day we learnt from Mr. Young, that there had been a complete riot in the Sepulchre; that the Latin and Greek monks (always at war) had carried hostilities to such a pitch that he had been called up in the night to interfere. We strongly suspected our Irish compatriot to have been a mover in this, and when we made the acquaintance of Father M'Lauchlan, we had little reason to doubt, from the account he gave of the matter, that, if he was not the instigator, he was, at least, a willing abettor of the rights of his order in the midnight vigils of the holy place. Mr. M'Lauchlan has been very friendly; he is young, zealous, good-looking, clever, and accomplished.

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It was proposed that we should make a journey to the banks of the Dead Sea and the valley of the Jordan. Mr. Beadle, an American missionary, who could speak Arabic, proposed to join us; and after much work in hiring mules, horses, and an escort, we started, on the afternoon of the 4th instant, for Bethlehem, where we were much struck with the beautiful situation of the birth-place of our Saviour. Trusting to the chance of another visit, we did not linger about Bethlehem, but pushed on through hill and valley, and before the day began to close, and as we were descending the ravines of the mountains, we were joined by three Arab horsemen and four armed men on foot. Our object now was to gain the monastery of St. Saba for the night. In our progress we were favoured with the breaking through of the moon — a great help; for as the dells and glens began to deepen and get more rocky, nothing could exceed the terrific appearance of the path we had to descend. Our horses, however, proceeded with miraculous care, our lengthened procession seemed to slide down what appeared absolute precipices, some of which required the whole party to dismount. At last we reached the convent, which, with high towers and massive walls, filled up the gorge of the adjoining cliffs of the torrent. Here we dismounted, and entered by a small wicket, where, after descending multitudes of stairs and terraces, and passing through a garden, we were shown into a saloon covered all over with rich Persian carpets, and surrounded by divans, as if made on purpose for the repose of fatigued travellers.

At four o'clock the next morning, man, horse, and

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mule were all astir, and, before five, again on our precipitous journey. We had to travel through lonely and hostile districts; our guards, ragged as they were, were all well armed, and we ourselves and our domestics, to be neighbour-like, were also armed. We travelled hour after hour, still descending. We heard guns fired at a distance in the opposite mountains, but saw not a soul. The mountains of Moab and the solemn expanse of the Dead Sea now became visible, and, under a misty and lowering sky, began to spread out before us. The sun did not shine, and the lurid purple haze gave a sadness to the whole scene that made it not an unapt representation of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. We eagerly pushed on all eye to remark every singularity of appearance. We found it untrue that herbs would not grow (we saw plants of every kind) or that birds could not fly (we saw vultures right over head, and we observed swallows, and even larks, rising to hail the morn).

After tasting the salt-salt water, pure and clear, but recalling the wife of Lot by its intensity, and after remarking that there was not the appearance of a fish in the water nor a sea-shell to be seen on the shore,—but that numerous shoots of brushwood were growing in the sea; we made a hurried meal, mounted again, and away to the sandy plain of the Jordan.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

March 11th. Painted at home; went with Father M'Lauchlan to the Holy Sepulchre; began a drawing

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of the Tomb, the service, with singing, and the organ, going on all the time; greatly struck with impression of the whole.

12th. Began drawing of Father Bonaventura (Mr. M'Lauchlan); had two sittings.

13th. Saw the reading of the Scriptures in the private dwellings of the Jews; weather, snow, rain, and hail. Went to Synagogue; Father Bonaventura sat twice; got drawing greatly advanced. Mr. Whiting called.

15th. Had sitting of Father Bonaventura; had next the Rabbi Joseph, with his consort, his mother, and some muleteers, to begin a study of reading the Jewish Law; had also a sitting of a sheikh for drawing.

16th. Had sitting of Father Bonaventura; went to the cave of Jeremiah.

17th. Went out early with Mr. Woodburn and Reuben to the Synagogue; made drawing; joined by Mr. Beadle; walked out at the gate descending to the valley of Jehoshaphat; made drawing of Mosque and Temple, Vale, and Mount of Olives; thence by the steep bank got down to the Fountain of Siloam; walked up the channel of the brook Kedron; made drawing of bridge, and of the tomb of Absolom; also of Mount Zion; was satisfied that this, as well as the other tombs, though not pure, were very ancient. Went to the Garden of Gethsemane; olive trees, with very large stems, and very ancient, were shown; a foot-path, also, that led up between two walls, and stopped at a marble column, said to be the very spot where our Saviour Jesus Christ was arrested after being betrayed. Walked up the path by which he must

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have been led to the Gate of St. Stephen; saw the Pool of Bethesda; continued on the path to the house of the governor, Pontius Pilate, thence by the arch of the Ecce Homo, the Via Dolores to Mount Calvary. Father Bonaventura called; completed drawing; and in the evening was rejoiced by receiving letters from Beyrout, Constantinople, and London. A note from Sir James Clark, kindly assuring me the Queen willingly extended my leave of absence, and wished me on no account to hurry home till I had seen all I wished to see.

18th. Visited tombs of the kings of Israel; made drawing of a frieze over entrance, large and much like the frieze of a Doric colonnade.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Jerusalem, 18th March, 1841.

I have not time to refer in detail to all that you and Helen have said in your last letter; the only subject not quite agreeable is, the delays and difficulties likely to occur in the engraving of Sir David Baird, owing to the uncertainty of Mr. Moon on that subject. Still I can do nothing, and if I were at home perhaps it would be the same thing.

From the Dead Sea we journeyed on to the river Jordan, where we drank the waters, and remembered St. John the Baptist. From the Jordan we went on to Jericho, where we meant to lodge; but finding, from the ravages of Ibrahim Pacha, that this desolate abode was a heap of smoking ruins, we proceeded to the entrance of the mountains, where, by a beautiful stream,

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we pitched the tent we had bought at Beyrout, and where for the night, with coffee, bread, certain fowls, and a flask of brandy, we were as merry as possible.

We had three schieks armed and on horseback, and four armed men on foot, with muleteers, servants, &c. so that, with our cattle, nearly a dozen, we made a showy and most picturesque appearance. We lodged in the tent; but our escort kindled a large blazing fire in front, and lay round it. Long before daylight we were all astir, and our tent was struck; a large shrubbery was set on fire to give us light, and after tying every thing again on our cattle, we were once more on the move. The road from the valley of the Jordan rose most precipitous, rock after rock, hill and mountain to be climbed; and as the day began to shine, we were reminded of the route the good Samaritan had to take, in ascending, as we were now doing, to the ancient Salem. About mid-day we saw "a village over against us:"—it was Bethany, most beautiful, most picturesque. From this we wound round the Mount of Olives, by a path said to have been often frequented by our Saviour, and at one part of which we were shown the spot, where coming in sight of the city at the most beautiful view there is of Jerusalem, he wept over it, and foretold its destruction. Changed as it must be, it is yet from this point one of the most beautiful sights that can be beheld.

D. W.

P.S. To-day we are to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Young, who have given us a house, furniture, and

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even eatables. Mr. George Young obtained letters for the consul from his father in London. He should know our obligations.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART., M.P.
&c. &c. &c.

My dear Sir, Jerusalem, 18th March, 1841.

While every moment of your valuable time is occupied with important public affairs, an interruption like this may seem unwarranted from so humble a person as myself; but remembering your indulgence to me on a former absence from home, and feeling that no journey can ever present again such objects for thought as those which now surround me, I venture to force myself upon you as upon one endowed with every faculty to relish and appreciate what, with all before my eyes, I feel so feebly qualified to do justice to.

Trusting that, with yourself, this will find Lady Peel and Miss Peel in your usual good health, I cannot help fancying how they would be pleased with the reminiscences here presented, those realities of the past the pious Empress Helena has done so much to recall and to identify, and which, in my progress hither, ladies of all nations I have found desirous, could this journey be made, to witness and contemplate. Still, if female enthusiasm should approve or encourage, it is to others who have honoured me with their friendship, and to none more than to yourself I should explain why, with pressing occupations at home, and without a pursuit of that elevation to de-

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mand such a process of study, I should yet mount the staff and the scallop-shell for such a peregrination.

It is a fancy or belief that the art of our time and of our British people may reap some benefit, that has induced me to undertake this journey. It is to see, to inquire, and to judge, not whether I can, but whether those who are younger, or with far higher attainments and powers, may not in future be required, in the advance and spread of our knowledge, to refer at once to the localities of Scripture events, when the great work is to be essayed of representing Scripture history. Great as the assistance, I might say the inspiration, which the art of painting has derived from the illustration of Christianity, and great as the talent and genius have been this high walk of art has called into being, yet it is remarkable that none of the great painters to whom the world has hitherto looked for the visible appearance of Scripture scenes and feelings have ever visited the Holy Land.

What we therefore so much admire in the great masters, must be taken from their own idea, or from secondary information. In this, though Paul Veronese, Titian, Giorgione, and Sebastian del Piombo, all Venetians, have by commerce, and immediate intercourse with the Levant, succeeded in giving in their work a nearer verisimilitude to an Eastern people; yet who is there who cannot imagine that such minds as Raphael and Lionardo da Vinci, great as they are, might not have derived a help had they dwelt and studied in the same land which Moses and the Prophets, the Evangelists and Apostles, have so

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powerfully and graphically described, and which they would have described in vain to the conviction of their readers, but as witnesses and participators in the events which form the subjects of their sacred writings?

In my journey hither, desirous of taking a review of some of the great works in Germany of Rubens and Rembrandt, I was deeply interested at Munich by the great and meritorious efforts now making by the native painters of that city. These I believe you have seen, and I doubt not with high admiration of the genius of the artists, and munificence of the sovereign who has called them forth. To you, therefore, I speak with deference, and under correction; but as they profess to revive a style of art that has formerly existed, whether Byzantine or early Italian, I have doubts, fitted to their purpose, if such a style would either suit the disposition of the English painters, or awaken the attention of the English public, to whom it would be like bringing forward the Talmud and the Fathers of the Church, instead of the Pentateuch and the New Testament.

The time is now come when our supply in this walk of art must be drawn from the fountain head. The facility of travelling, as well as recent public events, favour our pursuits in this sacred quarter; and I am highly grateful at being permitted to see with my own natural eyes, what Jerusalem in our day can still present to us.

Here, after centuries of ruin and suffering, Jerusalem exists in her greatness. She is elevated on the high table land of Judea, 2,500 feet above the level of the sea.

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Except the Mount of Olives scarce any hill near rises above her. Her walls, which encompass her on every side, are higher and more superb than any city walls I have ever seen. The square towers of her gates recall those of Windsor Castle; while their lengthened elevation, with the spires and cupolas they enclose, would have arrested the Poussins and Claudes in preference to all other cities. Her streets are stone-built, massive, surmounted by arches, through which the solemn vista claims the painter's art, though by that art still unknown and unrepresented; and the people, the Jew, the Arab, and the more humble and destitute, who never change, recall, by their appearance, a period of antiquity in every thing removed from the present time.

But besides the habits of man, and the stately fashion of his dwelling, which here bear the mark of no modern date, there are other features that carry the impress of sacred history which scarcely any time can change. This I strongly felt a few days ago, when ascending from the vale of Jordan by the way of Jericho. I was particularly struck, as we got near to Jerusalem, with the beautiful aspect of a village that was over against us, like Tivoli or Larici: it was Bethany, the abode of Mary and Martha, and the scene of the raising of their brother Lazarus from the dead. From this the road winds round the Mount of Olives, by a path often frequented by our Saviour, and which opens upon the most beautiful view there is of Jerusalem, where the very point is shown the following verse (St. Luke, ch. xix.) refers to:—

"And when he was come near, he beheld the city,

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and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes."

Changed as this holy city must be since these words were uttered—her sovereignty gone, her people despised, and of her temple not one stone left upon another; yet, shorn of her beams, this sacred place of her grandeur presents one of the most striking spectacles I have ever beheld.

To the expounder of Scripture, and to the painter of Sacred History, this whole territory must supply what can be learnt no where else; and professors of art must make a stir to meet the ideas that travellers can so easily acquire. Indeed, since arriving here, I find a new species of criticism applied to our standard works of art; and my humble pursuits and inquiries appear to introduce somewhat novel subjects of discussion. It has become a question, arising from the present habits of the people here, whether the ancient Jews and Apostles lived most like Saracens or Romans; whether they sat on the ground or upon chairs; reposed upon mats or upon bedsteads; and whether the females were then as much secluded from public view as they are now in these countries? I find the learned, both of monks and rabbis, inclined to the former opinion; but as the synagogue upon Mount Zion is filled with seats, like a church, we may hope that the mode of sitting of the Apostles at the table of our Lord may not, by any new information, be found to be different from what Lionardo da Vinci has painted it.

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Indeed, nothing here requires any revolution in our opinions of the finest works of art; with all their discrepancies of detail they are yet constantly recalled by what is here before us. The back-ground of the Heliodorus of Raphael is a Syrian building: the figures in the Lazarus of Seb. del Piombo are a Syrian people; and the indescribable tone of Rembrandt is brought to mind at every turn, whether in the street, the Synagogue, or the Holy Sepulchre.

To you, Sir, who have the ear and the attention of listening senates at command, it will seem an unpardonable trespass to urge at such length so many crude ideas; but, at this distance, I think I may venture to ask you, from the fostering hand you have held out to native art, and from the all-powerful voice you have raised in support of the independence of the native artist, whether the recent events that have occurred since I left England, and which on leaving I had no idea could have happened, may not open a new field for the genius of British artists to work upon — a field no other nation has thought of, and which, up to this time, is untouched, but such a field as, if properly cultivated, would, from the well-known religious disposition of all ranks, sects, and conditions of her Majesty's subjects, produce this most salutary result —the illustration and study of the Holy Scriptures?

I have the honour to be, dear Sir Robert Peel,

Your most obliged and devoted Servant,

D. W.

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JOURNAL, *continued.*

March 19th. Occupied painting and drawing. Went in the evening through bazaar to the Gate of the Temple; made drawing. Weather very cold.

20th. Went at ten to Rabbi Zamora; made drawing of himself and some members of his family: came home; made drawing of the Bethlehem Sheikh.

21st. Went to Mr. Young's; saw the pacha; remained for divine service.

22d. Painted all day — different subjects. Wrote to Lord Ponsonby, to report the progress of our journey.

23d. Made drawing of wife and family of Mr. Young's Cavash. Painted at home. Went to Mr. Young's to see the Sheikh of Hebron; engaged him to call and sit to-morrow.

24th. Painted all the morning. Walked to house of dragoman; saw a family perfect for painting. Sheikh of Hebron came; began a picture.

25th. Began drawing of Mrs. Young, who brought with her the dragoman's family — grandmother, mother, and children.

26th. Went to see the Jews and Jewesses at the outer wall of the temple — a fine subject. Afternoon, went on with drawing of Mrs. Young.

27th. Mr. Wood took us to see the famous mosque of Omar — highly pleased with it.

28th. Attended divine service at the Consul's.

30th. Began sketch of the Nativity at Bethlehem.

31st. Heard with surprise of the sudden death of

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an Austrian artist, sent by the Emperor to make drawings of the places where the Archduke, with the Austrian naval force, had been engaged in the late war. He had, with great peril during the time of plague, entered St. Jean d'Acre, and made numerous drawings. Having short time to remain here, he worked very hard; and on going home very hot the other evening, threw off his clothes — is supposed to have caught cold, which brought on fever, and proved fatal in a short time. Mr. Woodburn attended his funeral. Went on with sketch of the Nativity.

April 1st. Sent off letters to Sir Robert Inglis, Sir James Clarke, and Miss Wilkie.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Jerusalem, 31st March, 1841.

We have now been four weeks in Jerusalem, and daily and hourly occupied in sight-seeing, and in getting acquainted with the city. Every object here is of extreme interest. The Turkish custom of excluding the women partly prevails in Jerusalem, among all classes. Still we have contrived to see several families among the natives. We have been to the synagogues of Mount Zion, where the women are present as listeners, and where they read parts of the books of Moses. I went to a Saturday morning service, in a small out-house of a private dwelling. I went through snow, hail, and rain, to a crowded assembly, where I found them chanting from the book of Numbers, of the wrath of Moses at the golden calf. The place and people were poor and wretched,

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but all seemed satisfied in paying this homage to the great Spirit,

——— "that doth prefer,
Before all temples, th' upright heart and pure."

It is very interesting to see this people, poor but respectable in their looks, still dwelling on the same holy hill they have held since the time of the Jebusites. The quarter allotted to them is close to the ancient wall of the Temple, where they go every Friday to weep, and wail, and hug, and kiss the great stones of the foundation of the Temple, and to read and repeat the 137th psalm. They have a belief that the Tabernacle, and the stone tables of the Law, were buried under the ruins, and that our late successes in Syria will lead to their recall, and that another Ezra is only wanted for their colonisation in the yet promised land.

Such is the disposition for traffic among the Jews, that whilst I was witnessing this to me impressive scene, the Turkish cavash of the Consul brought from the bazaar a Damascus cloak for me to purchase. When the Rabbi saw it, he was in the act of reading the psalm, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." King David gave way to the Damascus cloak, and he instantly exclaimed before all the people, that the price the merchant had agreed to take was thirteen dollars, and that the cloak was cheap at that money. It was with difficulty that I could get away from him without striking the bargain, or producing a commotion in the assembly. The cloak I got afterwards for eleven dollars.

The reminiscences of the New Testament are here

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most interesting, and attest the accuracy with which the evangelists described what they saw, tending to the same inference of correctness in their description of what they knew. Every day and every hour of our Saviour's life may be traced in the completest manner. The spot of the crucifixion is enclosed in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. The ground was identified, and the church originally built by the Empress Helena (they say an English woman): it is a very beautiful building. It is portioned out to the Latins, Greeks, Armenians, and Moscovites, who all claim certain rights and privileges in so sacred a spot. With them, both places and times are most sacred; in Scotland, we admit neither time nor place to be sacred. Practically, their system leads to the violent contention to whom the sacred place belongs at sacred times, and, even now that I am writing, an open feud exists between the Latins and the Greeks, which Turk and Protestant alike talk of as disgraceful. Perhaps this violence is, however, only a symptom of the healthy action of the zeal and independence of these sects, like emulation in art, and competition in trade. We Protestants at home are not without it: we have our violent Bible meetings at Exeter Hall, and we have our equally violent non-intrusion edicts in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

We now purpose leaving in two or three days. The weather seems getting finer, and we are to try to travel by land to Mount Carmel, and from thence to Beyrout. I have made here numerous sketches, and on the boards I brought with me have begun

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several pictures of subjects in oil. The material for study here has been of the most interesting kind.

We have seen all the most interesting sights, and by influential friends have been admitted to objects scarcely any strangers can ever see. Mr. Richard Wood, the confidential agent of Lord Ponsonby in Syria, is now here, and has assisted us greatly.

D. W.

TO WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ., R. A.

My dear Collins, Jerusalem, 2d April, 1841.

Your pleasant and welcome letter brought up greatly my leeward information of what is going on in the civilised world; and knowing both your own and Mrs. Collins's thirsting for every idea or remark that may be suggested by the earthly appearance of the land of Scripture, I cannot resist an invasion upon you, however hasty and crude it may be in the pouring forth, from the ancient Salem.

All was expectation and eagerness, as you may suppose, on our first approach to Syria. Mount Lebanon, high in the clouds, and covered with perpetual snows, was the first sign of the land of the prophets. But we had to skirt along by "the coasts of Tyre and Sidon," till we came to Jaffa, before we set foot on the sacred shore. From Jaffa, or Joppa, where we were shown the house of Simon the tanner, where the vision of St. Peter was seen, that has given us the free use of so many of the good things of this world, we proceeded through the plain of Sharon to Arimathea. Here we stopped for the night at the

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Latin convent, and next morning were up betimes, and in that sort of active preparation, which those cannot fail to be in who expect before night to reach Jerusalem. Nothing could be more wild than the route as we ascended the mountains of Judea: we rose higher and higher, and if sometimes descending, it was only to rise higher still. At mid-day we stopped—a numerous and picturesque party, at a small spring, or fountain of living waters, said to be where the stripling David picked up the pebble with which he slew the giant Philistine. Having thus reached high above all height, with nought but an extensive moor, or table-land, before us, we looked a-head, and not till after miles of level course, we saw the leader come to a stand, and indicate that we were near Jerusalem!!! Whether we should have discharged our fire-arms, or albeit have rent our Mackintoshes, at the most desired sight in the world, it is useless now to decide: when reflections are not loud but deep, the flare-up of effect is the last thing to be thought of. We scarcely stopped to compose our thoughts, but jogged on, tracing with the eye the earthly form and extent of the eternal city, which, after all her tribulation, presents, even at this least imposing view, an adamantine appearance of durability. Her white stone walls, and high square towers, recalled a little Windsor Castle, though the extent of wall, as it reached round Mount Zion, to the valley of Hinnim, is more impressive to the eye than any walled city I have seen. Our route led us to the Gate of Bethlehem, whence, with our procession of horses, mules, and luggage, we proceeded

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by walls and narrow lanes, and were received and lodged, with all due hospitality, in the Latin convent.

You know the excellent drawings our friend Roberts has made of various scenes in this place: there have been also some German and French artists here; among others, Horace Vernet, but who, I am told, did not make any drawing. But knowing the *curiosity* all of them will naturally awaken in the European public, it becomes important to consider what the powers of our art, if properly directed, may be able to supply for its gratification. There are those who probably think that language and painting is every thing, and that now, when one can read and write, no other mode of information is wanted. Whoever is here and walks round the ancient streets, and stones, and rocks, will be convinced that there are objects neither language nor painting can convey: here are innumerable situations as to distances, heights, and relative positions the reader of Scripture cannot help guessing at, but which our art alone can help him to imagine rightly.

In this view our art, instead of supplying the mere fancied illustration, may give what this place so strongly supplies—a collateral evidence of the truth of the sacred writings; may give fresh proof of the correctness of the sacred narrators in what they knew, by showing their accuracy in what we know they must have seen.

The traveller here must be surprised to find that the great mass of Italian Scripture Art is in backgrounds, costumes, and character,—so purely imagi-

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nary, or so completely Italian, that evangelical Syria is entirely unrepresented, and, like a neglected constituency, seems to clamour for a fresh enfranchisement with modern art. And if there are such pictures of the Entombment, the Crowning of Thorns, of Titian, various of the figures of Paul Veronese, Giorgione, and Sebastian del Piombo, who, being Venetians, had most intercourse with Jerusalem manners, that do remind you of Syria; and if the splendid conceptions of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Correggio, accord with the finest generalised nature in all countries, yet with respect to the great crowd of scriptural representations by which, with a sort of glut, all future modern art must be inundated, I need only say a Martin Luther, in painting, is as much called for as in theology, to sweep away the abuses by which our divine pursuit is encumbered.

Among the learned monks and clergy of Jerusalem, and I might add among the learned rabbis of Mount Zion, a number of curious questions arose regarding the fidelity of European art, in her representations of Scripture manners. These, indeed, would upset more than is wanted, and leave nothing behind. It must not be our purpose to detract from what art has done, but to *add*. Every discussion and new information must do good, since it must draw the attention of the world upon our art as a means for the great and useful purpose of the study and comprehension of the Holy Scriptures.

But there is another application of art: if difficult to show what Syria was in the prophetic and apostolic times, there may yet be the greatest interest in

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showing what Syria is now. Roberts, you know, has done much; but I almost wish he had done more, and had been here longer. For a landscape painter, the road from Jericho, as you come "nigh to Jerusalem," and after you pass "the village" right over against you, and begin to descend by the Mount of Olives, combines a scene which Claude Lorraine and the Poussins would have, indeed, delighted in.

Sacred as the place is, yet here the rain rains, and the sun shines, much as it does at home, and Woodburn, who desires his best remembrances to you, will often talk of a Collins-sky behind the Mount of Olives, the same as if he saw it behind Hampstead, which this Mount of the Ascension, though much higher, greatly resembles. Here would be a rich treat and subject for your art, but a journey for you not to be thought of. Singular, we find other countries, Austria and France, sending their artists here, but from poor old England the artists must come of themselves. Our journey, interesting as it is, and useful as I hope it will be, even naturally has found its chief impediment in the thwarting measure of war, engaged in by our own country. Three months delay at Constantinople, and the derangement since of all usual conveyances on account of war, has lost us nearly another month; and since we seek neither political nor commercial results, our errand for a mere purpose of art may perhaps not be over appreciated. Still, withal, we have met with remarkable circumstances; and if even nothing should accrue to art, I think it is for the honour of our art and of our nation we should not be behind in the field upon a question that must

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now arise. With this view I think of all that you are doing; though absent, I count the days of preparing, and receiving, and arranging the pictures. We all hope, and look forward to those spirit-stirring meetings that precede the opening of our labours to the view of the world at large.

With best and kindest regards to Mrs. Collins, and to Charlie and Willie, and all inquiring friends,

Most faithfully and truly
Your obedient Servant and sincere Friend,
D. W.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF LEVEN.

My dear Lord, Jerusalem, 3d April, 1841.

When at a distance from home, and after a long interruption of that intercourse with friends that makes home agreeable, I feel only the more desirous to break through those rules that would otherwise stay me from obtruding myself upon your Lordship's time and attention, but as an indweller, at least for the time, in this most sacred city, I feel assured that you yourself, from similar journeys you have made towards the East, and Lady Leven from that respect the gentler sex are willing to show towards a place so dear to our hearts, and so identified with our faith, will not regret being addressed by whatever one's hasty thoughts may suggest from the ancient Salem.

On leaving Kensington, in August last, and in pursuing my route by the Rhine and the Danube, still in a Christian land, the political world was filled with

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vague ideas of negotiations of the high and mighty powers; but it was not till I reached Constantinople that rumours of war became reality, and that the seat of war, of all places in the world, was precisely across the path that led to this place I wished so much to visit, that the fortresses of Beyrout, Tyre, and Sidon, that even St. Jean d'Acre must be seized and taken, that Syria must be conquered, and Jerusalem (again) delivered, before a step could be taken upon this distant pilgrimage.

Still, by the brilliant achievements of her Majesty's arms, and the decided conduct of her Majesty's councils, a war, that might have lasted for years, was in a few weeks brought to a close; and I could now proceed, and could visit Syria even with additional interest, and could see almost as a conquest of Great Britain, almost as a gift of our sovereign to her imperial ally, that favoured land, once the glory of Solomon, which, after all she has gone through and suffered in her mysterious history, seems still destined for some great accomplishment of the divine will.

After a delay of three months at Constantinople, I was able to make a forward movement to the sacred territory, which, on crossing the Levant, I was first apprised of by the sight of the perpetual snows of Mount Lebanon.

I had thought going up to Jerusalem was like going up to London, but it was more like ascending the Grampians; we ascended higher and higher, and if sometimes on the descent, it was only to ascend higher still. In this progress we passed, at

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mid-day, a living spring of waters, said to be where the stripling David picked up the pebble with which he slew the giant Philistine. Our ascent at last brought us to an extended table land, over which we looked with longing eyes for the object of our journey.

Tasso has powerfully described the impression of the first sight of Jerusalem on the Crusaders; but once in view of the engrossing sight, no one stopped to compare thoughts, but urged on, tracing with the eye the form and extent of the Eternal City. Jerusalem is built on the brow of a hill, said to be 2500 feet above the level of the sea. Mount Zion, once the castle of the Jebusites, forms its highest range, and the other, Mount Moriah, the site of the Temple of Solomon. Its natural defences on each side are the deep ravines of the valley of Jehoshaphat,—the Mount of Olives, like the top of Fiesole, rising alone above it. On the side of the hill of Zion, next to the wall of the Temple, is the miserable quarter allotted to the scattered tribes. Their synagogues are objects of touching interest. On Fridays it is their custom, men, women, and children, to collect where a portion of the wall of the Temple is left open, to weep and wail, and kiss the huge stones of the foundation, reading and chanting the cxxxviith Psalm, "By the rivers of Babylon we sat, yea, and wept, when we thought upon Zion."

From this ancient people one naturally reverts to that race of Gentiles, now the dominant party, who for twelve centuries have occupied their land, and who have raised the mosque of Omar on the ruins of

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their temple. The Mohammedans seem disposed to be most faithful allies of our nation, and to be most civil to our travellers; still, the precariousness of their power makes them jealous of foreign intercourse, and, both in their domestic habits and religious rites, they edge themselves in with a sort of Chinese exclusion from every sort of observation. The Temple they have appropriated; no one but of their own faith can enter; and the gate, once called the Beautiful Gate, the only architectural remain of the work of Solomon, they have built up, from a prediction, that through this the western enemies of their faith would, as conquerors, some future day, gain admittance.

But of all that is to be seen in Jerusalem, the reminiscences of the New Testament are to us the most interesting. Here, from the arrival of Jesus Christ, by the very path where he beheld the city and wept over it, to the time of the Passover, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection, every turn and resting-place can be traced. For the preservation of the details of some of these, we are indebted to the piety of the Roman Empress Helena, who built a church over the entire of Mount Calvary, enclosing the rock where the cross was planted, with the tomb where our Saviour was laid. In this sanctuary, certainly a beautiful and impressive building, the Greeks and the Latins strive, even with more than religious zeal, for the rights of adoration upon the sacred ground.

Seeing, with the natural awe that belongs to them, these places thus preserved from desecration, one can scarcely agree with some of our Protestant tourists,

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who have affected to treat them with doubt, or to make it an object of indifference whether they are correct or not. It is true, in minute details, too much may be proved or believed, but whoever walks around Jerusalem will have his reason as well as his feelings impressed; will find, not merely the hills and valleys, but the rocks, the walls, and the very stones seeming to rise up as unchanging witnesses of the correctness of the evangelical narrations.

One change I may notice as remarkable: Mount Calvary was, as an ignominious place, anciently outside of the walls; but, like the stone which the builders rejected, since it was made the altar of the great sacrifice, it has attracted a city round about it, a great part, the hill of Zion, being shut out of the walls by their extension westward, to include in the very midst of Jerusalem the rock of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre.

I hope this will find the Countess of Leven, with Lord Balgonie, and all the young family, in excellent health. May I request to be remembered to all? and, with entreaties for your kind excuses for this trespass,

I have the honour to be, &c.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

April 2d. Shown the tomb of David; could not help repeating a Psalm over it to one's self.

3d. Started for Bethlehem; rode through the Valley of Hinnom, then by the ruins of the house of Caiaphas, called the Hill of bad Counsel; went

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on to the convent of Elias; then, by a rugged road, got on to a beautiful view of Bethlehem, where I made a drawing. We went to the church over the manger: here I saw the Greek Mosaics of an early time, given in Roberts's drawing. Made a drawing of several of the figures of the Ascension; tried to trace the Syrian dress in the figures; and if they could be washed, so as to be distinctly seen, and copied, I have no doubt but they would throw much light on the habits of that early period. The subjects were, The Ascension, and The Unbelief of St. Thomas. The Christ was defective in character. We then went down below to a grotto, where was the stable and the manger: this was all covered with marble, covering up all that could prove the detail. Here were two pictures, which Châteaubriand said were Murillo's; but upon the slightest glance we were convinced they were no Murillos. Mr. Woodburn was decided on this point.

TO THE REV. PROFESSOR BUCKLAND, CHRISTCHURCH, OXFORD.

My dear Sir, Jerusalem, 4th April, 1841.

Why the circumstance of being located in this Holy City should make me less reserved in the outpourings of my reveries upon the patience of so respected a friend as yourself, I am not prepared to explain; but having no right to select you for such an infliction, I have yet, from the fancy of saying something in regard to science, the excuse of your eminence as a reason, considering that the more dis-

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tinguished the mark, the more likely is a poor marksman to feel justified, even if he fails, for the high object and aim he has had in view.

When in Constantinople last winter, Mr. John Harvey, of Ickwell Bury, Bedfordshire, requested me, as the war then prevented his going to Syria, that I would take charge of a portable barometer, and mark its precise height, with that of the thermometer attached to it, on placing it on the shore of the Dead Sea. Thus commissioned, I first began observing, agreeable to his instructions, its height on the shores of the Mediterranean; in fine weather at Beyrout and at Jaffa; then on going up to Jerusalem, when the quicksilver fell so low that I thought some had escaped. In a few days I started with a party for the Dead Sea. I found our descent from the heights of Gillgall and of Bethlehem long and precipitous till we came to the superb convent or fortress of Saint Saba. Here the barometer had again risen in proportion to our descent. Next morning we had a distant and most descending journey to make, till we came, about 11 o'clock, to the gloomy verge of the stagnant lake. The day was dark, cloudy, and threatening rain — a lurid purple prevailed over the broken hills and rocks that seemed, tier after tier, to come down from the high lands on every side, while an obscure mist seemed to hide the farthest distance from our view. There was a sadness all around, and a solitude in our situation that made it not an unapt representation of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. On dismounting, I planted the barometer in the shingle close to the salt wave. As we had some friends with us accustomed to these ob-

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servations, we were breathless with expectation. The quicksilver, in its oscillation, seemed to soar, but with no middle flight; and when settled, it rose and it rose — I need not say high above all height, but certainly higher than the maker of the barometer had, by his style and veneered index, ever intended it should indicate. It rose considerably above the 31 inches. The friends with me were much excited, and signed an attestation of the height to which it rose; and so catching, as you well know, are the demonstrations of science even in hands infinitely less able to explain them than yourself, that even the scheiks and wild Arabs of the desert looked on with approving eyes, and seemed to triumph, as we did, in the success of our experiment, proving the Dead Sea so greatly below all other seas.

The waters of the Dead Sea are not bitter, but so nauseously salt as to be impossible to swallow, and difficult to clear the mouth of. Some writers say shells are found; but we searched in vain for any. Grass and herbage grow close to the water-mark; and here we found, what I never saw in the great salt sea, large and numerous shrubs and trees growing a considerable way into the waters of the lake. Birds we saw, from the vulture and hawk, to the lark and linnet; but not many. At a little distance was a stony island, which one of the Arabs told us was once but barely covered with water, that they could wade to it. This, if true and continuous, would establish a progress; but I well know how jealous you great geologists are of what looks like a theory.

From this we wended our course up the banks of

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the celebrated baptismal Jordan, which yields but a muddy and small supply, though almost the only supply, to the sea we had left behind us. We thence proceeded to the ancient Jericho, a name so familiar to us as children, even to our school-boy recreations: but how are the mighty fallen! Now, from its recent condition of a mud-walled village, we found it, from the tender mercies of Ibraham Pacha's retreating army, a burning and smoking ruin. From this we proceeded back towards Jerusalem, and made our little camp for the night on a beautiful stream that issues from the hills of the wilderness of the Temptation. Here, though elevated, I found by the barometer that we, if not in the bottom of the sea, were still, with the Dead Sea and the whole plain of Jericho, considerably below the level of the Mediterranean.

If this question should interest you, may I beg to refer you to Mr. Harvey, as above, to whom of right the barometer and observations belong, and to whom I immediately sent my remarks, made even to decimal minuteness, for him to make his calculations from. Whether the fact be important, I cannot judge; but to me it appears a remarkable phenomenon.

Like the ladies, I now come to the postscript, generally the most important, and in this case probably the most teazing part of the epistle. Whoever has been accustomed to walk through the streets, lanes, walls, rocks, hills, valleys, brooks, and fountains of Jerusalem, where the Scripture events have taken place, will be convinced he sees before him a part of the original material from whence the inspired writers have drawn their narratives; at once

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satisfying him of the accuracy, while it gives a perfect idea of the situation, of the details. From the arrival of Jesus Christ from Jericho, his entrance before the Feast of the Passover to the time of the Last Supper, his cruel Crucifixion and Resurrection, every movement and resting-place may be traced, with scarce a doubt of any leading point of that eventful period: yet, strange to say, the art of painting in Italy has arisen and triumphed in her devotion to such scenes, with scarcely a reference or resemblance to these obvious localities. While the world was shut out from the Holy Land, this want of knowledge could not be felt; but when travellers now are, by the facilities of steam-boat navigation, conveyed so readily here, my impression is, the future painters of Scripture-pictures must stir themselves to be on a par with those who are to appreciate them. Being impressed with this, and seeing that a number of clergy and students of divinity have been making this journey, allow me to state to you, who are so great and so influential, a want that to us as a nation is now in the sacred land so obviously felt.

Every country but Great Britain have their establishments in Syria. There are Latin, *i. e.* Roman Catholic convents at Mount Carmel, Jaffa, Ramla, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, &c. under the protection of France. There are Greek convents in Jerusalem, St. Saba, Nazareth, with Arminian, Maronite and Coptic convents, under the protection of Russia!! Of these there is an Armenian convent in Jerusalem, not very inferior to our Oxford University. Let me also observe, that in Jerusalem and the chief towns of

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Syria and the Levant, there are American missionaries. All these, in the absence of hotels, are ready to supply the wants of their travellers, while we, the poor subjects of Great Britain, whose sovereign, by the success of her Majesty's arms, has almost made a present of Syria to the Sultan, have not a spot to call our own. They are now trying to found a church, but it ought to be a college; and if so, where could this originate so well as from our leading universities?

May I offer my regards to Mrs. Buckland, and also most kind remembrances to Sir Francis and Lady Chantrey? There is no sculpture in Syria.

Entreating your kind excuse for all this, I have the honour to be,

Your most obliged Servant,

D. W.

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CHAPTER XI.

WILKIE AT JERUSALEM. — LETTERS TO MR. PHILLIPS, R. A., MR. JAMES HALL, AND MR. JOHN ABEL SMITH. — WILKIE AT ALEXANDRIA, AND ON BOARD "THE ORIENTAL."— LETTERS TO MR. AND MISS WILKIE. — SUDDEN ILLNESS AND DEATH. — EXTRACT FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF "THE ORIENTAL."

THE Letters and Journals of Wilkie continue to exhibit how unforgetful he was, though in a strange land, of the many friends he had left behind him. The interesting sights he saw at Jerusalem reminded him of his friend Phillips, and the happy hours he had spent in his society amid the rich pictorial stores,

"And all the green delights of Italy."

TO THOMAS PHILLIPS, ESQ., R. A.

My dear Sir, Jerusalem, 4th April, 1841.

At this distance from England, there are still many circumstances to recall me to those at home engaged in the same pursuit; and the recurrence of to-morrow, the first Monday in April, brings strongly to my mind the whole train of ideas attendant upon the preparation and delivery of the labours of my brother members for exhibition at the Royal Academy.

Such thoughts most readily recall one like yourself, so distinguished both as a member, and upon these

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occasions so strong as a supporter of our Institution; and the more so, as I think you were one of those friends who rather encouraged me, in commencing this journey to a land which our divine art has so much cherished in imagination, and may yet, as we hope, from its reality, derive fresh cause of inspiration.

With the wish, therefore, that we of our nation and our time, while other occupations seem so much on the move, should be up and be doing, and, instead of copying only what former schools have supplied, or sinking down to be the mere illustrators of the contemporary pursuits of other people, might find out a new vein unknown to former schools, and which, if desired by the British people, no other pursuit of human ingenuity can render. With such an object as this, in August last, I commenced my journey. On reaching Constantinople, however, there was but one slight unexpected affair to be settled, namely, that Syria had to be conquered, and Jerusalem again delivered, before I could stir a step towards that land I had so much desired to see.

The impression produced by first arriving in Jerusalem, by first walking her streets and viewing her massive buildings, the enduring rocks on which she is placed, the deep ravines, valleys, and hills, by which she is surrounded, is beyond what can be again felt in any other place in the world. It is not merely in what they might have supplied to art, if they had been known to the artist, or in what they might furnish if seen by the student or commentator of Scripture, but as the ORIGINALS in conjunction with the great events that have there occurred, from which the

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sacred writers have drawn their narratives. I understand a leading foreign painter was here, and regretted that Raphael and Domenichino had not in their day seen the place and people, which, with all their power, they had but vainly tried to imagine. In our own country you and I can fancy that some of our talented brethren, from West down to the present time, had their devotion to art been helped by such knowledge, might have begun a style new to the public, and capable of advancing, as an original system of Scripture art. Here the people, as well as their situation, lead you to ages long passed away. The Jewish Synagogue is in their miserable quarter of the city, but it is on *Mount Zion*, where, existing, as it has done, from the time of the Jebusites, it can be seen now only with the most touching interest; and excluded from the rock and stone walls of their own temple, they still believe that the Tables of the Law, and the Tabernacle, supposed to be buried in its ruins, will yet one day be found, and restored to them.

The Arabs, who form the mass of the poor people, look as if they had never changed since the time of Abraham. Their religion, though here in the ascendent, shuns the light of modern civilisation, and appears to take shelter in a system of exclusion from the observation of all strangers, till curiosity loses its interest, except in so far as they come in contact with other systems of faith.

But the reminiscences of the New Testament give the great interest to Jerusalem, and the once-despised Mount Calvary is now within the walls, a centre and

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attractive quarter of the city. The events connected with this place, from the arrival of Jesus Christ in Jerusalem to the crucifixion, entombment, and resurrection, which, as you know, have supplied the great mass of subjects to Scripture painting, may here be traced for every day and hour of that exciting period. If we ask, would the knowledge of these have helped the great painters?—it may be answered, they have done wonders without it. It is true: when they painted, their being incorrect could not be detected, and perhaps will not be felt at present; but now that Syria is open, and that steam-boat navigation is spreading crowds in all directions, may not a system of Scripture painting be required corresponding, not to our ignorance, but to our improving knowledge of Syria?

But another style of art will naturally grow out of the opening of Syria. You know our brother member Roberts is both painting most interesting pictures, and publishing his drawings, to show what Syria is at the present time. This, though distinct from Scripture art, may yet, with his great ability, lead to the call for Scripture pictures, and may lead to others visiting the holy territory. It has been with me an often repeated joke with our highly talented friend, Mr. Turner, that he ought to have mounted the staff and scallop-shell for such a peregrination; and he will recollect well where he said I wished to send him, when I tell him I thought of him, and wished for him when I passed the ancient city of Jericho, though then, from the ravages of the retreating army, a smoking ruin. I can fancy what

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our friend would make of this and the vale of the Jordan, of the Dead Sea, the Wilderness of the Temptation, and, above all, the Mount of Olives, Mount of the Ascension, with all the mystery associated with it, which (like the top of Fiesole over Florence) overlooks Jerusalem.

In requesting to be particularly remembered to my excellent friend Mrs. Phillips, and the young ladies the Misses Phillips, I may observe that, wherever I have travelled, ladies have been always most alive to the objects of this journey, and may yet, in our own country, be the most likely to awaken the attention of Protestant England to what is due to Syria. Such elements of agitation as the repealers of Ireland, the anti-rate payers of England, and the non-intrusionists of Scotland, do not promise much; but we must hope for the best.

D. W.

TO JAMES HALL, ESQ.

Dear Mr. James Hall, Jerusalem, 4th April, 1841.

In viewing and perambulating the streets, lanes, mounts, and hills of Jerusalem, the admirer of the art of painting will find, at every turn, what ought to have formed the position and background of the finest pictures the art has produced. He will also see, in the people that walk the streets, evidence of their being the native descendants of those who should form the characters in these pictures. From the arrival of Jesus Christ from Jericho, his entrance before the Feast of the Passover, to the time of his arrest, crucifixion,

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and resurrection, every movement and resting-place may be traced, with scarcely a doubt of any of the leading points of that eventful period. Yet, strange to say, the art of Italy has arisen and has triumphed in her devotion to such scenes, with scarcely a reference or resemblance to these palpable localities, where these events were transacted. The revived art of Rome, like the church of Rome, seems built, less upon original authority than upon Italian material and imagination. These are hazardous questions, requiring to be broached with delicacy; but steam-boat navigation must bring them into view, and for the sake of future art, and particularly British artists, one is glad, amidst the stirring activity of all other pursuits, there still remains a stone unturned, a question unsettled, and a demand for the reader of Scripture, which the divine art of painting can alone supply.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

April 4th. Being Palm Sunday, went to hear High Mass at the Holy Sepulchre: it was most splendid, and the back-ground, in which was seen the Sepulchre, was most striking. From accounts received from Beyrout of the plague, Mr. Woodburn is strongly of opinion we should go from this by way of Egypt.

5th. Considered much the possibility of going to Cairo and Alexandria, through the desert. The Lord Bishop, however, recommended us to go to Jaffa, which is free from plague, and take ship there to Beyrout or Alexandria. Went out to make drawing

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of the Pool of Bethesda, and the Beautiful Gate of the Temple.

6th. Went to Mr. Young, arranged for horses and mules to go to Jaffa to-morrow. Went to the road from Bethany, on the Mount of Olives, where made drawing of Jerusalem.

7th. Started for Jaffa about 11 o'clock. Towards afternoon entered the long ravine by which we descend to the plain, and from the height of which we saw the distant view of the sea, and of the coast of Jaffa. Towards night we came in sight of Ramla, where was pointed out to us, on the left, a church, with a village close to it: they told us it was Emaus, where Jesus Christ appeared to the two apostles. We continued our ride in darkness, until we were cheered by seeing the moon rise over the gardens and thick-walled buildings of the ancient Arimathea. We found the Latin convent ready to receive us.

8th. Continued our ride over the plains of Sharon, and reached Jaffa between one and two o'clock. Heard of a ship in the roadstead just sailing for Damietta; the British consul advised us, the wind being fair, to go by her. We, accordingly, after much hurry in getting stores, &c., got to this small ship about seven, and soon after sailed.

9th. The captain is arranging his cargo to balance the ship, apprehending bad weather.

10th. The wind becoming adverse, sails were reefed, and taken in, and preparations made for a coming storm. During the day we kept on pretty fairly; but towards night the gale increased. For a time the ship kept on her course, but at last the pitching

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and breaking of surf became so great, that the captain was obliged to let her run before the wind, and talked of returning to Jaffa. After enduring a fearful night, I told them, as daylight approached, or sunrise, there might be a change: the sunrise was attended with a perceptible mitigation of the storm.

Sunday, 11th. The weather, as the day advanced, became clearer; the sun began to shine. The wind being adverse, the captain came to anchor: this appeared to us a loss of time, admitting however that, in the difficult navigation of these coasts, he must be the best judge of such affairs.

After seeing, with great attention, the city of Jerusalem, the district of Syria, that extends from Jaffa to the river Jordan, I am satisfied it still presents a new field for the genius of Scripture painting to work upon. It is true the great Italian painters have created an art, the highest of its kind, peculiar to the subjects of sacred history; and, in some of their examples, whether from facility of inquiry, or from imagination, have come very near all the view of Syria could supply. The Venetians (perhaps from their intercourse with Cyprus and the Levant), Titian, Paul Veronese, and Seb. del Piombo, have in their pictures given the nearest appearance to a Syrian people. Michael Angelo, too, from his generalising style, has brought some of his prophets and sybils to resemble the old Jews about the streets of the Holy City; but, in general, though the aspect of nature will sometimes recall the finest ideas of Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael, yet these masters still want much that could be supplied here, and have

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a great deal of matters quite contrary to what the country could furnish. These contrarieties, indeed, are so great, that, in discussions with the learned here, I find a disposition to that kind of change that would soon set aside the whole system of Italian and European art; but as these changes go too much upon the supposition that the manners of Scripture are precisely represented by the present race in Syria, it is too sweeping to be borne out by what we actually know. At the same time, there are so many objects in this country so perfectly described, so incapable of change, and that give such an air of truth to the local allusions of Sacred Writ, that one can scarcely imagine that these, had they been known to the painters of Italy, would not have added to the impressive power of their works. Without trying to take from the great impression produced by the reading of the Sacred Writings, it may yet be said, that from its nature many things must be confined to narrative, to description, to precept; and these are, no doubt, so strong as to supply to a pious mind every thing that can be desired; but if these are to be represented, as certainly they have been, by those of an art who have not séen Syria, it is clear some other country, Italy, Spain, or Flanders, will be drawn upon to supply this; and the reader of Scripture and admirer of art will be alike deluded, by the representation of a strange country in the place of that so selected and so identified as the Land of Promise, so well known, and so graphically described, from the first to the last of the inspired writers.

12th. At daylight were again on the move. To-

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wards night, to the west of the minarets of the distant town, we saw the sun set behind the ships in the roadstead of Damietta, and about eight came to anchor in the shallow water of this branch of the Nile.

13th. It was proposed by the captain that one of us should go with him on shore to the officers of health. I had written a letter to H.B.M.'s Consul at Damietta, to be sent in case any obstacle prevented our landing. It stated our urgent desire to get to Alexandria, and, at the request of the captain, mentioned the leaky state of the vessel since the storm, requiring it should be put in a place of safety. Mr. Woodburn proposes going, and Mr. Palmer offered to accompany him, with the captain, to lay the affair before the sanatory authorities. We were allowed to ascend the Nile to Damietta, where we were received by Mr. M. H. Sourour, with great kindness, who took us to his country house, where we enjoyed his society and conversation so much, that it was twelve o'clock when we came back to his house in town to our dormitory.

14th. Our excellent friend Captain Grimaldi has offered to take us to Alexandria in his ship: — we agreed to go to-morrow. Walked about the town; but after Syria and Jerusalem, this seems of no interest. The Nile is, however, superb. Went to Mr. M. H. Sourour's country house: much pleased with his intelligence. His great desire is, after having been British consul for twenty-seven years, to be naturalised as a British subject! This seemed to me a rather fanciful idea; but it is thus explained: if he

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were naturalised, he would be entitled to British protection for all his property.

TO THOMAS WILKIE, ESQ.

My dear Brother, Damietta, 14th April, 1841.

We had been five weeks and a few days in Jerusalem, had seen all that is usually seen in the city and neighbourhood, and even by the assistance of Mr. Richard Wood, the active representative of Lord Ponsonby in Syria, and who, from this, is in high favour with the Moslems, were permitted to see, in two remarkable instances, places none but the Moslems can ever enter. We had made, in company with our zealous tried friend Daniel M'Lauchlan, a visit of a day to Bethlehem, where over the stable and manger is built a superb church, by the Empress Helena, where the Padre found us ready hospitality from the monks of his order in the Latin convent; having also seen the ceremonies of Palm Sunday, then holding, which this year is, by Latins, Greeks, and Armenians, particularly regarded in the church of Saint Sepulchre, we, on the 7th of April, after a morning of great noise, scolding and squabbling, with dragomen, cavashes, and muleteers, fairly made a start, with all our luggage, at eleven o'clock.

In this way, taking leave of our most kind friend Mr. Young, British consul, and restoring to him the house he had so handsomely lodged us in during our stay, we made our sortie by the pond, or bath of Bathsheba, and by the high square towers of David,

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and through the Gate of Bethlehem, took any thing but the noiseless tenour of our way out of the sacred walls, wending our course along the same moor or heath by which we had made our first approach. Our party were three horses, three mules, Mr. Young's cavash, also mounted and well armed, and a friend, who joined us, with extra donkies for the muleteers; making a lengthened, straggling, and disorderly procession, till the confusion became so apparent, that I insisted on a general halt, and though ignorant of their language, I contrived by a good stick, violent gestures, and with high words, and action suited, to get the whole party, and particularly the Arab attendants, to observe a regular order of march. In this way we journeyed on, in a burning sun, over a number of declivities of hill and dale, till we got, about four o'clock, to that eminence, which, looking westward, showed us the distant view of Jaffa, and the Mediterranean. From this we descended through the wild ravine, that brings us down, by a romantic path, from the high table land of Judea; and having cleared the mountains before night came on, we found that we had only to cross the plain and more elevated land in the dark, when at nine o'clock we reached the hospitable Latin convent of Ramla.

Here we had most agreeable rest and refreshment, and next morning, starting in good time, got to Jaffa at 2 o'clock. I may here state that we would have thought of another route than that of Jaffa: we had intended that of Nazareth, Mount Carmel, St. Jean d'Acre, Tyre, Sidon, and Beyrout; but all this was rendered uncertain by the assurance that the plague

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is now in fearful operation in nearly all these places. It so happened that Jaffa, though plague-visited when we entered it before, had for nearly a month been free from it, and was thus left as the only place from whence we could embark from Syria with a clean bill of health. Thus situated, we resolved to hire a ship, if possible, from Jaffa. Here we found several; but the only one ready to leave was a small bark prepared to sail with a cargo and passengers for Damietta. The consul at Jaffa and others recommended our embarking in this vessel as the best course, as on that day three cases of plague were again reported. In this way we decided, the wind and weather being favourable, to go by this small ship; and though much hurried, to sail the same night.

Perhaps it is doubtful whether we should have so decided; but as all has turned out, by the blessing of a kind Providence, right for us, we are most thankful for the escape from the imminent danger this little bark exposed us to. For two days all was favourable, but on the third a storm arose, and throughout the night, the day, and the second night which followed, there is no doubt we were in most imminent peril. The storm was most violent; but it was the frailty of the ship that gave us the greatest cause for apprehension. Still the captain, a Greek, never seemed to lose confidence nor presence of mind; nor did the crew, Greeks and Arabs, ever want activity, or obedience to his will; when most happily for all, at sunrise on Sunday the 11th, an abatement of the hurricane began to be felt, and as the day advanced, the sky to clear; and before mid-day we were cheered by the

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crew coming to claim the usual compliment or gift, because from the mast-head they had discovered land.

We were now in sight of the low coast of Egypt; and after two days more sailing, we cast anchor at that branch of the mouth of the Nile that runs close to Damietta. Here our anxiety was to escape quarantine, from having left Syria in the state it now is; but on sending a letter, which I did, to H. B. M.'s consul, and making the best of our case to the authorities, we sailed up the flowing Nile with exhilarated spirits, delighted by the hospitality of an officer of the sanatory laws, who gave us an excellent collation in his own house; and also most gratified by the reception of her Majesty's most worthy consul, Michaud Hannah Sourour, who sent his nephew to meet us on the river, to bring us to his house in town to lodge, and who took us with him to his country house, to cheer us with an European entertainment, which, with excellent viands and choice French wines, were felt as extreme luxuries by us after the late hard fare we had been accustomed to in our land and sea voyage. We find the consul a most able and intelligent person. We went again to breakfast this morning, where we had, in all its excellence, tea in English tea-cups and saucers, with milk and fresh butter; and if our ladies of England, who are admirers of tea, should wish that herb in perfection, it is when made of the Nile water, the softest, the sweetest, the most limpid, and, as they all say here, the most delicious in the world.

With best regards to Helen. I hope to write soon

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again. We have just met Captain Grimaldi, the same captain who brought us from Beyrout to Jaffa, and who now sails for Alexandria, and has engaged to take us with him. Best regards to Margaret.

Most faithfully yours,

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

April 15th. Captain Grimaldi told us he had some difficulties with the Turkish Bey about the cabins. We said we would put up with any thing to get to Alexandria.

16th. Started about six o'clock — staid all night at Lazaretto, no captain appearing.

17th. Detained all day, waiting for the captain.

18th. Got on board the ship, after a squally passage to it.

19th. Stormy all day.

20th. To-day also, though it came calm, they said no boat could stir — to me inexplicable.

21st. Day fine — symptoms of going.

22d. Weighed anchor — wind unfavourable — weather fine.

23d. Wind adverse — had to-day a severe attack in the stomach.

24th. A little better, but most weak — in great doubt what remedy to apply.

25th. Seem to get better slowly — wind begins to be favourable.

26th. Wind continued fair, and drove us along at a great rate, so that we soon reached this celebrated capital, Alexandria.

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27th. Mr. Woodburn went to explore: — at one o'clock returned with a carriage, and we went to Mr. Waghorn's Oriental Hotel. We found this most splendid; and after three months' roughing, the comforts were exquisite. Mr. Waghorn sent me Dr. Laidlaw, who prescribed for me.

28th. Remained in reading. Hotel delightful.

29th and 30th. Continue better; and complaint having left me, get by degrees more strength.

TO J. A. SMITH, ESQ. M.P.

Alexandria, 30th April, 1841.

Dear Mr. John Abel Smith,

In approaching this place, I am strongly reminded of your munificent kindness to my nephew, by your sending him by this route, the winter before last, overland to India. Still this would not justify the intrusion of this letter upon your valuable time, were it not that I reach this on a voyage from that sacred district of Palestine, at every step, and every turn, so replete with those objects of thought which I feel assured you would yourself, and, might I add, Mrs. John Abel Smith would be so well qualified to appreciate.

Our most excellent friend, the late Sir William Knighton, used often with me to contemplate the prospect of such a journey; perhaps this has fixed it the more on my attention. In August last, every circumstance appearing favourable, I left London; and it was not till by transit of the Rhine and the Danube I had reached Constantinople, I learned

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that the war had broken out, that military operations were across my rout, that Beyrout, that Tyre and Sidon, that even St. Jean d'Acre, must be besieged and taken — that Syria must be conquered, and Jerusalem (again) delivered — before a step could be taken on this distant pilgrimage.

* * * * * *

Of all the reminiscences the Sacred City presents, those of the New Testament are most remarkable. From the arrival of Jesus Christ from Jericho, his entrance before the feast of the Passover, to the time of his arrest, Crucifixion, and Resurrection, every movement and resting-place may be traced, with scarcely a doubt of any of the leading points of that eventful period. One part of this series has been particularly guarded by the pious zeal of the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, who, in the third century, at infinite expense and pains, constructed over Mount Calvary the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This service, so creditable to the gentler sex to which this Roman matron belonged, is, however, under-rated by our Protestant writers, who throw doubts upon the details, and undervalue the importance of preserving the whole from oblivion or desecration. It is true the minute details may be erroneous, and the adoration paid to them may be fallacious; but lawyers know the force of identity of place and time as matter of evidence; and readers of Scripture, who have been there, well know the impression the knowledge of the situation gives to the words of the Evangelists, above all that can be done by any other mode of explanation or commen-

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tary. The more extended features of the city and its neighbourhood, of walls, towers, rock, valleys, and hills, are, however, such as no time can change, and, as the scenes of the sacred events, assume this importance in the language of the professor of art, that they are the original back-grounds from which the narrative of the Evangelists were drawn.

With most respectful compliments to Mrs. John Abel Smith, I have the honour to be your affectionately obliged, and most faithful Servant,

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Alexandria, 3d May, 1841.

Of letters from you we have got none, further than the one packet at Jerusalem, and can only hope all goes smooth and right. In Syria we have had a good deal of roughing it. Mr. and Mrs. Young, most excellent people, assisted us greatly: they gave us a house, and lent us various objects of furniture. To buy things was impossible: we had three chairs, one table, and two beds, and they sent us bread. The Latin convent supplied us with a lamp, and with jars of wine; which, with a pair of knives and forks, a pair of pewter table-spoons, and tea-spoons of our own, we got on as well as we could. The truth is, that as there is no hotel at Jerusalem, there ought to be an English college for British subjects. There are Latin, Greek, Arminian, and other convents; but as we did not wish to depend upon strangers, we chose,

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with the assistance of the British consul, to do the best we could in his house.

Another peculiar circumstance is, that we seldom rode out without being armed, or without attendance. A few days before we left, I went outside the city, attended by Mr. Young's janizary, a Turk, his name David. We went up the Mount of Olives, where I made a drawing, till disturbed by a storm of rain, when we came down to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, to that spot near the brook Kedron, with its ancient olive trees, known as the garden of Gethsemane. Near to this is a place marked with a marble inscription, where Jesus Christ was arrested. Here I made a drawing of the whole scene, with the valley in the back-ground.

It was a beautiful evening, and being a holyday numbers of people were standing about, on each side of the valley. On our passing the brook Kedron, and as we were ascending the steep hill, we heard a sort of hue and cry among the olive-trees below, when I heard a woman scream and a gun to fire; then I saw the smoke, and a woman running among the trees. More we could not make out. Coming towards the city gate, the janizary called a sergeant to see what was doing. The sergeant, with one or two others, went down the hill to the brook, and after a little while we saw a whole party coming up. The chief person, a Turkish woman in holyday dress with a white veil over her, I could see was violently agitated, and as she drew near, I found that her head was bleeding, and the blood running upon her dress. It is not usual for a Turkish woman to show her face; but as she came

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close she threw aside her veil, to show me a most severe wound upon her temple. She was handsome, though dark, and had a pleasing voice. Her complaints were most vehement against a man behind her, whom the soldiers had taken in charge — her husband, as we guessed, and a Jew turned Mussulman. We now joined the party, entering the city by the gate where St. Stephen was stoned, passing the Pool of Bethesda, on our way to the house of the governor, that of Pontius Pilate. Here we were all ushered up into a justice-room, where my janizary made a great ado that I should be seated on the divan near the officers of justice, which was done. The case was then heard, of which I understood not one word. It was, however, sent up to the governor, who recognised me from having been presented to him by the consul. He made summary work of the case, by ordering the husband to be bastinadoed for shooting at his wife. I saw the punishment inflicted, in presence of the governor sitting in state in a court below. The Turkish wife had gone to get her wound dressed at the Latin convent. This incident has been thought remarkable, both by Mr. Young and the monks of the convent.

During our stay we saw a great deal, and in one or two instances what strangers are never permitted to see. Still, in leaving at the beginning of the Holy Week, all urged that we were leaving the best unseen. On Mount Zion, in the synagogue, was coming on the Feast of the Passover, and numerous tribes had assembled to be present; and in the church of the Holy Sepulchre were to be doings more than

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usually interesting, from the Easter of the Greek, Latin, and other sects, all falling in the same week. The church is a most interesting building; and if the details of its history are in some respects erroneous, of the leading events there can be but little or no doubt. The devotion of the zealots of the church carries them to strange lengths. On the night of Good Friday they enact the Crucifixion, by putting up a sort of lay-figure, which they afterwards lay in the tomb, and allow the morning after to disappear by their own hands, as if by miracle. This we did not stop to see, but I saw the ceremonies of Palm Sunday. I found palms every where, and the church was filled with them. There were three grand masses going on in hearing of one another. The Greek vocal music is very indifferent; but the Latin organ and the Italian music recalled European style and feeling; peculiarly effective at such a time and in such a place. The assemblage were the country people from all quarters: they were not without devotion, but, from their numbers, decorum was impossible. There was buying and selling, screaming and rioting; perhaps not unlike a camp meeting, and recalling not a little of what we are told was found fault with in the days of Solomon. The Turks attend these *festas*, and their troops guard them.

6th May.

I have just had the honour of a sitting of Mehemet Ali, for a portrait in oil, commanded by himself!!!

D. W.

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TO THOMAS WILKIE, ESQ.

My dear Brother, Alexandria, 6th May, 1841.

We have now been here for a week, and have just had the pleasure of receiving a large packet of letters, which had come to Malta, then to Alexandria, then had gone to Beyrout, and now have been returned to us from that place. They are of date from the 2d of February to March 31st. Four of them from Helen, and three from yourself. They leave no reason to suppose any lost, and are nearly all that can be due. Mr. Woodburn has also received a few letters, but thinks that one is delayed, and is to write to Malta about it.

In confirmation of what Sir James Clark has so distinctly stated to Helen, I have also received an official letter from Sir William Martins, stating that the Lord Chamberlain had just received my letter, 27th December, asking further leave; and he is desired to convey his Lordship's compliance with my wish, viz., to be absent for four months from the present month of February; dated February 10th. This makes all square and right in that quarter.

I have read with attention what you say of Mr. Moon's operations in regard to Lady Baird's picture, Lord Arbuthnot's, and others; I am glad if any thing is doing, but certainly feel that he is undertaking too much. I wish you could call on Mr. Fox to see his progress with The Queen's Council.

I observe you have got into your new house; that you are considering with Mr. Rice the giving up of

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the house on the Terrace. Helen tells me that the portrait of Sir Peter Laurie, and that of Sir William Knighton, have been sent into the Exhibition; and if they look tolerably well, this will be a point gained. Helen also interested me by the account of the election in February, and other circumstances in regard to Roberts, Collins, &c., connected with the occupations of the artists.

Wishing well as I always do, both to yourself and Margaret, I was happy in hearing of her safe delivery of your little boy, who I hope with her continues in good health; as your cares with your happiness increase, may I hope that your affairs continue to thrive; this being a great point. I have read with interest your statement of prospects this year.

From the ship, we came to Mr. Waghorn's hotel; splendid and comfortable beyond everything. The Oriental had sailed a few days before, and had left behind nearly all the passengers from Suez and Cairo, who could not make the journey from the Red Sea to this in time, so that she only took the mail, and a very few who came in time. Mr. Waghorn told us he had to go to Suez to contrive matters better: he left for Cairo and Suez. We have since been joined by a number of civilians and military, with their ladies, from Bombay, and we mean to wait with them for the return of the Oriental, as the most direct, and most comfortable way of getting to England.

We find the house of Mr. Briggs very quiet here; it is conducted by Mr. Green and Mr. Terry. On our arrival, Mr. Green informed me that he had mentioned me, with the object of my journey, to the

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Sovereign Pacha, Mehemet Ali, and that his Highness was desirous of seeing me. Accordingly, a day was fixed, and as I requested that Mr. Woodburn might also be presented, we got a carriage, and Mr. Terry accompanied us on horseback, when we drove about two miles out of Alexandria, to his summer residence; we found a fresh-looking garden, watered by the Nile, attached to the Palace, in which was an open chiouch, where the Pacha was seated. Mr. Terry, after announcing us, took us through the garden, and presented us in proper form to his Highness. They informed him I had painted the Sultan, which he expressed a strong desire to see, but I said it was gone to England.

We were much interested in the appearance of the Pacha; coffee was brought us, after which we took our leave, and returned to Alexandria with Mr. Terry.

One result of the above interview was, that the Pacha laid his commands on me to paint his portrait, which, as we must wait nearly a fortnight here for the Oriental, I engaged to do, only that his Highness must allow me to finish it in England. This morning, as early as nine o'clock, Mr. Woodburn and I repaired to the Palace, with easel, pencil, and colours: we were at once admitted to the Pacha, and I began the picture. He is a fine character, has a most pleasing manner, and picturesque appearance, and though friends said I would find him a restless sitter, it appeared quite the contrary; he gave me a sitting of two hours and a half; and from all I can see, the affair is his own doing, in order to have a portrait of himself;

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and I wish to make every exertion, that he may have cause to be satisfied. We are appointed for the day after to-morrow again.

Enclosed you will receive two letters, to friends whom I do not like to burthen with foreign postage; you will, therefore, charge it to me.

I may just add, that Mr. Woodburn and myself, after an absence of more than eight months, are all eagerness to return home, and see all our friends again.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

May 4th. Went to see Pompey's Pillar; struck with its size, solidity, and elegance.

5th. Went with Mr. Woodburn and Mr. Terry, who presented us to his Highness Mehemet Ali: he was seated in a garden. He received us most graciously, and we had coffee. On being told that I had painted the Sultan, he asked if I had it here; on my telling him it was gone to England, said he was desirous of having a copy of it. I said it could only be done in London. His Highness then desired I would make a picture for him of himself; asked how many sittings? I said three. He asked when? I said to-morrow morning; but that his Highness must sit in a room. He sent me to look at a room, and fixed nine o'clock to-morrow morning. We came back with Mr. Terry, greatly pleased with our interview.

6th. At nine o'clock attended the palace of the Pacha with Mr. Woodburn, taking with us a panel, easel, and colours, to begin a portrait of the Pacha, by

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command of his Highness: were immediately admitted, and began, his Highness being placed on a chair. Sitting lasted for nearly two hours and a half, during which the Pacha showed us much patience and attention.

7th. Called on Dr. Laidlaw, who advised me to desist from medicine.

8th. Went with Mr. Woodburn to palace with colours: immediately admitted. Had sitting of upwards of two hours: advanced the head greatly; returned about twelve o'clock.

9th. Remained at home all day.

10th. Had sitting of the Pacha: painted in the hands, dress, and sword.

11th. Had the concluding sitting of his Highness Mehemet Ali. I painted on the head, which, with glazings, I carried as far as I could. He looked at it occasionally himself, and said he thought I had made it too young for him. I answered, that I was positive it was not so. He thought the marks in the brow and round the eyes ought to be made stronger; but I requested it to be explained to him that I did not want to paint minute details, but the expression of the face. He seemed satisfied; and I went on with a long sitting, in which I made a change in the legs that was thought a great improvement.

I requested to know if I had his leave to make a copy of it in England, for myself or for any other person who might want it; to which he consented. I then took leave, much satisfied with the time, attention, and politeness he had been pleased to give me during this affair. I am greatly pleased that I am

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able to take to England such a representation of this extraordinary man. Made a drawing from it, to leave with the Pacha. The original I am to finish in London, to be sent to his Highness through the house of Messrs. Briggs and Co.

13th. Went to see a Greek convent, where were a number of Greek pictures. None seemed very old, and all in imitation of an old style; one or two seemed lately repaired. They are much in the style of pictures in illuminated manuscripts, and all of them oil paintings.

TO THOMAS WILKIE, ESQ.

My dear Brother, Alexandria, 14th May, 1841.

Your letter of the 17th of April has just reached me, and gives me much of what is going on.

I am glad to hear from Helen, and from your letter, that you were able to send two pictures of mine to the Exhibition, and hope they have got tolerably good places. Of course, the pictures of my friends and the Exhibition at large will be a subject of great interest to me.

I find the letters I sent to you from Syria appear to have been long in reaching you; still both Mr. Woodburn and myself wrote often, and regularly; and we hope those to you and his family, however delayed, may in succession have reached you. I wrote twice since reaching Alexandria. On arriving here we found the steamer with the Overland Mail had just sailed, leaving a number of passengers who could not make the transit from the Red Sea to this

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in time. Finding them arriving and domiciliated in Mr. Waghorn's hotel, and that the state of health in this capital of Egypt was such as to interrupt other conveyances to Europe, we resolved to wait with them till the Oriental, whose turn it is to come next, should arrive. In this we were glad of rest and quiet, after the continued movement of the last four months.

We were taken by Mr. Terry, partner in the house of Messrs. Briggs & Co., to be presented to the renowned Pacha, Mehemet Ali. His Highness at once asked if I would paint his portrait. I said that whatever I could do before the Oriental came I would be happy to undertake for him. He then fixed a day for a sitting; and having unpacked my colours I went, attended by Mr. Woodburn, and in four successive sittings, of two hours and a half each, I got the head and hands painted, and the figure and dress entirely rubbed in.

His Highness is an interesting character, has a fine head and beard, and I think makes the best portrait I have met with in my travels. He took much interest in it, and appeared with his attendants pleased with it. I am to take it to England, there to be finished, framed, and sent back to his Highness.

Having got this done, which has supplied a kind of occupation to us in Alexandria, we are now making preparation for our homeward voyage. The Oriental we expect every hour; and having secured our places and berths, are now, with the other passengers in this and other hotels, packing up to be ready for starting.

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Yesterday we got a spring van; and a large party of us, some on horseback, went out to about four miles distant, to a tongue of land upon the shore of the Bay of Aboukir to see the field of the battle of Alexandria, where Sir Ralph Abercrombie fell, after gaining the victory over the French army in 1800. We had a general officer with us, Sir Willoughby Cotton, just from India, where he commanded; and the weather being very fine, we had a pleasant afternoon. On returning, we were taken to a villa of a minister of the Pacha, very beautiful, and with a garden, which, though produced all by art and the waters of the Nile, was yet most gratifying to see.

I may mention that when I had the sittings of Mehemet Ali, I had to go in a carriage early each morning to his palace, about two miles out of town, close to the Nile. Here was a most splendid garden. I was first asked if I could paint in the chiouch of the garden; but I objected to the light; so we were taken to a large Turkish room in the palace. Here we first saw him, sitting upon a divan, most picturesque; but, as I thought to European eyes this wanted dignity, he was placed upon a large elbow chair. He speaks only Turkish, and could address me only through the interpreter. After beginning, he came round to look. What I tried most was an agreeable likeness; and though his attendants hinted things to me, I watched his manner after he had seen it; and, finding him then always cheerful, I knew better than they did what he thought, and that he was pleased.

They said it was too young; and he at last said so himself. But my answer was, that I wanted to paint

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his expression and features rather than little details, in order to give to my flat pictures life and movement. I found he generally, of his own accord, continued the sitting for two hours and a half; and as I arrived at the palace, by his appointment, about nine o'clock, he never kept me waiting, but at once was ready to begin the sitting.

A French steamer now sails, and will take this to Marseilles. I have just seen the partners of Messrs. Briggs, who expect the Oriental about to-morrow. I have written by this same occasion to Sir William Martins, of the Lord Chamberlain's Office, to announce my movement homewards.

Give kindest regards to Helen, and also to Margaret. I am happy to read the account of the christening. I shall perhaps get farther letters on touching at Malta.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Malta, on board the Oriental Steamer, 26th May, 1841.

My dear Sister,

This letter I write to be sent per mail, which leaves this by steamer, for Marseilles, and which will probably reach London some days earlier than the mail by the Oriental.

Since leaving Alexandria the weather has been most beautiful. We have splendid accommodations, so that all goes on agreeably. The first day made a great number of us squeamish, but as dinner came appetite revived, and cheerfulness and glee were

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renewed in the whole party. We have about sixty cabin passengers, nearly all but ourselves from India, and a good many were lodgers with us in the hotel in Alexandria. The party just arrived from Bombay are Sir James Carnac, with his lady, two daughters, and a son: we have also Sir Willoughby Cotton, and a numerous class of naval and military officers on leave, with several married ladies and their children, with black and white nurses.

While in Alexandria we were kept in a state of apprehension about the health of the city. We visited no where, and all were most anxious that the party who were to sail in the Oriental might he got on board with the certificate of perfect health. In this way, however, we had an agreeable society, all waiting with one object, and with a good deal of agreeable intercourse.

This led to my suggesting that Mr. Waghorn, who has done a great deal for the establishment of the overland passage, should be invited to dine with us at his hotel. A proposal was then made that others should be asked to meet him. Accordingly, on the day before we left, the 20th, we had a jolly party of a dozen. They had toasts and speeches, and eventually songs, recitations, and every thing that could create merriment. Mr. Waghorn showed great powers in promoting hilarity, and what with allusions to the children of Israel, the Red Sea, Pharaoh's lean kine, the house of bondage, the flesh-pots of Egypt, and the land of Goshen, there was no forgetfulness of the time or place where we were. There was one song a youth sung about the Pope and the Sultan that had

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to be sung twice. The whole went off à marveille, and we were glad that such a compliment was paid to so efficient a promoter as Mr. Waghorn has been of the transit to India, and of the accommodation and comforts of English travellers.

I had the pleasure to receive your letter of the 30th of April, and Thomas's of the 4th of May. I wonder none of our Syrian letters have reached: this makes me uneasy. I wrote immediately to Mr. Watson of Beyrout, to make inquiry about the numerous letters we sent from Jerusalem, and I trust still that they have before this found their way home. As Thomas requested, I wrote to Andrew, at Calcutta, from Alexandria, by the last mail. I hope still to find some letters for me at Malta.

In the hope that we shall with the Oriental reach England in a day or two after this letter, I shall add nothing further, and only venture to hint, that the house may be got into condition for my arrival. With best regards to Thomas and Margaret, and with assurance to Sir Peter and Lady Laurie, Mr. Collins, and all other friends, how glad I shall be to see them all,

I am, my dear Sister,
Most faithfully and truly yours,
D. W.

Your letter about the Exhibition, with Collins's excellent addition, was most interesting, and seems to inform me of every picture and its situation in the rooms.

D. W.

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JOURNAL, *continued.*

Malta, 27th *May*, 1841. Amongst the many pursuits of the human mind might it not appear a laudable one, that of forming a sect, an order, or an extended college for the dissemination of the knowledge of the localities of Scripture to the Christian world. Should not the commentators as well as the illustrators of Scripture be acquainted with the country whose history and aspect they profess to teach?

The last letter which Wilkie lived to write is full of hope, and a subdued anxiety to be again at home, the last entry in his Journal of his own curious and inquiring spirit. In his letter he directs his sister to put the house in order for his reception, and to assure his friends how glad he shall be to see them yet once more. Though far from well, he is silent on the subject of his health, unwilling to awaken unnecessarily the sensitive feelings of an affectionate sister in his behalf; but writes of his friends, his art, and the Royal Academy, not of his own impaired and enfeebled constitution. The surgeon of the Oriental steamer and the Log Book must relate the end of all these hopes. In five days from the date of this letter, Sir David Wilkie was no more. There is something truly peaceful and pleasing in the very briefness of what follows: —

"Sir David Wilkie, aged 56 years, and apparently greatly impaired in constitution, came on board at

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Alexandria. On the voyage to Malta he suffered occasionally from affections of the stomach, but took no medicine, and appeared and expressed himself as having improved in his general health on the voyage. Whilst at Malta he indulged imprudently in drinking iced lemonade, and in eating fruit, and complained afterwards of uneasiness at stomach, with deranged bowels; by the aid of an emetic and aperient medicine, he gradually began to get rid of these ailments, was yesterday evening on deck, and appeared to have almost quite shaken off his illness. On going to his cabin this morning to pay him my usual visit, I found him incoherent in his manner of expressing himself; he became shortly afterwards nearly comatose; apprehended imperfectly what was said to him, and could not give distinct answers to questions put to him; the pulse was rapid, indistinct, and easily compressible; the breathing stertorous; the eyes suffused, and apparently insensible to strong light: a blister was applied to the nape of the neck; diffusible stimuli were administered, but without relief. In this state he continued, but gradually sinking, till about eleven o'clock, when he expired without a struggle.

(Signed) "William Getty, Surgeon,
"Oriental Steam Ship,
"Gibraltar Bay, 1st June 1841."

Extract from the Log Book of the Oriental Steamship:—

"*Tuesday, June* 1. 1841.

"8 A. M. Sir David Wilkie suddenly worse.

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"10. 30. Received mails aboard, and at 10. 45 anchor up. Full speed.

"11. 10. A.M. Sir David Wilkie expired.

"11. 15. Put back, to ask permission to land the body.

"11. 45. Anchored.

"0. M. Fine clear weather. The authorities would not allow the body to be landed. Carpenter making a coffin.

"0. 30. Anchor up. Full speed.

"8. 30. P.M. In lat. 36. 20. and long. 6. 42. stopped engines, and committed to the deep the body of Sir David Wilkie. Burial service performed by the Rev. James Vaughan, Rector of Wroxall near Bath."

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CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

So lived and died David Wilkie, the most original, and vigorous, and varied of our British painters. When the tidings came to England, the public mind received such a stun as it received on the death of Byron. He was the darling artist of the people, learned or illiterate, for he spoke to all degrees of knowledge and to all varieties of taste. The Royal Academy, of which his works had long been an ornament, and his name a mainstay, was called upon by a large body of artists to express a sense of the genius of which it had been bereaved; but as Wilkie had not reached the highest honours of the forty, etiquette stood in the way, members were heard to cavil, and the Royal Academicians escaped the outrage with which their regulations were threatened by a vote of condolence from the Council to his family. All this looks petty and paltry enough, but Wilkie's honour was amply avenged by a public meeting to vote a public statue to his memory. Sir Robert Peel presided; and it deserves notice that it was on the day of his own triumph over the Whig administration, the very day on which the Whigs were overthrown. But to prove that art belongs to no political faction, Lord John Russell attended, and

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moved a resolution expressive of the sincere esteem he felt for Wilkie as a man and an artist. A statue was, with slight opposition, voted; a committee formed; and near two thousand pounds subscribed for the purpose. Statues to artists are not numerous: there is one to Reynolds, and one to Northcote — the latter erected in compliance with the painter's will, and with his own money.

The honours paid to Wilkie were the spontaneous offering of public admiration, a reward for the pleasure his works had afforded. In the speeches of several of the committee, his kind and gentle spirit was remembered in words which drew tears from many eyes; and his looks and manners were recalled with a graphic force and effect which proved that words have colour as well as sentiment. David Wilkie was tall and handsome, with light sunny hair and clear blue eyes, and a look of calmness and intelligence sparkling with humour. When Beechey drew his portrait in 1809, he had something of a country air about him, which the artist caught. When Phillips painted him in 1829, that untamed air had been sobered by reflection and intercourse with the world, and his goshawk eyes had parted with some of their wild light. He was punctual in his attendance when, as a student, he had the knowledge of art to attain, as he was when, as an academician, he had become an instructor in his turn; and as he loved brevity and clearness in others, his own style of instruction was simple and clear. When some of the argumentative class of students dissented from his doctrine, which rarely happened, and ventured to

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set up an opinion of their own in opposition, he would convince them in half-a-dozen words. "So," said he once to an artist in my hearing, "you say the proportions are accurate by the compasses; but I say, if the eye is not satisfied, then it is wrong, for the eye is the instrument by which you will be measured." He would then patiently enter into the meaning and aim of the figure — illustrate all by examples — see if the students had understood the matter thoroughly; and all this he did with wonderful calmness and clearness. It was by patience of investigation he distinguished himself when a lad in Edinburgh, and it was by this that he triumphed over all obstacles; for he laid it down as a maxim that no man could paint a figure well without feeling to the full the sentiment it was to express. All that he painted was full of meaning, from his rude attempts with keel and charcoal at Cults, to his latest efforts; and all that he drew was stamped with distinct and individual expression from the heads which he pencilled on the fly-leaf of his Bible in his father's kirk, to his Maid of Saragossa and his Josephine and the Sorceress. His memory was that of an artist — it retained chiefly, or rather collected, materials suitable to his own purposes: all that it stored past was for picture purposes, and had already shape and character. He did not fill his mind with curious lumber, and empty it upon his canvas at random. Sir Walter Scott, his admirer and friend, wrote him a letter full of instruction, unveiling the impressive points of Scottish scenery: it was wasted on Wilkie, for picturesque things he never dealt in: while the great poet was thinking on the

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hills rendered famous by the sword, and passes rendered immortal in tale and history, the painter was thinking on the groups which Scottish humour required, and of looks which story demanded. Two men slaying a wild deer on the braes of Atholl had more interest for him, as he watched their faces, changing as a cloud, than had the pass of Killiecrankie, rendered sublime by the death of the Great Dundee.

It was set down to the waywardness of genius that Wilkie never painted a scene well when the subject was found for him; but this, it is likely, arose from the subject not being selected by one who perceived the pictorial points. If it is true that a description in words is only excellent if it can be embodied in a picture; then a picture is only excellent if it can be turned into bright words. Yet, how many passages are to be found in poetry on which painting cannot find colours to bestow; and how many pictures have been painted which cannot be described with success? It is well it is so—else either painting would be blotted out of the records of elegance as an useless thing, or verse as a thing unheeded. Those who choose to persevere in this opinion, vended as something very grand and conclusive by Northcote and others, should try to paint the love-bestrung Cestus of Venus; the Rod of Aaron, which he could turn into a serpent; the Enchanted Kirtle, which dismayed Queen Guenever; the Wizard Pail of the northern witch, which could drain the cows of a thousand hills;—while the poet, who thinks verse represents painting, would do well to apply all the powers of prose as well as of

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verse to render us brightly back some of the happiest scenes of Wilkie, and Rembrandt, and Correggio. Such flights are beyond the power of either, and this was felt by Wilkie, who knew that art had its limits. I have heard him say that many of the subjects which his friends selected—like new inventions in machinery, were deficient in some notable point, wanted the key-stone of the arch—the leading point of a picture. This, he said, came from men taking words for shapes: art could not work with such illusive materials.

He laid it down as a maxim, that a painter who desired to rise in and through his art, should consider the demand for his commodities in the market, and the character and influence of his purchasers, and fit, as far as art permitted, his works to their taste and mind. In the demand of our island for portraiture, he perceived the domestic feeling of the people: nor was he willing to set it down to selfishness and vanity, since it encouraged a flourishing bough in the tree of art. His notions of portrait-painting were at variance with the general opinion of the country, and yet he was right; he desired rather to paint the mind and character of the individual, than the outer husk or shell; yet the outer husk or case which enclosed the soul and mind, seems to be what the world is most solicitous about. The self-love which rules, since it dictates in this department, puts every sitter on excellent terms with himself; one wishes to be handsome, and as any man can paint a handsome face by following the rules of art, as any one can make a Scotch air by touching the black keys of the

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harpsichord; another loves all his blemishes so much, that he will allow no cast of the eye, or pimple, to be omitted, and, like Queen Elizabeth, expresses jealousy even of the necessary shadow which gives the character to the rest. In short, of all the shapes in which self-love appears, not one seems favourable to such conditions as require to be observed by those who would wish to paint like Titian, or Rembrandt, or Vandyke, or Velasquez, or Reynolds. They are jealous of being forgotten in the liberties which require to be taken with the original: their self-love arms itself with the fear of the beauty which they desire to transmit to posterity, lest it should be lost in the proprieties of form and expression, which the true artist requires in obedience to the spirit of his profession. It was this which kept down in his life-time the high merit of Sir Joshua's portraits; fame, at his death, found them standing with their faces to the wall, and turned them to the light, where they have remained ever since. It was this that made a coxcomb of the North say, that Raeburn could not see to paint his portrait, he stood at such a distance; but the distance at which that eminent artist stood, gave him all he required — the man in the mass, not in the detail, for detail was a road to littleness. In like manner, Wilkie complained that he seldom could make a satisfactory likeness: ladies love flattery both in verse and colours, and it is questionable if they care so much for mind as complexion. He dealt in character, and not in the delicacies and graces of sweet looks and alluring eyes.

For his pictures he required time, and he took it: for a scene from the North he had characters and

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manners at command; and these he chiefly found in Fifeshire, which some, not very profoundly, have imputed to the prevalence of originality in that district. But originality may be found by an original mind any where, even in crowded cities, where the hypocrisies of life too often rub out the mint stamp of Nature from the face; in every country valley which holds a score of human beings, there is a score of original characters; for human nature resembles a tree: plant it by itself and it grows vigorous, with its top towards heaven, and its branches reaching widely around; but plant fifty trees in a clump, they grow up all alike, with switch tops and weak stems, and look like a grove of fishing rods. Burns, one of our most vigorous thinking men, preferred a country ploughman to the pert mechanic of the town. Of the rough homely simplicity of the one, a useful member of society he averred could be made; but self-sufficiency rendered the other incurably useless.

When Wilkie painted any of his leading pictures, he thought over, he said, his stock of characters; went out to hunt for more among his acquaintances, and then he supplied the others from his imagination. He seemed to have a relay of remarkable faces for every occasion: with highland and lowland both he was familiar. The proud visage which matched the tartan, and the serious look which suited the maud, he had at command. With all the pipers and deer stalkers in Atholl he seemed to be acquainted, and dearly did they love to get acquainted with him. A touch or two of his pencil, and they were immortal; from a chief with his tail

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to the gilly who would be hanged to please the laird, he knew, and he limned all; nor had the bosom of snow which modestly swells below the tartan escaped; how could it at a glance which noted all, yet nothing seemed to note? But his chief delight lay in his delineations of the character and manners of the Lowlands. He was familiar with all the varieties of the Lowland mind; and with all the modifications of look and intelligence, from the damsel in her snood and her teens, watching lambs by the side of some Patie of the mill, all modesty, and grace, and love, to the sarcastic and mirthful maiden, who, like the lass in the tale, had nineteen lads and a chaser. But sagacity of mind, and kindliness of heart, such as pertain to the aged, he particularly excelled in. He could distinguish by a touch of his pencil between the humour which pertained to a heart naturally kind, and that which flowed from a nature sarcastic and biting. The advice-giving look of the North has found its way into most of his pictures in which manners mingle. When he desired to express intelligence and wisdom, he, it is said, sought for both in his mother's face, and readily found them. I have not observed the humorous part of his mother's character in any of his compositions: in her graver mood she may be seen admonishing the maiden, in his inimitable Duncan Gray; but her admonition is in looks, not words.

I remember once, on my way with Wilkie to a Lord Mayor's dinner, in the earlier days of our acquaintance, I told him of an old Scotch lady, such as he loved to draw, who resided at Brook Green. "Ay, ay," said he, "she maun be a nice body." "Indeed

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she is," I replied; "she refused my offer of earnest money when I took lodgings in her house, saying, 'Na, na, put up your money, man; ye're a Scotchman, and will pay me.'" "That's true," I said, and I looked on her curiously; "but I am glad to hear you are of that land yourself." "'Deed, Sir, I'm frae Edinburgh." "Weel then, Madam, I may say we are acquainted, for my father was an Edinburgh man, at least he came from Ratho, and that's as bad." "Ratho! (she said, with a sudden change of voice,) I have na heard that sound these thirty years. I am a Ratho woman, and my maiden name was Somerville." Wilkie exclaimed with much earnestness, "Ay, really now, was your father frae Ratho?—so was mine;" and the hearty soul-warm shake of the hand which he then gave me I shall, as long as I breathe, remember with delight. On pursuing the matter further, we found that Wilkie's father and mine came from the same lands, viz. the farms of Upper and Nether Goger.

Wilkie was a warm but not blind lover of his country: in the sight of Englishmen, indeed, he was regarded as one who half shut his eyes to all other merit save the Caledonians. "Thomson! ye maun be a Scotch Thomson, I'll warrant," said Wilkie to Henry Thomson, as they sat together for the first time at an Academy dinner. "I'm of that ilk, sir," was his reply; "my father was a Scotchman." "Was he really," exclaimed Wilkie, grasping the other's hand quite brotherly; "and my mother was Irish!" "Ay, ay, was she really;" and the hand relaxed its fervour; "and I was born in

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England." Wilkie let go Thomson's hand altogether, turned his back on him, and indulged in no further conversation. My friend Thomson, a wit as well as a painter, perhaps caricatured this conversation; but I remember it was received as true to the spirit of Wilkie when it was first told.

His love of country was not more remarkable than his prudence of speech. He seldom spoke without reflection; he uttered all he said as deliberately as he painted; and he never drew or painted at random. When Wilkie first began to exhibit at the Royal Academy, the success of The Village Politicians was so decided, that his friends gave him a dinner on the occasion. One, the pertest of the company, rose and said, "We have met here to do honour to genius, but before we can honour genius, we must honour justice; and can justice be honoured while England groans from side to side? I give, gentlemen, the toast which will set all right, 'A full and free reform in the House of Commons.'" All glasses were elevated and touching the lip ere the toast was given, and which Wilkie, at least, did not expect. There was no time to protest, and but little to hesitate; "Ay, but very moderate though," he muttered, and emptied the glass: it was long remembered by his friends, by the name of Wilkie's protest.

Wherever he went, he was on the look-out for fresh character, or change of costume. His eye, wearied in gazing on "the unlettered nameless faces" which crowd London streets, would rest with pleasure on the parti-coloured vestments hanging at the door of an old-clothes shop; he treasured the remem-

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brance of singular contrasts of colour, or accidental and happy casts of drapery, as surely as his pencil could portray them. He seized my arm at one of those pleasant breakfasts, prolonged to midnight, at the late Duchess of St. Alban's, and dragged me into a line of promenaders who were musing under the moon. "Look at it, is it not elegant? how gracefully it hangs!" "What hangs?" I said. "Oh! don't you see the rainbow hue and stripe of that gown before us? it is perfectly beautiful." "And there is a beautiful body in it," I replied; "that is one of the beautiful Miss Beauclerks."

But Wilkie's happiest spot of study lay among the stores of a broker's shop; among the Gothic chairs, covered settees, queer glasses, — long-shanked ones, like those in the pictures of Gerard Dow, he loved; odd fiddles, saucepan lids, pipeless bellows, figured smoothing irons, three-footed stools; all left-hand oddities and nick-nacks were welcome; he would group them, and harmonize them in his pictures, inducing them to lend reality to a scene where an unobjectionable witness was wanted both to time and fashion. At an old English change-house he would look, and look, and turn again and look; and one might see by his looks, that he was peopling the scene with the rustics of a bye-gone generation, and inspiring them with repeated draughts of nut-brown ale, till the roof-tree shook with their jokes and the clamour of their feet. He confessed, however, that he never could enter into the spirit of English fun, as he could into the peculiar glee of Scotland; jokes that had their source in

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drinking-bouts and sallies of humour, which smack of the spigot and faucet, he had no natural relish for; there was a smack of fried bacon in all their drollery which he could not away with. His picture, painted for a prince, The Card Players, has a vulgarity of character which explains the difficulty he felt: the heroes of the piece, a set of rustic gamblers, are either as fat as well-fed pigs, or dull and undiscerning, fit only to be swindled out of their cash by an overfed landlord, who cheats the guest whom his ale fails to poison. There is a sort of muddiness of intellect about all who drink ale in the pictures of Wilkie; see how different are the heroes of his Whiskey Still; their heads are clear, their eyes like stars, and humour flows improved from their lips. Even in his Irish Whiskey Still, where his object was to show the fatal effects of what the natives call "stupify" on the look as well as the mind, the pernicious liquor is long in tarnishing a natural brightness of intellect; and an age of man's life has, at least, to be gone through, before the youth of one end of that warning picture reaches the debility of the other. But what the whiskey of the North accomplishes by slow and insensible approaches, the porter of the South performs at once: as Runjeet Singh said, when pressing a young English officer to drink a glass of his favourite decoction of raisins, "Your English wine is a foot soldier, who marches slowly but surely to the attack; my wine is a horse soldier, who gallops up to the charge at once." This martial simile was no truer in the Punjab than the use of beer is in England.

Miss Edgeworth, of whom Wilkie saw much during

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his tour in Ireland, doubts whether he felt the national character in all its strength and oddity. What that accomplished lady described in words not destined soon to die, Wilkie omitted to embody in the like imperishable colours. Irish wit and Irish humour are not in their nature artistical. Who has painted a *bull*, or who has given shape and colour, except in words, to any of those numberless sallies of wit which enliven the town. I remember hearing that brilliant picture The Irish Whiskey Still severely criticised by an Irishman for want of truth of character: the figures were not sufficiently squalid, and the young man and young woman were too gaudy in their apparel.

Such strictures as these strike at the object and the end of art. Wilkie desired to exhibit human nature manly, erect, and lovely, in the morning of life; and he fashioned that fine young man and woman as examples before an evil calling and evil manners had corrupted and debased them. He dressed them after the manner of the peasantry of the land, who, amid much looped and windowed wretchedness, continue generally to show spotless linen and scarlet vests. Besides, youth is the season for finery; and Wilkie, no doubt, was true to nature in his delineation. At the Irish story of the red scarlet waistcoat I remember Wilkie laughing till his eyes ran over. A country lad went into a shop in Dublin, and said to the dapper youth behind the counter, "I want cloth to make a red scarlet waistcoat." "Red scarlet!" said the shopman. "Oh, I understand," and he unrolled a web of blue cloth. "That's not it," said

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the customer; "it's a red scarlet waistcoat I want." "Here's your article," said the shopman, throwing down the web of blue. "That's not it at all at all!" said the customer, losing patience. "You should have brought a pattern with you, friend," said the other. "Faith, an' you're right," and he gave him a blow on the nose till the blood sprang on his knuckles; "then there's a *swatch* (i. e. a pattern) of it."

But there is a better excuse for Wilkie than this. At the time of his visit to Ireland he was in search of higher subjects than those which excite mirth only. Out of the convulsed condition of Ireland, one half of her talent wasted in idle controversy, the half of her fine energies exhausted in religious rancour, and oppressed by those who should befriend her, he desired to evoke a series of national pictures, of a moral as well as a characteristic kind, in which people might see her as in a mirror. In this spirit he executed his picture of The Peep-o'-Day-Boy and The Still among the Mountains; and in the like train of moral thought he imagined several others, in which are sketched the devout feelings, unmingled with rancour or controversy, but calm and holy, of the ancient religion of the land. It is to be lamented that he did not obtain encouragement to work out those pictures in full size; he found criticism and controversy instead.

His feelings were calm, kindly, and constant; he was faithful to his friendships, and it was not for a slight offence that he weighed up the anchor of his regard. Of this his correspondence and memoranda contain some memorable instances. His regard lin-

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gered, as if loth to depart, for many years about Haydon, whom he respected for his genius, and loved for his impetuosity of character — the reverse of his own. All who knew the men prophesied a sudden dissolution of their friendship; and though this seemed sometimes about to happen, Wilkie was ever ready, when the other's imprudence required his assistance, with a soothing word or a kindly act. He was, indeed, warmly and widely beloved; the statue voted to his memory rose as much from love to the man as admiration of the artist: and when a fiery Scot, who had studied with Wilkie in Edinburgh, heard his name slightingly spoken of by a southern friend, he kindled up at once, resented the words of the traducer with vehement bitterness, and refused to apologise; he feared less to fight, he said, than to let such words, uttered about such a man, pass unreproved. Wilkie stuck to his opinion in art, as he did to his friends. All his opinions were formed deliberately, and, as they were in obedience to some settled principle, he was not prepared to resign them; he could be silenced, but, so long as the principle stood firm, he could not be convinced; he could be silenced, but, after a long silence, he would start up like a giant, and renew the onset.

Another cause of his popularity may be found in his numerous and happy speeches on public and on private occasions; they were studied, it is true, but they not the less expressed the sentiments of his heart. He had the art, which some speakers would do well to learn, of connecting all he said with the times and the company. If he addressed a Scotch

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provost in his own borough, he remembered some historical circumstance which endeared the town to lovers of Scottish story; he pointed out the honours art had been enabled to acquire through the patronage of corporations; and reminded them that the land abounded with subjects such as art loved to labour upon; and that, as Scotland had stood her ground in party and patriotism, so might she, with their help, hold up her head in art. A speech in London was of a different stamp: he beheld in the Nineveh of Scripture but a type of her greatness; her merchants were as much greater than princes, as her commerce excelled the commerce of old; the barks and shallops of that city, guided by ignorant and trembling mariners, kept close by land, and dreaded the cloud of night as they did an army; but the mighty ships of London traversed the ocean, united land to land and country to country, wafting civilisation and knowledge wheresoever they went. It is true that works of art were not yet included amongst her export commodities, but the hour was at hand when that circumstance, so much to be wished for, would happen; the merchants of London, having completed their own collections, would export the surplus, and show foreign lands that England, as had been injuriously said, was neither too cold nor too moist for producing works of genius.

An address to the aristocracy of the land was handled with all the truth and delicacy with which he painted a picture. The arts of other nations might boast of their state patronage, of their pensioned professors, and of their scholars studying Michael

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Angelo and Raphael at the public expense. These were indeed great advantages, but rather in fancy than in fact. The patronage of Britain was all of a private nature: rank, wealth, and intelligence, were the patrons; and, under such protection, see how much has been done, from the days of Hogarth to our own. The private munificence of the monarch, the uniform patronage of the families of Gower, of Russell, of Petty, of Grosvenor, and of Peel; nor should we forget the disinterested and discerning influence of Sir George Beaumont, nor hesitate to name the name of Vernon among the living patrons of art. Such a list as this Britain, and Britain only, could exhibit.—All his speeches tended towards the arts of his native land, and their due encouragement.

If we regard Wilkie as a writer, one who wrote to be understood simply and clearly, he merits much praise. Now and then, indeed, he labours to be eloquent and profound: but when he has some valuable intelligence to communicate, some picture which for the first time touched his fancy, or any measure in which the progress of art is announced, he speaks with great force and great propriety. He is always easy and cheerful; now and then he has a touch of humour, "but very moderate though;" and often, very often, reflections on art, alike simple and happy. His Remarks on Art are the offspring rather of observation than of fancy: they are, it is true, imperfect; but as far as he goes, he is practical and judicious. His Remarks on portrait-painting come from a mind filled with the true spirit of that part of the profession: he desires to paint the mind truly, and the character

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with force and elegance, rather than waste time and colours on painting the husk of the nut to the neglect of the kernel. We know not what the world, which allows little or no indulgence to fancy in faces, may think of this, but such has been the practice, nay the principle, of the greatest portrait-painters, from Vandyke to Raeburn.

The most remarkable as well as the most useful of Wilkie's writings are his notes of the daily progress of some of his principal works and the memoranda made on the collections of art in foreign galleries. In the former the student will see the study and labour required in the purchase of lasting reputation; and in the latter, the world will find the considerate and settled opinion of one of the ablest of our Island artists on works which are, in some instances, but gathering in their fame. In the notes he will see that the minutest object obtained its due share of thought; that all the auxiliaries of the picture contributed to its sentiment; and that he put in no article of furniture merely to fill up blanks; that all were required as matters of harmony, or confirmation to story. And in the memoranda it will be observed that nothing is said for the sake of saying something; that all he has noted has reference to something important either in conception, composition, or colour; yet all is told so as the ordinary reader may understand; for Wilkie was one of those who believed that no one had a right to maintain the mysteries of art; indeed, with certain modifications, he held that talent and taste were the sole mysteries.

His instructions were as plain and clear as either

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his writings or pictures; meaning was the first thing he demanded. "What is this?" he said one day to a student. "It is a man, sir." "Yes, I see it is a man, yet I seldom see a man utterly idle with hands or with head; now your man is doing nothing with his hands; what is he doing with his head?" "He is thinking, sir, what he will do with his hands." "Now, young man," said the other, with a grave smile, "your answer is naught: you have made this man because you can draw well; but you should never draw any thing with the hope of others finding out a meaning for it. If you had really thought of some work for the man's hands, or some sentiment to be expressed by his head, you would have made a far finer figure, because there would have been meaning in every limb." The students loved him for the mildness of his manners; he had nothing abrupt or stern about him, and they loved him too for trying their powers by change of light or posture in the models, and also for his great attention, which in him seemed a matter of conscience. He once said to me, "Really it is wonderful how young men will trifle with time; they will squander hours, days, nay weeks, on the merest trifling, neglecting the study of an art, which, even with the most gifted, requires a lifetime to attain." He compared once the students who flocked annually to the Academy to the seed of a ripe thistle. "See," said he, "to each of these downy parachutes one grain of sound seed is attached, and as the wind lifts them into the air, they are wafted as it blows over the face of the earth. There cannot be less than a thousand seeds in the full-grown pod:

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the birds of the air take a third before the breeze scatters the whole; another third falls on the water, or on a barren place; and at last, when nature examines the result, it is found that only one seed out of the thousand has fallen in a fruitful plain, and flourished. So it is with the students of art: a half who come can have no real natural call for the fine arts; they come because others come, or because they dislike the study shaped out for them by their friends, or because they think art is a beautiful thing, and all her studies pleasant; in short, not one loves art with all their heart, and with all their soul, and with all their strength; they linger for a few months, perhaps for a few years, about the Academy seats, and then silently make way for other swarms, who come and stare, or study or make mouths at Raphael and Reynolds, and finally go on their way, and are all save one in a season or so heard of no more.

There seem two great epochs in the works of Wilkie; the first, in which he wrought out the taste which he had from nature, and, perhaps, from the rustic drama-like poetry of Scotland; and the second, which he did not live to work out, but which sprang from the first as surely as Jacob sprang from Abraham. The first, reprobated by criticism or artistical envy as the "coat and waistcoat or pauper style," is true to nature, to manners, and character, and possesses a life, a reality, and a moral beauty, rare in any works which its bright delineations can be compared with. Some of the characters are as true and as vigorous as any that Shakspeare or Scott, those most eminent painters of mind as well as cos-

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tume, ever drew, painted with a dramatic skill which, in British art, Hogarth alone has equalled, while it is free from the caricature of that eminent painter of human character. Yet, with all its excellence, it is too laboured, too minute; the details are pursued with a spider-web-like exactness, till skill degenerates into littleness; for, after all, buttons and button-holes are not in their nature sentimental, and a brass pan, ever so brightly painted, is but a brass pan at the best.

In his second style, he made a stride which he had long meditated, and in which he was confirmed by his visit to the galleries of Italy, and to the pictures of Velasquez and Murillo,—he not only forsook his usual humility of subject, and love of rustic delineation, but he selected themes of a more historic nature, composed them in a broader and more ambitious style, abandoned his minutiæ of Dutch detail, and made fewer figures tell the story. This I have heard condemned by members of the Academy as an error which was much to be lamented; and commended by others, as a successful step from the lower drama of art into the higher. The public affected to complain of this change as an insult as well as an injury: all who preferred laughter to seriousness, all who could feel humour, and were inaccessible to the pathos of heroic feeling or noble acts, all who could laugh with the Souter cracking his thumbs in The Blind Fiddler, with the dinner-scene in The Rent Day, with the exasperated Grandame in The Reading of the Will, or the two tipsy soldiers in The Waterloo Gazette, had now to call a new set of feelings into

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action, and prepare themselves for the austere intrepidity of Knox; the heroic ardour of the fair Maid of Saragossa; the calm soul made up for all emergencies in the Columbus; the breathless suspense of the escape of Queen Mary from Lochleven; and the diademed future opened by the St. Domingo Sybil to the eyes of Josephine. For one who could feel, as their sentiment merited, the heroic beauty of such pictures, an hundred could scratch the elbow, and laugh at the humour of the others, and at that literal reality of detail which appeals to the memory rather than to the imagination.

There were other reasons which influenced this change. When Reynolds was urged to paint historic pictures, he answered, they cost him too much, and refrained. The reader will have long since perceived that Wilkie purchased his fame at a prodigious cost: in short, that the pictures which made him the popular artist of his time, he was enabled to produce by the income of his portraits; and that, in reality, he was sacrificing his fortune to sustain his fame. Nay many—and Hope we have seen was among them—threatened to withdraw their patronage unless he relinquished portrait painting—blind to the fact, that if he cut off that branch, the rest of the tree would wither. They trusted to have him all to themselves, and have his pictures at the patronage price of fifty guineas.

But Wilkie was far too acute not to perceive the noose thus openly prepared for him: so, for the time, he placed himself out of their reach, by augmenting his price; but that price I have reason to

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know was grumbled at; and the principle on which he charged it was required. Now, as Wilkie obeyed a principle in composition, he tried to establish a satisfactory one in the prices of his pictures. In this he failed; but as "prudence was his oerword aye," he charged below rather than beyond the value of his works; few, I believe, of his pictures would fail of doubling the price at which he painted them, if exposed to sale now.

His mode of fixing his price was this: he calculated his time at 1000*l.* a year, and charged accordingly. This to me is no true mode of calculation; it was treating a work of genius as a work of the shuttle. A picture when painted might not really be worth the sum which the time-scale fixed, or it might be worth double the amount; and it likely was. Any one acquainted with the process by which works of genius are produced cannot but know that genius, when working fastest, always works the most happily; and that some of the very finest of modern works were accomplished at one or two heats of the fancy. We should, however, recollect that this mode of *measure* and *value* was established during part of the period of his earlier class of pictures, when the *subject* introduced was not only minute, but extensive, or, in other words, the figures were numerous, individual, and laborious; nor should we, perhaps, decide without a reflection which has crossed other minds before, that some men are so little capable of appreciating the efforts of genius, that they consider the longer the time the work has taken in execution, the finer the work must needs be, and that a labour which, like that of Puck, could be done

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in fifteen minutes, must be a crude and unfinished thing, without reflecting that the artist had spent a life-time in learning to achieve this with such portentous speed. On whatever principle Wilkie augmented the price of his pictures, it is certain that he augmented them; and it is equally certain, that his commissions were in no way diminished.

He felt early in his career that it was not only that good painting was required, but that a good place was essential to exhibit that painting to advantage. This made him desirous of painting his pictures for eminent men, and for their admission to distinguished galleries. Both these objects he achieved; and to these he added the determination to have them, if engraved at all, executed in the best style, and by the ablest engravers. This was pressed upon him warmly by Sir George Beaumont, perhaps the most accomplished judge of his time; and it was much to the furtherance of his views, that there lived at the same time two men who had talents and inclination for the task—John Burnet and Abraham Raimbach.

The gravers of these eminent men seemed, when they touched copper for Wilkie, to work in a spirit of emulation. The Jews' Harp, The Blind Fiddler, The Rabbit on the Wall, The Letter of Introduction, The Reading of the Will, and The Waterloo Gazette, were all from the graver of Burnet. While Raimbach, with equal felicity, passed his graver over The Village Politicians, The Rent Day, and others. Nor should we forget that Charles Fox, taught in the school of Burnet, engraved with singular truth and force The Village Recruit, and Queen Victoria's First

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Council, or that Cousins preserved all the heroic grace and dignity of The Maid of Saragossa, or that Doo gave back to us with undiminished lustre the Preaching of Knox. All these and others were first-rate pictures, and the engravings from the hands of first-rate engravers.

The care with which Wilkie wrought out all his conceptions, and the skill with which he selected characters, modifying life to suit his imagination, was not more remarkable than his humility in listening to the counsel of his friends, which sometimes went to the rubbing out the groupings of a whole picture. This was the more visible in compositions embodying scenes in the south than in his pictures of a northern complexion; in the latter he had the picture ready formed in his mind, and had only to transfer it to the canvas; while in the former he stood on more uncertain ground, and had, when in doubt, to grope his way by the help of the eyes of others. The English scenes, like the English songs to the muse of Burns, *gravelled* him, and deprived him of ease of hand, which always belongs to ease of mind. It was long before he fairly understood the social character of the people; their odd mixture of drinking and devotion puzzled him: when he beheld "the House of God" written from end to end of a church wall, and heard psalms and anthems resounding from within, he was not prepared for the scene of tippling and revelry just opposite, where men and women with tables set, pipes reeking, and ale foaming, maintained an indecent opposition to their neighbour sectaries; nor did it tend to reconcile this imperfection of national character, when on Sunday

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morning he beheld a portion of the people pass on devoutly to church, while another portion, equally respectable, were in the air on coach-top and chariot hastening to enjoy themselves in the green lanes and rising grounds of the country, while the more squalid portion of the population buried themselves in tippling houses, where they sotted their time and health alike away, and were heard not seen retiring to their cabins and their rooms past midnight guided by the lanterns of the watch.

Much of this, but touched with a martial light, he had to contemplate when collecting materials for The Waterloo Gazette; but he confessed that he found the disciplined much easier to control than the boorish character, and at the same time equally original. That happy group of the young soldier and the veteran, seated side by side, full of tipsy gravity, is in the first conception of the picture, and clings to it through all modifications and changes. It is now as it came first from his hand; and the same may be said of other figures. In truth, it may be remarked, that amid all the changes which he made in his earlier pictures, there were parts which he never changed, scarcely tried to modify: The Blind Fiddler came perfect from his hand; the central group of The Village Politicians is to be found as complete in sentiment in the first rude groupings of the subject as in the finished picture in the collection of Lord Mansfield.

It cannot but be perceived that the conception of The Village Politicians is of the imagination; while the conception of Pitlessie Fair is of fact and reality. The heads in the former picture are modified, both in

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age and in look, so as to give the sentiment of disputation, warm and obstinate, which political rancour engenders. The ploughman, the joiner, and the weaver are all marked out as plain as if their debate was put into words; no other heads could represent these worthies; they are personifications of their classes, and are perfect in their kind. The Rent Day, The Reading of the Will, and The Blind Fiddler belong to the same class, and may be called historical pictures, from that circumstance. It is otherwise with Pitlessie Fair, with The Waterloo Gazette, and in some degree with the John Knox. The first is an express image of Pitlessie; and the faces with which the streets are thronged are those which the district at the time supplied. The minister, the miller, the artist himself, and his friends and companions, are all pourtrayed there; and one acquainted with the private history of the village can rattle off their names as readily as a roll-call. That The Waterloo Gazette pertains to the same class we have the artist's own assurance. The names of the leading characters in the canvas, with the regiments to which they belonged, are still remembered: the old veteran, with the young soldier, something overcome by the liquor which they loved; the soldier of the guards holding up his son, that he may see as well as hear the gazette of the great battle read; the orderly corporal, who bears the tidings; and the grey old Scotchman who hears in the words of victory the glories of the forty-second, are all portraits of men well known in the ranks, and are all united into one scene, recording the feelings of men who had borne their share in the great

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drama of peninsular battle, but from wounds had been excluded from a share in the last of Napoleon's fields. The business of the painter was selection rather than invention; therefore this noble picture, though it possesses from the circumstances described a deep claim to admiration, cannot take rank with those pure emanations of mind, where the heads are personations of passions rather than of individuals. The Preaching of Knox, though of a loftier order of art, stands in the same rank of conception with the half portrait and half historical pictures of Reynolds and Lawrence, superadding a dramatic effect and power to which their finest conceptions can make but a slender claim. My friend Mr. Phillips (whose taste is beyond cavil or question) considers The Knox as one of Wilkie's finest works — an admirable union of the high qualities of the Italian school with the lower, but still valuable qualities of the Dutch, — as a picture in which Wilkie had extended the boundaries of art, and achieved that which no painter had done before him, or even attempted to do.

When he had to record manners rather than sentiment, Wilkie made faces equally expressive, but of a lower meaning, serve his purpose. Honest home-spun peasants, and rough-shod clouterly hinds, and girls who made up in agility in the dance for what they lacked of polish, were the staple commodity of the picture. Men who loved to indulge in sallies of jovial humour, who, amid their socialities, were likely to slide into intemperance; these were the heroes proper for such domestic scenes; and of these

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the country in which he lived had a full command. He has been known to go far for a peculiar something which, when found, failed to fit; and then he had to draw on his imagination for that which reality did not supply.

There was one race of people, the Scotch Highlanders, whom he desired to represent rather by mind than by costume, rather by character than by tartan. I have heard him describe, in a mood betwixt mirth and lamentation, the mode in which English artists represented the ancient people of Scotland. First, he said, they took a man with gloomy brows and high cheek-bones, put a chequered kilt on him, a bonnet plentifully plumed on his brow; hung a claymore at his side, put a snuff-mull in his hand, threw a plaid over the whole, and there was a Highlandman, — of English, but not of Scotch manufacture. In the first place, he said, they failed nationally, for Scotland, the main portion of which was Lowland, had no more ado with the clan tartan, than an Englishman with a Welshman's leek; and next, they erred individually, for the tartan of the Highlands was the cognisance of the clans to which the different colours and checks formed the most intelligible coats of arms ever invented. Thus, on the day of muster the chief appeared at the head of his clan or sept, all clad in one peculiar tartan, which it was treason to wear without permission or adoption. But an English artist dressed his Scotchman in a sort of imaginary tartan which never existed, and sent him out to herd amongst Lowlanders, to whom he appeared as a foreigner,

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claimed by no clan, and rejected by Highland and Lowland both.

The true Highlander is much of a gentleman; silent and reserved among strangers, one who lives in a world of his own, which he has peopled with the memories of his ancestors; and out of the creations of a poetic imagination chooses his companions, for perhaps no human being lives so much in the past. With him every stream of his native hills has a voice; and every breeze which sweeps his wild mountains, a tongue which speaks of the past. His language, his manners, his customs, his associations, are all different from the rest of the island: his literature has come to him on the truth of tradition; his poetry, his history, his superstition, all are oral: in his humblest degree he is a martial shepherd, ready to fancy an affront, and prompt to resent it; in his highest rank he is a high-souled prince, affable, generous, and as true to his word as the heather is to his mountains, with nothing mean or sordid in his nature.

When the change to which we have alluded came over the compositions of Wilkie, he seemed to think it necessary to have new land and a new people on whom to try the effects of the new impulse. He first tried aim at Italy; but all that religion, or superstition, or history could offer had been exhausted by her own mighty spirits. For the forgotten gods of heathen Rome he had no taste; the Cupids, and Psyches, and Fauns had already done their duty; so he turned to the pastures green which Spain, now washen from her own and her neighbour's blood, presented. The war for her independence, in which she was not too proud

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or too superstitious to refuse the aid from the strong right arm of heretic Britain, had called forth the natural spirit of a land where all is noble, save nobility; and of this spirit, yet unsubsided, Wilkie availed himself, and painted to the astonishment and delight of her people, The Defence of Saragossa. For this he prepared himself by collecting materials both of scene and actors on the spot; and setting to work in a happy mood,—with the cloud which had so long obscured his health lifted up, if not removed, and with the heroes of Saragossa looking on, he produced a picture in which Spain saw her Velasquez revived. When the fame of this fine work reached England, it made a stir in art, both for the unexpected restoration of the painter to health, and the splendour of his success. His fame in Spain established, he tried his hands on other subjects connected with the patriotism of the war, with scarcely less success, and with probably more truth of character.

The first of these, The Guerilla's Departure, represents a young patriot peasant preparing to march to battle: religion is called in to add its influence to love of country, and the youth departs with a calm determination on his brow. The Guerilla's Return exhibits the same young warrior returning victorious, but wounded, and uncooled in his patriotism, as unconquered in battle. The Guerilla War Council shows the customs of the peasantry, and the prudence with which they guarded their deliberations from discovery or surprises. But the crowning glory of all Wilkie's Spanish pictures is The Columbus; this is treated in the true historical style. Three noble

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Spaniards are seated at a council table, and before them are laid such imperfect charts and maps as the world then afforded. One of these Spaniards, with a calm, discerning brow, looks favourably on, while Columbus, with a mind made up for all emergencies, is submitting and explaining the chart of a yet imaginary voyage, which is to give a new world to the old; the second Spaniard's brow is crossed by a shadow of passing doubt; but on the brow of the third, and a haughty one it is, a whole cloud has rested. The interest of this noble picture is much increased by the tranquil looks of young Columbus, who listens, with a brow worthy of his father, to the opinions expressed by the Spanish authorities. On Wilkie's return from Spain, I saw the original sketch of this fine picture; and my friend, I am proud to remember, was not a little pleased with my commendations.

These works were followed by others, in which the interest of the subjects was more general: some were of mingled portraiture and history, others strictly imaginative; but in none of which the minute and elaborate style of his earlier pictures was visible. He no longer refused the help of history to tell the story of his subjects:—1. Queen Mary's Escape from Lochleven. 2. Napoleon remonstrating with the Pope. 3. Josephine and the Prophetess. 4. Sir David Baird finding the Body of Tippoo Saib, after the Storming of Seringapatam. 5. Benvenuto Cellini presenting his Work to the Pope. 6. Queen Victoria's First Council. 7. A Turkish Messenger telling of the Fall of St. Jean d'Acre. 8. The Turkish Love Letter. 9. Our Saviour

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before Pilate. Of these, the three last are matters of mind rather than of portraiture: the first represents a Turkish messenger precipitating himself amidst the crowd who frequent a public coffee-house, with tidings of a miracle wrought by British maritime thunder—the sudden fall of a place reckoned impregnable. The audience is a sample of all nations: the swarthy Moor, the bronzed Egyptian, the poetic Arab, the tranquil Armenian, and the silent Turk, are all influenced according to their character with the news; and the painter asserts his dramatic power over these heterogeneous materials, and evokes his story clearly and vividly. The Turkish Love Letter is Wilkie's happiest Eastern performance: nothing can excel the earnest eye and brow of the waiting damsel who dictates the letter, save the undisturbed gravity of the Dervise who commits the words to paper, or the eyes of the Turkish maiden seated meekly between them, which speak things beyond the reach of words. The Christ is an unfinished picture full of grave and solemn beauty; the scene is copied from that house in Jerusalem, where tradition asserts Jesus was shown to the people; those who fill the places of apostles are selected from the living inhabitants of the city; and the dresses employed are the graceful, and flowing dresses of the present day. Though made up in this manner and far from completion, the picture is a successful one; for in the wide selection of materials, the unlimited choice places it within the bounds of imagination, and the mind, by the eastern hue of the composition, is carried back, without any violence, to the period the picture repre-

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sents. From this and similar pictures, which were sketched, but not painted in, we may, with much propriety, regret that Wilkie did not live to work out a few of these scriptural compositions. By laying down the landscape as it existed, by peopling it with the expressive faces of Judea, and casting the poetic costume of the east over the whole, there can be no doubt of his success,—the sentiment insured, as it would have been, by the devout feelings of the painter.

Of his other pictures of an historical nature, the merit is various. Some, from the formal etiquette which courtly manners required to be observed, are less striking performances than those with humbler names, or whose subjects are sufficiently remote to justify a more poetic treatment. The Escape of Queen Mary is a charming picture, full of beauty and chivalry. Josephine and the Sorceress of St. Domingo is a romantic scene: the tawny sybil is opening to the lovely and blushing maiden, a page of fate in which her magnificent destiny is dawning; while the lily hue of the future Empress is contrasted in beautiful gradation with the complexions of the Sorceress herself, and the dark African tint of the negro attendant. The perfect loveliness of these compositions, and the clear elegance and harmony of the colouring, place these amongst the finest pictures of the British school.

Napoleon and the Pope is strictly of the order of portrait pictures, and has been accused of being something stiff and formal. The Emperor has that command in his look with which he is said to have controlled

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so many inferior spirits, and that is well met by the composed, yet firm, look of the Pope, who seems ready to prove the heroism of endurance. The Sir David Baird is an historical performance, representing with much truth and vigour the British warrior finding the body of Tippoo, who to him, at least, had been a tyrant, pierced with mortal wounds, beside the dungeon door where he had so long been confined. Benvenuto Cellini presenting a silver cup of his own exquisite workmanship to the Pope represents a real event in the life of that rather romancing artist. Cellini, conscious that he is presenting one of the rarest bits of elegance, looks with delight on the wonderment of his Holiness, whose rapture, had it been a piece of the True Cross, could not have been greater.

Several of Wilkie's pictures are what Hogarth called "timed things" — that is, things which are more for the present than any other time. Such works suit the public taste, and occupy their attention till some other timed or strange thing — a well-fed ox, a new-caught rhinoceros, or some strange prince with whiskers cut square by the Russian standard — arrests public attention. Of late years, indeed, our intercourse with cultivated nations, the dawning of a better spirit, a desire now growing upon us, have made us seek, in the works of art at home, for beauties which are readily found, or can as readily be created, should taste require them. But still it must be acknowledged that the great mass of the people are in a state of black nature with regard to high art; they admire what is staring, and gaudy, and start-

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ling, and account it vigour and strength: the tranquil beauties of marble, with workmanship which Greece never excelled, they account tame; they have no taste for creations, either of poetry or history; they love only literal things — matters which occurred yesterday, better than those of the day before; and things at which the lips can laugh, rather than the heart can dance. The strange love of the land for caricatures, in which all ranks and stations are ridiculed, but of which none complain, must, I fear, be admitted as proof against the existence of refined taste, and be regarded as a will-o'wisp, to mislead to the deviation of these "timed things." Indeed, while the popular taste continues to be fed by such three days' wonders — by records of passing events, rather than by works in which imagination shares with history, and the science of art unites with both, neither painting nor sculpture worthy of our poetry will ever be produced. Where would the poetry of the island have been had our Miltons, our Thomsons, our Cowpers, and our Burns' employed their genius in describing coronation scenes, court-day dresses, or in writing birth day odes; told who ducked French nods the best; whose body bore the heaviest load of diamonds; and whose kirtle was surprisingly long, or suspiciously short.

The genius of Wilkie, when it escaped from courtly formalities and took to nature, triumphed over all other obstacles. His invention was fertile; his command of character wonderful; his powers of expression both varied and extensive; his skill in colours rivalling the proudest artist of old; his dramatic

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tact of the first order, and his sense of propriety prevailing in all things. As he had all these elements of art under controul, he used them with a master mind; with an ease in which labour was never visible, but all seemed of as natural growth as a daisy to the fallow-field. Nor was the propriety which he observed in all things the least wonderful of his qualities; he never committed folly in colours. Discretion was his controlling duty in all things; no one ever overdoes in his canvas any act he has to perform; all is done with ease and grace; his laugh is not loud, but the whole man laughs inwardly, and the same spirit of subdued enjoyment runs through all his compositions. For his command over human character we have only to look at his pictures; there we have it in single figures, in groups and in crowds. Sometimes the heads are created to suit the sentiment in request, sometimes modified only from nature with a part of the original adopted; and now and then, as in the case of The Maid of Saragossa and General Palafox, the scene is wrought out with no change but that which the action requires. He is no dealer in odd heads for oddity's sake, no more than he is of extravagant and outrageous postures. He knew that violent action distorted the human body; and while it hurt its natural beauty abated the feeling of ease with which almost all deeds fit for art should be done.

In dramatic skill he has been compared to Hogarth, who mingles caricature with his composition. This Wilkie never did: all is simple, clear, and unembarrassed. He has been, and with more propriety, com-

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pared to Raphael; not in subject, for the Italian handles the loftiest of all themes, and Wilkie frequently the humblest; but for the vivid truth of delineation, and the judgment with which he brings his characters into action, uniting them all in the task of making out and composing his story. The Village Politicians, The Blind Fiddler, The Rent Day, The Maid of Saragossa, and The Columbus, may be instanced as pictures which tell their stories as plain as with a tongue, and may be said to be represented on the stage in perfection whenever they are placed before us. In one thing these compositions have the advantage over literature: their language requires no translation; they are addressed to all nations, kindreds, and tongues, and also that they require only to be seen to be understood; the eye takes all in at a glance; to read is but the work of a moment.

The colouring of Wilkie is very various, for he had to seek his way to what was bright and lasting, through perplexing theories, and amid the thick darkness which still involves the mystery of colours. For a while, when he was yet unknown, he was an admirer of his countryman Carse, and, deluded by his brilliancy, imitated it with a skill which is observed in most of his Edinburgh pictures: he next mixed his palette to the theory of a man who had written a book on the subject, and his success is supposed to have lessened the lustre of The Blind Fiddler. From this he turned to the more natural colouring of the Dutch school, as in The Village Festival, and Teniers and Ostade were his favourites. He borrowed small Ostades and kept them

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beside him; and hesitated not, when he found his pictures at houses to which his merit brought him invitations, to stay and ponder over them, nor leave them till he filled his mind with what was before him. He next became a follower of Correggio and Rembrandt, and drank in their peculiarities as parched ground swallows up rain. He was somewhat touched with the splendour of Titian; and when he visited Spain he contended that Velasquez was the wisest of all great colourists; and, without exactly imitating him, mixed his palette under his influence. Out of all these masters he compounded a style of colouring which, for brilliancy and beauty, has not been excelled, and which promises to be permanent. The streakiness which I have heard objected to by some, and which is observable in his fine portrait of Lady Lyndhurst, subsides by distance; and in harmonious arrangement of colours, and luminous brilliancy of effect, he outshines all his contemporaries.

As a portrait painter Wilkie had great but unequal powers. I have heard some of his brethren, whose talents have been confined to that line, refuse to regard him as a portrait painter at all, and say that Wilkie admitted that he was not a popular one. But though Wilkie in humility admitted that he failed to please, and was not popular in that line, we are not prepared in the presence of such portraits as those of Lady Lyndhurst, the Duke of York, Queen Adelaide, The Duke of Sussex, Lord Kellie, Sir James M'Grigor, and Sir Peter Laurie, to say that he was less than a portrait painter of a high order. Had he not been a great painter of better things, many of his portraits

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would have been thought exquisite. That of the Duke of Sussex is a light to the palace; the likeness is excellent, the drawing good, and the colouring such as throws all neighbouring pictures into the shade; while that of Sir James M'Grigor, with the same fine drawing, and a similar brilliancy, has something of the land of the mountain and the flood in the air, which marks it for the north. The portrait of Queen Adelaide is particularly happy, not only for that unaffected lady-born air, but for the fine tone of colour which pervades the whole performance.

Many portraits which he admitted into his pictures are as true as they are beautiful. Though purposely made loutish, that of himself in Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage, and those of his sister and his mother in Duncan Gray, are, I reckon, perfect. The drawing of his cousin, Mr. Young, in a Dutch costume, though purposely grotesque, is exceedingly like; nor am I disinclined to admit the likeness of his younger brother Thomas in the act of reading a book among his ablest portraits. But The Village Politicians, The Blind Fiddler, The Rent Day, The Reading of the Will, The Waterloo Gazette, The John Knox, The Maid of Saragossa, The Josephine, and The Columbus, will always stand between his portraits and public admiration, as they stand before all other works of art in the British School.

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APPENDIX A.

ADDRESS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

TO THOMAS WILKIE, ESQ., THE BROTHER, AND MISS HELEN WILKIE, THE SISTER OF THE LATE SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.

THE President and Council of the Royal Academy, although reluctant to obtrude on sorrows too recent and severe to admit of present alleviation, yet cannot resist the anxious desire they feel respectfully to manifest to the family of the late Sir David Wilkie how deeply they sympathise in the loss they have sustained by the lamentable and untimely death of that great painter. Connected with him for many years socially and professionally, as an important member of their body, the Academy are fully sensible how much they have been indebted to his valuable services as a man and an artist: they largely participate, therefore, in the grief and regret which have been so generally excited by an event that has deprived the arts and his country of one of their most distinguished ornaments.

The President and Council are well aware that time alone can assuage the sufferings of affection under such a bereavement; but they sincerely hope that when calmer feelings shall succeed to more acute emotion, the relatives and friends of this eminent man will derive much consolation from the reflection that, although he has been unhappily cut off in the full vigour of his powers, he has lived long enough for his fame; that his works are known and admired wherever the arts are appreciated; and that he has achieved a celebrity unsurpassed in modern times.

MARTIN ARCHER SHEE, *President.*
JOHN DEERING.
GEORGE JONES.
E. LANDSEER.
RICHARD COOK.
DANIEL MACLISE.
WILLIAM FREDERICK WITHERINGTON.
SOLOMON ALEXANDER HART.
HENRY PERRONET BRIGGS.
HENRY HOWARD, *Secretary.*

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APPENDIX B.

TO THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Mr. President and Gentlemen,

We the undersigned, Members of the Royal Academy, and other professional Artists, sensible of the irreparable loss the Arts have sustained in the death of Sir David Wilkie, and anxious to show how sincerely we deplore that event, beg to offer to his family, through the President and Council, the expression of our deep sympathy in their sorrow. We are particularly induced to request that this testimony to the memory of one so highly esteemed, both as an artist and as a man, should be thus transmitted, not only as an additional mark of our regard, but because the lamentable circumstances attending his decease preclude the possibility of paying that respect to his remains which the Royal Academy and the Profession at large have been accustomed to show to artists of such pre-eminent talent and deserved celebrity.

(Signed by 225 artists.)

APPENDIX C.

WILKIE STATUE.

[*From the Morning Chronicle of 30th of August*, 1841.]

On Saturday* a meeting of the admirers of the genius of the late Sir David Wilkie took place at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's Street, for the purpose of taking the necessary preliminary steps toward the erection of a monument as a testimonial of the admiration of his countrymen for the genius of the lamented painter as an artist, and his worth as a man. The Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel took the chair. Among many other noblemen and gentlemen present we observed the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Francis Egerton, Lord Burghersh, Lord John Russell, Vis-

* The 28th August, 1841.

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count Mahon, Lord Charles Townshend, Count D'Orsay, Hon. Leslie Melville, Sir Augustus Callcott, Sir James M'Grigor, Sir Charles Forbes, Sir Peter Laurie, Thomas Phillips, Esq. R. A., Charles Dickens, Esq., Sir Francis Chantrey, Allan Cunningham, Esq., Mr. Macready, C. Stanfield, Esq., R. A., Mr. Cockerell, Architect, P. M. Stewart, Esq. M. P., John Murray, Esq., D. Maclise, Esq. R. A., George Rennie, Esq. M. P., &c. &c. Immediately after the Right Honourable Chairman had assumed his seat, a person who gave his name as Johnson started up and proceeded to exclaim against the right of Sir Robert Peel to take the chair without previously consulting the sense of the meeting. He proceeded for some time amid much interruption; but when he used the words "differing as I do from the Right Hon. Baronet in politics," the cry of "Turn him out! no politics!" became universal. Mr. Johnson tried to make head against the storm for some time, but was at length compelled by the increasing dissatisfaction of the meeting to desist, and retire to a less prominent situation.

Sir PETER LAURIE explained that the committee, which consisted of upwards of one hundred members, had been but too happy in obtaining the Right Hon. Baronet's consent to take the chair (cheers). He trusted the meeting would stand by the committee, and not allow the proceedings to be thus interrupted (loud cheers).

Sir ROBERT PEEL rose and said, I was under the impression that I had been invited by sufficiently competent authority to take the chair at this meeting (hear, and cheers). I was not aware that any preliminary form was needed for that purpose (renewed cheering); and it was under that impression that I have assumed this chair. I think I am justified in doing so (cheers), and that I shall be best consulting the object for which we are met, and those feelings which I am sure animate the great majority of those present, if I abstain from any further notice of the late interruption (loud cheers). Gentlemen (continued the Right Hon. Baronet), I feel it a great honour, as it is a great satisfaction to my private feelings, to have been requested to preside at this meeting. I feel, too, altogether relieved from the necessity of pronouncing any studied or elaborate eulogium upon the merits of the late Sir David Wilkie. His loss has been so recent — his name stands so pre-eminently high — the productions of his genius are so familiar, not only to his own countrymen, not only to Europe in general, but I am justified in saying to the whole world, that I think it would be out of harmony with his character, unbecoming the simplicity of

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that character, were I to attempt to pronounce any studied or elaborate eulogium upon it (cheers). Gentlemen, I had the honour of accounting Sir David Wilkie as one of my private and intimate friends. I am addressing many here who stood in the same relation to him — who were not only admirers of his genius, but who were admitted to the intercourse of his private friendship; and those among you who stood in that relation to him can sympathise with my feelings of deep regret for the loss which we have sustained. There was something in the simplicity of Sir David Wilkie's character, in the generosity which he showed to every competitor in art, that must have, and that has, endeared him to all who were admitted to familiar intercourse with him. I have had that satisfaction personally, whilst he resided amongst us in this metropolis, and continued during his absence by a long and extensive correspondence; and if ever that correspondence, at least his part of it, should see the light, it will, I am confident, serve to add to the honour in which he is already held — from the devotion which it manifests to his art — from the generosity which it testifies to every competitor in that art, and from the sincere satisfaction it displays whenever the tidings had chanced to reach him of the success of any rival for distinction (loud cheers). Gentlemen, although our primary object is to do honour to the late Sir David Wilkie, yet that is not our sole object in meeting here. The whole object of an assemblage of this kind is not confined simply to paying homage to the memory of one man, however illustrious he may have been. By meetings of this nature, we supply a great stimulus to the exertions of many a young man (hear and cheers), who is now toiling in his profession (loud cheers), whose hopes of pecuniary return from his exertions may have been disappointed, but who will be animated and consoled by the reflection, that the time may come when justice will be done to his merits, and when that fame which he prizes more highly than any emolument may be achieved (loud cheers). I know that these are the prevailing feelings among many artists (hear). I know how inadequate is their reward, how small compared with other professions, in the return for great talents and great exertions. I know how vain the greatest efforts must often be to ensure success, if that success is to be measured by present applause or pecuniary advantage (hear). I know that the grand object with many artists is a noble ambition of fame; and by meetings such as this — by manifestations such as this, of your respect for the memory of an artist, we are supplying an incentive to future exertions. We are affording the prospect of a reward not to be hoped for from other

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sources. On these grounds — on the ground of doing justice to the memory of the late Sir David Wilkie, and for the grand public object of stimulating art, I invite you all cordially to co-operate with me in the promotion of the end for which we have met; and I cannot doubt but that the resolutions which will be submitted to your consideration will meet with your approval, and that, ratified by your preliminary assent, they will form the first step towards erecting a testimonial to the brilliant genius and tried worth of the great man to whose memory we are met to do honour (loud and enthusiastic cheering).

The Duke of SUTHERLAND proposed the first resolution. He said: It is with feelings of melancholy satisfaction that I answer the call which has been made upon me. It is satisfactory for me to be allowed to take a public opportunity of testifying the respect which, in common with you all, I feel towards the memory of the illustrious deceased, that eminent artist, and that excellent man (cheers). The resolution I am about to read, so well expresses my feelings upon the subject, that I shall trouble you with but a very few words in addition. I think the propriety of this day's proceedings will be more universally acknowledged from the melancholy circumstances attending the death of the late Sir David Wilkie, which prevented us from joining together to confer upon his remains the honours of a public funeral (hear, hear). I feel, however, that, consigned as his body is to the deep, we may well say of him, as has been said of another illustrious man, that "The world is the tomb of distinguished merit" (hear, hear). He reared his own monument in his own works (hear, hear, and cheers). More than twenty years ago he had achieved trophies that would have for ever perpetuated his fame. He has not only been appreciated by us, but by the whole world. No artist has been more popular. From the highest in the land to the humblest mechanic, all have derived pleasure from the exercise of his genius. All have known how to value his works (cheers). It is with these feelings that I have great satisfaction in moving the following resolution: "It is the opinion of this meeting that the genius of Sir David Wilkie is of that high order which entitles him not only to the admiration and gratitude of his country, but to be publicly regarded amongst those whom she loves to honour." (Loud cheers.)

Sir JAMES M'GRIGOR, after a few prefatory remarks, seconded the resolution, which was carried by acclamation.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL, who was received with the most unbounded demonstrations of welcome, rose to propose the next resolution.

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He said, I am proud of having the honour of contributing to the purpose of this meeting, but I feel that after the speeches we have heard, and with the sentiments existing which appear to animate those around me, it will be quite unnecessary for me to say more than a very few words. I believe there is not one who knew the late Sir David Wilkie but who is ready and eager to testify to his worth as a man (cheers). Among his near relations he inspired the strongest affection; among his friends he was universally received with the warmest regard and the most profound esteem (cheers). To brother artists of all descriptions he was a friend, a protector, and an assistant. There was nothing in his nature of ill-will, envy, or bitterness to any, be they whom they might (cheers). With regard to the merits of Sir David Wilkie as an artist, it is still less necessary for me to speak. His works testify that he must take his place among men of original genius, among those who have added lustre to their countries. The productions of his pencil are celebrated now, and will be still more so when the mellowing hand of time adds to their beauties (loud cheers). But we have lost him; and all we can do in testifying our admiration and our gratitude is to raise some monument to his memory; and in so doing, we are benefiting ourselves and our country; for by showing our regard for the genius of Wilkie as an artist, and for his worth as a man, we shall be doing our best to inspire others with a desire to attain similar honours; and I trust that those in whom nature has implanted genius sufficient to produce works worthy of following Wilkie's will make it their study to imitate his gentleness and kindness of disposition, which have so endeared him to all who knew him. With these few words I beg leave to read the resolution: — "That this record should be a permanent and characteristic testimonial of his worth as a man, and his great excellence as a British artist." (Cheers.)

Mr. PHILLIPS, R.A., seconded the resolution, which was unanimously carried.

Viscount MAHON said: In moving the next resolution I may say that my feelings towards the late Sir David Wilkie were not merely those of respect for his character, or admiration for his genius. I had also the privilege of enjoying his private friendship. It was my good fortune some years ago to be his fellow traveller through Spain (hear, hear), in company also with another gifted man, who I may remark also entertained the most sincere regard for Wilkie, and who I am sure will deeply lament his untimely fate — I allude to Mr. Washington Irving (loud cheers); and

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never, I trust, will the recollection of the days I passed with them fade from my memory—of those days when I saw two men of such great, yet such different genius, employed in the observance and delineation of that most beautiful and most interesting country; the one with a keen eye to discern, and a powerful pen to describe, all the traits of national manners; the other ever and anon stopping amid some lonely landscape to consider how he might best transfer its beauties and its tints to his own as glowing but more permanent canvas (loud cheers). I well remember at Toledo a little passing scene—a muleteer lighting his cigar from that of a monk, which gave rise first to a hasty sketch, and afterwards to that magnificent painting many of you must have seen at Somerset House (cheers). Sir David Wilkie was not one of those who visited Spain as I and many others have done, principally upon the impulse of curiosity, bearing nothing away with us, and leaving nothing to mark our course behind us. No: his genius imprinted its footsteps wherever it went. It was that genius which impelled him to visit that ancient seminary of art. To him might perfectly be applied the lines of Sir Walter Scott:—

> "Go seek those regions where the flinty crest
> Of high Nevado ever gleams with snows,
> Where in the proud Alhambra's ruined breast
> Barbaric monuments of pomp repose."

(loud cheers). It was not only as an artist I remember Wilkie; my memory also dwells upon those many endearing qualities so well alluded to by Lord John Russell: upon that mild and fine temper—upon that kind and feeling heart, so meek and so fearful of offending, yet kindling to warmth whenever it could promote the interests of art, or advance the prospects of a brother painter (loud cheers). Well do I remember how severe a critic he was upon his own works—how mild and merciful a judge he became upon the efforts of others (loud cheers). I think I may safely say that Wilkie was not only an extraordinary artist, but a good, a truly good man (cheers). And though it has pleased Providence to cut short his brilliant career, though his body is now rolled over by the waves of the Atlantic, within sight of those hills over which he and I have rambled together, yet one consolation still is ours—we may unite and rear a trophy to his name, and by that very act, as our right honourable and eloquent chairman remarked, not only honour the dead but excite to emulation of like courses the living (enthusiastic cheering). The resolution I have to propose

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is—"That a statue which preserves the manly and well-remembered exterior, and expresses with skill and taste the looks and sentiment of Sir David Wilkie, would be the most appropriate testimonial."

Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq. seconded the resolution. They had met with one heart to raise this testimonial to merit. It was particularly gratifying to notice the unanimous testimony that had been paid to Sir David Wilkie's universal kindness of heart; a quality, which, among those who had many rivals in their career towards fame, was not more rare than it was commendable (hear, hear). He had great pleasure in seconding the resolution.

Mr. George Rennie, M.P., begged to propose a suggestion—not an amendment upon—the last resolution. He had been himself an artist—he had been so for twenty years, and he was now speaking the opinions of many brother artists in the hint he was about to give (hear, hear). He had always considered that the true monuments to artists were their works (hear, hear). If they looked back to antiquity, and took the most illustrious names in art, where would they find monuments to their memory? And if those artists had monuments, he would ask if such structures would increase their fame? He only remembered in ancient and in modern history two painters to whom monuments had been erected, one at Florence, to Michael Angelo; the other to our own Sir Joshua Reynolds. Hogarth had no monument—he found an imperishable one in his works. He hoped the meeting would not altogether throw overboard these hints. He should suggest that the money received be partly expended on a bust instead of a statue, and partly lodged in the hands of trustees to form a Wilkie premium for the encouragement of that branch of the art in which he most excelled.

The Rev. Dr. Dibdin thought that the money would be most advantageously applied in establishing a fund for the encouragement of historical painting.

Mr. Cockerell, R.A., supported the last speaker.

Sir Peter Laurie said the subject had been already discussed in committee, and that nothing was considered so suitable as a permanent monument. The committee alone had contributed 900*l.* to the erection of a monument.

Mr. George Foggo, at some length, and with much energy, supported Mr. Rennie's view of the case; and, the resolution being put, only five dissentients were observed: upon which it was declared duly carried.

Lord Charles Townsend proposed the next resolution, "That

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this statue, the more effectually to excite the young to emulation, and to fulfil our object of honouring genius, should be erected in the National Gallery, and that application be made to the trustees of the National Gallery for the necessary permission.

Sir AUGUSTUS CALLCOTT seconded the resolution, which was unanimously carried.

Lord BURGHERSH proposed the next resolution, "That a committee be appointed to carry these resolutions into effect. That Sir Peter Laurie and Peter Laurie, Esq., be requested to act as joint treasurers; and that Allan Cunningham, Esq., be requested to act as secretary; and Peter Cunningham, Esq., as assistant secretary."

P. M. STEWART, Esq., M.P., seconded the resolution in a very eloquent speech, which we regret we cannot find room for. He did not lament that the elements of discussion had been introduced into the meeting. But although the original resolution had been carried, another opportunity might arrive for taking into consideration, and perhaps for acting upon the suggestions they had heard. (Cheers.)

Sir PETER LAURIE proposed the last resolution, "That the cordial thanks of this meeting be presented to the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, for the ability and courtesy with which he has presided over the interesting proceedings of this day."

The Hon. Mr. LESLIE MELVILLE seconded the motion, which was carried by acclamation.

Sir ROBERT PEEL said he was very happy his conduct had met the approbation of the meeting, but he had that admiration for the genius of Wilkie, and that attachment to him as a friend, that he had been amply rewarded by having been enabled thus publicly to testify his respect for his memory. (Cheers.)

The meeting then broke up.

The subscriptions already received by the committee amount to above 1000*l.*

*** The sum subscribed has been about 2000*l.* At a subsequent meeting Mr. S. Joseph, not without opposition, was selected to execute the statue, the trustees of the National Gallery having consented to its erection in the inner hall of that gallery.

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APPENDIX D.

PICTURES PAINTED BY SIR DAVID WILKIE.

Date.	Title of the Work.	For whom painted.	On what material.	Dimensions. Height. Ft.	Height. In.	Width. Ft.	Width. In.	Sum received.
1803.	Ceres in Search of Proserpine	Sold for 3*l.* 10*s.* at the Wilkie Sale.						
	Diana and Calisto, with Nymphs	Sold for 48*l.* 6*s.* at the Wilkie Sale.						
	Scene from The Gentle Shepherd	Bought at the Wilkie Sale, for 29*l.* 8*s.*, by T. Wilkie, Esq.						
	Douglas and the Hermit	Sold at the Wilkie Sale, for 10*l.*						
1805.	Pitlessie Fair	—— Kinnear, Esq.	Canvas	2	1	3	8	25*l.*
	The Village Recruit	. . . . .	Canvas	2	1	2	6	
1806.	The Village Politicians	Earl of Mansfield	Canvas	2	6	3	4	30 gs.
	Sunday Morning	Earl of Mulgrave	Canvas	1	6	1	1	10 gs.
	The Blind Fiddler	Sir George Beaumont	Canvas					50*l.*
	Portrait of William Stodart, Esq.	William Stodart, Esq.	Canvas					
	Ditto	John Stodart, Esq.	Canvas	3	0	2	5	
	Portrait of Dr. Carnaby	Dr. Carnaby	Canvas	3	0	2	3	
	Portrait of Matthew Stodart, Esq.	M. Stodart, Esq.	Canvas					
	Portrait of Mrs. Matthew Stodart	Ditto	Canvas	2	5	2	1	
	Portrait of Mr. Clough	Mr. Clough	Canvas					
1807.	Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage	Alexander Davison, Esq.	Canvas	5	1	3	7	150 gs.
	Portraits of the Rev. David Wilkie and Mrs. Wilkie, the Parents of Sir David Wilkie	Miss Wilkie	Panel	1	0	0	8	
	The Clubbists	Leigh Hunt, Esq.	Pasteboard	0	9	0	7	
	The New Coat	William Stodart, Esq.	Canvas	1	2	1	0	

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	The Rent Day	Earl of Mulgrave	Panel	1 11	2 11	150*l.*
	Portrait of Lady Mary Fitzgerald	Ditto				50 gs.
1808.	The Card Players	H. R. H. Duke of Gloucester	Panel	1 10	2 3	150 gs.
1809.	The Sick Lady	Marquis of Lansdowne	Panel	1 8	1 10	150*l.*
	Portrait of the Marchioness of Lansdowne with her Page	Ditto				50*l.*
	The Jew's Harp	Francis Annesley, Esq.	Panel	0 10	0 8	25 gs.
	The Cut Finger	Samuel Whitbread, Esq.	Panel	1 2	1 4	50 gs.
1810.	Family of Thomas Neave, Esq. (8 Figures)	Thomas Neave, Esq.	Panel	1 8	2 2	200*l.*
	The Wardrobe ransacked	Lord De Dunstanville	Panel	1 6	1 2	100*l.*
	A Gamekeeper	Sir George Beaumont				100*l.*
1811.	Rat Hunters (Diploma Picture)	Royal Academy	Panel	1 3	1 0	
	The Village Festival	John J. Angerstein, Esq.	Canvas	3 2	4 4	800 gs.
1813.	Blindman's Buff	H. R. H. The Prince Regent	Panel	2 2	3 0	500 gs.
	The Bag-Piper	Francis Freeling, Esq.	Panel	0 11	0 8	40 gs.
1814.	The Letter of Introduction	Samuel Dobree, Esq.	Panel	2 1	1 9	250 gs.
	Duncan Gray	Lord Charles Townshend	Panel	2 0	1 8	
	The Pedlar	Dr. Matthew Baillie	Panel	2 0	1 8	320 gs.
1815.	Distraining for Rent	Directors British Institution	Panel	2 10	4 2	600 gs.
	Portrait of the Hon. Miss H. Phipps	Earl of Mulgrave				60 gs.
1816.	The Rabbit on the Wall	John Turner, Esq.	Panel	2 1	1 9	200 gs.
1817.	Sheepwashing — Landscape	Sir Thomas Baring, Bart.	Canvas	3 0	4 6	200 gs.
	The Broken China Jar	Peter Coxe, Esq.	Panel	0 7	0 6	
	Study of Bathsheba	John Townshend, Esq.	Panel	2 6	2 3	50*l.*
	The Breakfast	Marquis of Stafford	Panel	2 7	2 4	400*l.*
1818	The Errand Boy	Sir John Swinburne, Bart.				90 gs.
	Sir Walter Scott and his Family	Sir Adam Ferguson	Panel	1 0	1 4	
	Portrait of Abraham Raimbach	Abraham Raimbach	Panel			

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Date.	Title of the Work.	For whom painted.	On what material.	Dimensions. Height. Ft.	In.	Width. Ft.	In.	Sum received.
1819.	The Death of Sir Philip Sidney	Samuel Dobree, Esq.	Panel	1	2	0	10	30 gs.
	The China Menders	George Phillips, Esq.	Panel	2	2	2	6	100 gs.
	The Whisky Still of Loch Gilphead	Sir Willoughby Gordon, Bart.	Panel	2	2	3	2	120 gs.
	Duncan Gray (Small Duplicate with Variations)	George Thomson, Esq., of Edinburgh	-	-	-	-	-	50 gs.
	The Penny Wedding	His Majesty George IV.	-	-	-	-	-	500 gs,
1820.	The Veteran Highlander	Payne Knight, Esq.	Panel	1	2	1	0	35 gs.
	The Reading a Will	H. M. The King of Bavaria	Panel	2	6	3	10	400 gs.
	Bacchanals gathering Grapes	Sold in the Wilkie Sale for 53*l.* 11*s.*	Panel	2	2	1	9	
1821.	The Newsmongers	Hon. General Phipps	Panel	1	6	1	2	120*l.*
	The Athol Highlander	Samuel Rogers, Esq.	-	-	-	-	-	35 gs.
	Guess my Name	M. M. Zachary, Esq.	Panel	1	9	1	5	150 gs.
	Guess my Name	Erwin Count Schoenburn	Panel	-	-	-	-	100*l.*
1822.	Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo	The Duke of Wellington	Panel	3	4	5	2	1200 gs.
1823.	The Parish Beadle	N. M. Ridley Colborne, Esq.	Panel	2	0	3	0	350 gs.
	Portrait of his Royal Highness the Duke of York	Sir Willoughby Gordon, Bart.	Panel	2	1	1	8	150 gs.
	Scene from The Gentle Shepherd	Sir Robert Liston, Bart.	Panel	1	0	1	4	80 gs.
1824.	Cottage Toilette (Scene from the Gentle Shepherd)	Duke of Bedford	Panel	1	0	1	3	120 gs.
	The Smugglers	Sir Robert Peel, Bart.	Panel	1	6	1	3	160 gs.
	The Sportsman	Hon. General Phipps	Panel	1	0	0	10½	90 gs.
1825.	The Highland Family	The Earl of Essex	Panel	2	1	3	0	350 gs.

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1827.	The Confessional, painted in Rome - -	James Morrison, Esq. -	Canvas	1	9	1	2	150 gs.
	The Pifferari playing Hymns to the Madonna, painted in Rome - -	His Majesty George IV. -	Canvas	1	6	1	2	150 gs.
	A Roman Princess washing the Pilgrims' Feet, painted in Geneva - - -	Ditto - - -	Canvas	1	8	1	4	250 gs.
1828.	Portrait of a Spanish Senhoritta, painted in Madrid - - - -	Sir William Knighton, Bart.	Canvas	-	-	-	-	40 gs.
	The Spanish Posada, or Guerilla Council of War, painted in Madrid - -	His Majesty George IV. -	Canvas	2	5	3	0	800 gs.
	The Guerilla taking leave of his Confessor, painted in Madrid - -	Ditto - - -	Canvas	3	1	2	8	400 gs.
	The Maid of Saragossa, painted in Madrid -	Ditto - - -	Canvas	3	1	4	8	800 gs.
1829.	Head of Piping Boy, size of life - -	Sir William Knighton, Bart. - -	-	-	-	-		30 gs.
	Cardinals, Priests, and Roman Citizens washing the Pilgrims' Feet, painted in Rome	Sir Willoughby Gordon -	Canvas	1	9	2	6	300*l.*
	Baptism in the Church of Scotland - -	Sir F. Chantrey, R. A. -	Panel					
	Portrait of the Earl of Kellie, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Fife, painted for the County Hall, Cupar - -	- - - -	Canvas	-	-	-	-	400 gs.
1830.	His Majesty George IV. received by the Nobles and People of Scotland, upon his Entrance to the Palace of Holyrood House, on the 15th of August, 1822	His Majesty George IV. -	Panel	4	2	6	0	1600 gs.
	The Guerilla's Return to his Family, being the concluding subject of a series of four pictures representing scenes characteristic of the events of the late war in Spain	Ditto - - -	Canvas	-	-	-	-	400 gs.

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Date.	Title of the Work.	For whom painted.	On what material.	Dimensions. Height. Ft.	In.	Width. Ft.	In.	Sum received.
1830.	Portrait of his Majesty George IV., in the dress of the Royal Tartan in which he held his Court in the Palace of Holyrood, on the 17th of August, 1822	His Majesty George IV. -	Canvas	-	-	-	-	500 gs.
	Half-length Portrait of his Majesty George IV. in the Highland Dress -	Ditto - - -	Canvas	-	-	-	-	200 gs.
	Scene from Old Mortality - - -	Ditto - - -	Panel	-	-	-	-	60*l.*
	Portrait of Sir Alex. Keith, Bart., in a group of figures in the picture of George IV.'s Entrance to Holyrood Palace -	Sir Alex. Keith, Bart. -	Panel	-	-	-	-	200 gs.
1831	Portrait of Lady Lyndhurst - - -	The Duke of Wellington -	- -	-	-	-	-	120 gs.
	Portrait of the Viscount Melville, as Chancellor of the University of St. Andrew's	University of St. Andrew's	Canvas	7	10½	5	7	400 gs.
	Peveril of the Peak, a sketch - -	Sir William Knighton, Bart.	Panel	-	-	-	-	50 gs.
	Portrait of his Majesty George IV., in Highland costume - - -	The Duke of Wellington -	Canvas	9	2	5	10	400 gs.
1832.	The Preaching of Knox before the Lords of the Congregation, 10th of June, 1559	Sir Robert Peel, Bart. -	Panel	-	-	-	-	1200 gs.
	Portrait of his Majesty William IV., in the Robes of the Garter - -	His Majesty William IV., for Windsor Castle	Canvas	-	-	-	-	300 gs.
1833.	Spanish Monks, a scene witnessed in a Capuchin convent at Toledo - -	Marquis of Lansdowne -	Canvas	3	4	4	2	300 gs.
	Portrait of his Majesty William IV., in the Robes of the Garter - -	Presented to the Scottish Hospital -	Canvas					

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	Portrait of his Majesty William IV., in the uniform of the Grenadier Guards	His Majesty William IV.	Canvas	-	-	-	-	300 gs.
	Portrait of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, Earl of Inverness, in the costume of a Highland chieftain -	The Duke of Sussex	Canvas	8	10	5	10	400*l.*
1834.	Portrait of the Duke of Wellington, in the uniform of Constable of the Tower, with his Charger, placed in Merchant Tailors' Hall, London - - -	The Merchant Tailors' Company -	Canvas	-	-	-	-	400 gs.
	Not at Home - - - -	Sir M. W. Ridley, Bart. -	Panel	2	6	2	0	225 gs.
	Portrait of her Majesty Queen Adelaide, in her Coronation Robes - -	- - - -	Canvas					
	The Spanish Mother and Child -	Sir William Knighton, Bart.	Canvas	3	3	4	2	200 gs.
	Portrait of Sir John Leslie, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh - - -	Robert Ferguson, Esq. -	Panel	-	-	-	-	40 gs.
	Two extra whole-length state portraits of King William IV. and Queen Adelaide, for the British Embassy in Paris	The Lord Chamberlain -	Canvas	-	-	-	-	500 gs.
1835.	The First Ear-ring, small size - -	Baroness Basset - -	Panel	-	-	-	-	100 gs.
	Portrait of Rev. Edward Irving - -	Sir William Knighton, Bart.	Canvas	-	-	-	-	40 gs.
	The First Ear-ring - - - -	The Duke of Bedford -	Panel	2	5	2	0	260 gs.
	The Nursery - - - -	Richard Colls, jun., Esq. -	Panel	0	11	0	9	30 gs.
	The Infant Sancho Panza - - -	Henry McConnell, Esq. -	Panel	1	11	1	7	150*l.*
	Portrait of the Duke of Wellington, whole length - - - -	Marquis of Salisbury -	Canvas	-	-	-	-	300 gs.

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Date.	Title of the Work.	For whom painted.	On what material.	Dimensions. Height. Ft.	Height. In.	Width. Ft.	Width. In.	Sum received.
1835.	Portrait of Sir James M'Grigor, Director-General of the Army Medical Board, half length	Army Medical Officers, Chatham	Canvas	-	-	-	-	100 gs.
	Christopher Columbus in the Convent at la Rabida	Robert Holford, Esq.	Canvas	4	9	6	1	500*l.*
1836.	Domestic Life, a small picture	Juan Peyronnet, Toulouse	Panel	-	-	-	-	40*l.*
	Portrait of William Esdaile, Esq., half length	William Esdaile, Esq.	Canvas	-	-	-	-	150 gs.
	The White Boy's Cabin	Robert Vernon, Esq.	Panel	4	0	5	9	350 gs.
	The Duke of Wellington writing a Despatch, a cabinet picture	Sir Willoughby Gordon	Panel	-	-	-	-	250 gs.
	Portrait of Lord Montague, whole length	The Duke of Buccleuch	Canvas	-	-	-	-	300 gs.
	Napoleon and Pope Pius VII. at Fontainbleau	John Marshall, Esq.	Canvas	-	-	-	-	500*l.*
1837.	Mary Queen of Scots escaping from Loch-leven Castle	Edward Tunno, Esq.	Panel	3	10	5	4	600 gs.
	The Cotter's Saturday Night	Francis G. Moon, Esq.	Panel	2	9	3	7	400 gs.
	Portrait of Thomas Wilkie, half length	Miss Wilkie						
	Portrait of the Earl of Tankerville, half length	Earl of Tankerville	-	-	-	-	-	150 gs.
1838.	The Empress Josephine and the Fortune-teller	John Abel Smith, Esq.	Canvas	6	10½	5	2	500*l.*
	Portrait of King William IV., whole length Portrait of Queen Adelaide, whole length	University of Oxford	Canvas	-	-	-	-	500 gs.
	Portrait of Daniel O'Connell, Esq., full length	Rev. H. Cholmondeley	Canvas	-	-	-	-	300 gs.
	The Bride at her Toilette	M. Arthabur, Vienna	Panel	3	2½	4	1	400*l.*
	Portrait of Mrs. Moberley	Rev. Dr. Moberly	-	-	-	-	-	40 gs.

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	Portrait of Thomas Daniell, R. A. - -	Miss Fuller - -	Canvas					
	Sir David Baird discovering the Body of Tippoo Saib - - -	Lady Baird Preston -	Canvas	11	6	8	11	1500 gs.
	Queen Victoria presiding at the Council upon her Majesty's Accession, 20th June, 1837 - - - -	Her Majesty Queen Victoria	Canvas	4	8½	7	8½	600 gs.
1839.	Portrait of Matthias Prince Lucas, Esq., President of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, whole length - - -	Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital -	Canvas	-	-	-	-	300 gs.
	Portrait of King William IV., half length -	Marquis of Conyngham -	Canvas	-	-	-	-	60 gs.
	The Irish Whisky Still, small - -	M. Brederlo, Riga - -	Panel	-	-	-	-	100*l.*
	Grace before Meat - - -	Glendy Burke, Esq., New Orleans -	Panel	3	2	4	1	400 gs.
	Portrait of Joseph Wilson, Esq. and Grandson	Jos. Wilson, Esq. - -	Panel	-	-	-	-	200 gs.
	Portrait of Master Robert James Donne -	John Donne, Esq.						
	John Knox administering the Sacrament, an advanced sketch - -	Sold at the Wilkie Sale for 84*l.*						
	Do. do. the picture, after heads painted in - -	Sold at the Wilkie Sale for 189*l.*						
1840.	The Irish Whisky Still - - -	M. Nieuwenhuys - -	Panel	-	-	-	-	400 gs.
	Study of the Gentle Shepherd - -	James Hall, Esq. - -	Panel	-	-	-	-	50 gs.
	The Indian Hookabadar - - -	Jacob Bell, Esq. - -	Panel	-	-	-	-	65 gs.
	Portrait of her Majesty Queen Victoria in her Robes, whole length -	Lord Chamberlain's Office -	Canvas	-	-	-	-	200*l.*
	Ditto - - - - -	Sir Charles Forbes, Bart.						
	Portrait of Lord Arbuthnot, for the County Hall of Stonehaven - -	County of Kincardine -	Canvas	-	-	-	-	250*l.*

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Date.	Title of the Work.	For whom painted.	On what material.	Dimensions. Height. Ft. In.	Dimensions. Width. Ft. In.	Sum received.
1840.	Portrait of Mrs. Hamilton N. Ferguson, painted by commission of the Tenantry on Mr. Ferguson's Estates in East Lothian - - -	Mrs. Ferguson, - -	- -	- -	- -	200*l.*
	Portrait of James Hall, Esq., half length, unfinished - - -	James Hall, Esq. - -	- -	- -	- -	150 gs.
	Benvenuto Cellini and the Pope - -	Henry Rice, Esq.				
	Head of William IV. - - -	Sir William Woods.				
	Portrait of Sir W. W. Knighton, Bart. -	Sir W. W. Knighton.				
	Portrait of Sir Peter Laurie, Alderman -	Sir Peter Laurie - -	Canvas.			
	Portrait of Sir David Wilkie, unfinished -	Sir Robert Peel, Bart.				
1841.	Portrait of the Sultan Abdul Medgid - -	Her Majesty Queen Victoria.				
	Portrait of do. do. - -	Sultan Abdul Medgid -	- -	- -	- -	200 gs.
	Portrait of Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt.					
	The Tartar relating the News of the Capture of Acre - - -	Sold at the Wilkie Sale for 183*l.* 15*s.*				
	The Letter Writer - - - -	Bought at the Wilkie Sale, by Lord Charles Townshend, for 446*l.* 5*s.*				
	The School, a composition of 36 figures -	Sold at the Wilkie Sale for 756*l.*				

THE END.

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